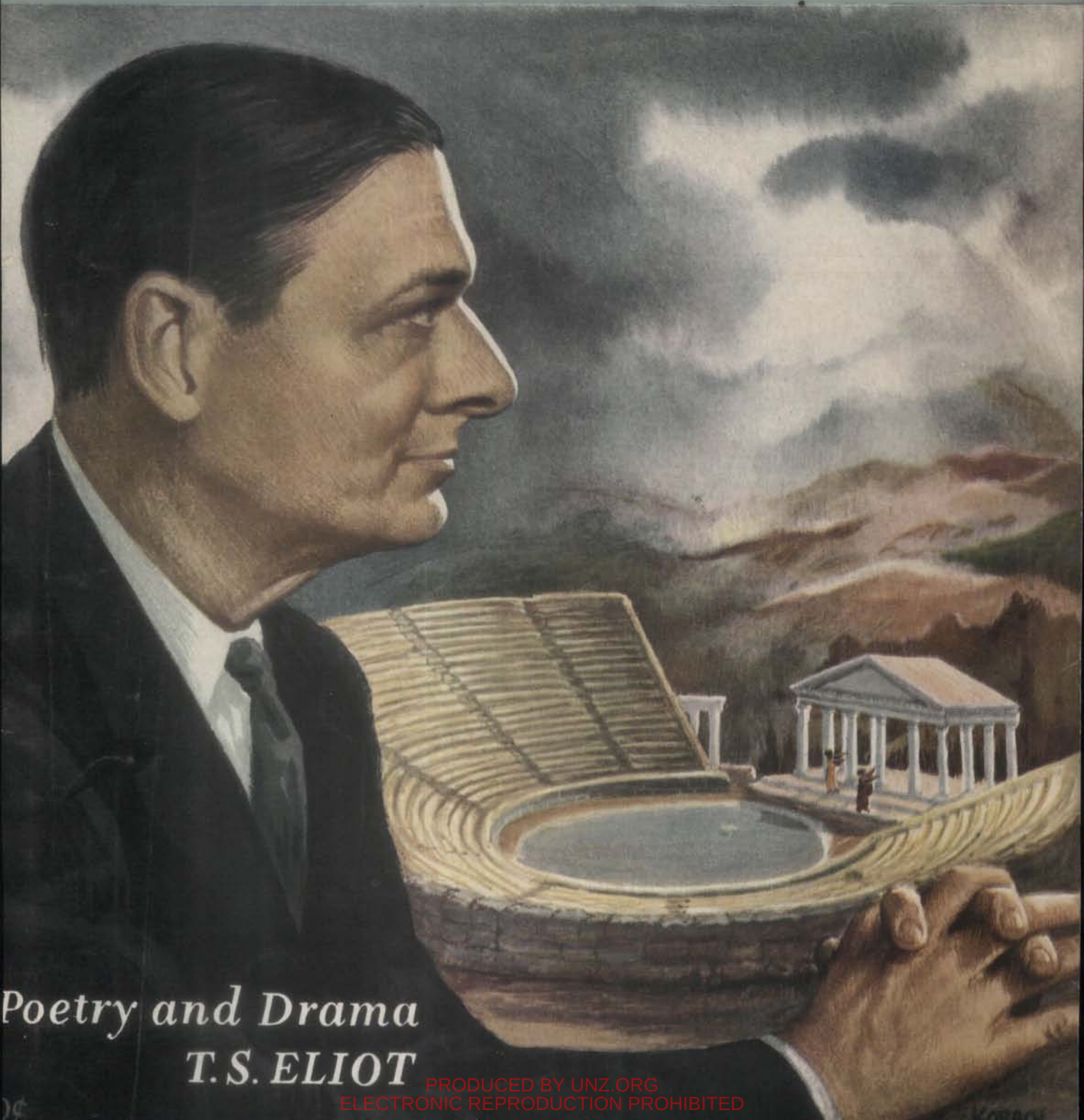


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FEBRUARY 1951



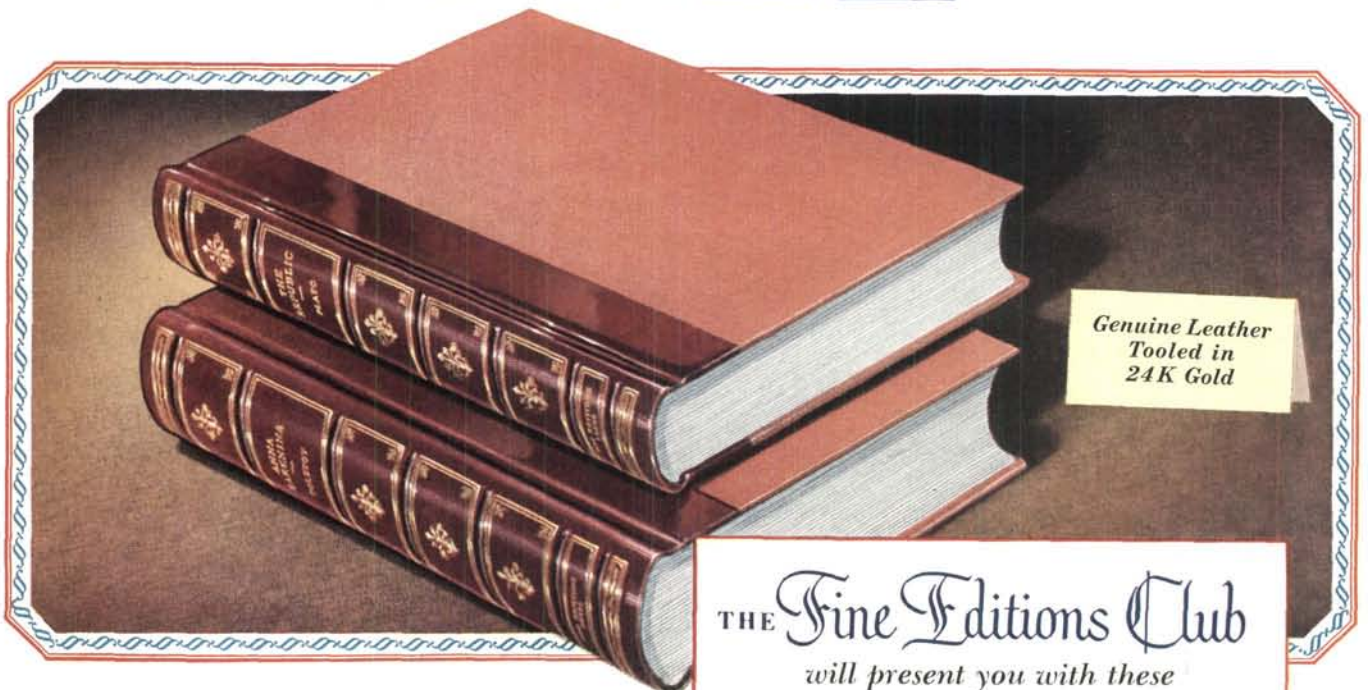
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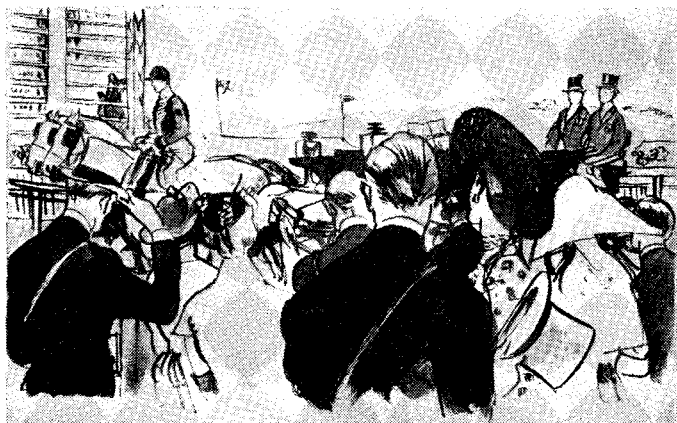
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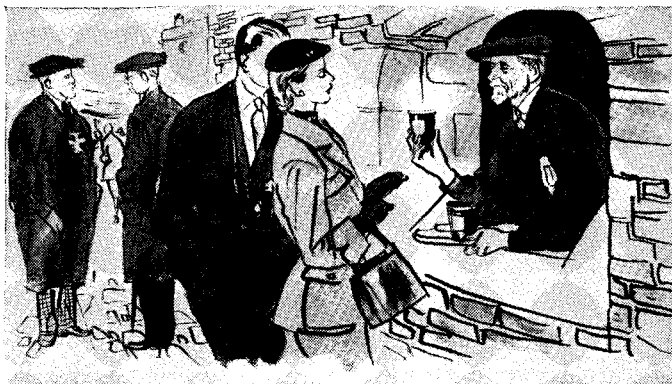
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on the World today



Canada



THE debacle in Korea enveloped Ottawa in gloom about Washington. Outside of Ottawa, however, most Canadians took the bad news in their stride. The truth is that until the shooting started most Canadians knew little, and cared less, about Korea. It was altogether different from going to war for Poland in 1939, or from what going to war with Russia would be today.

When the United Nations began, no nation was more optimistic than Canada about the possibilities of living with Russia. Canada's production record during the war had been prodigious. On a population basis it rivaled that of the United States. Canada had not only achieved nationhood; it had outgrown, it believed, small-nation stature despite its 13.8 millions population. With its newfound and considerable prestige, it embarked on a great crusade to achieve a lasting peace through the UN. It saw itself cast in the role of the great conciliator between East and West.

That dream was shattered by Russia's drive for world domination. It became painfully obvious that there was no place for a nation of good will. The world divided into two camps and there was only one possible camp for Canada. Its adherence to American foreign policy made it a special target for Russian insults.

Ottawa went along with Washington. But it still has a mind of its own. It is in complete disagreement with Washington over its policy vis-à-vis Red China. It is sorely troubled about Formosa and about MacArthur's regime in Japan. It is more and more fearful that Washington will get the world involved in a war with Russia, where and when the Russians want to fight it. If and when such a war

comes, Canada will be in it with all the grim determination it evinced in the struggle against Hitler. But it wants to go into it with its eyes open, with the risks calculated and taken when chances of success seem best. It doesn't want to be dragged into it by the tail.

This fear began to mount with the first shot in Korea. Ottawa was as rudely shocked as its most ignorant citizen. It had been engaged in a frantic effort to head off a threatened nation-wide railway strike. It was trying to devise some means of amending the Canadian constitution — a thorny, vexing problem. And inasmuch as Korea and Japan had been very much All-American shows anyway, it had some excuse for being taken completely by surprise. That Washington was equally caught off guard shook confidence in American world leadership. A prime requisite in a world leader is to know what is going on.

Canada follows Washington

The turn of events following the invasion of South Korea cut deeply into Canadian pride. It had taken Canada seventy-two years to nail down finally its right to declare its own wars. Before 1939, when Britain went to war Canada went to war automatically. But when in 1939 Britain declared war on Germany, Canada did not make her declaration until a full week had passed. That was profoundly important to Canada. It marked the final step in its interminable struggle for complete independence.

The manner in which President Truman acted in ordering General MacArthur into Korea, even though it was followed by UN approval, set back the Canadian clock. Canada's attitude could be

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The Atlantic Report on Canada



summarized as follows: "For the first seventy years our wars were declared for us by London. Now it looks as if for the next seventy years they are going to come from Washington."

Once in, Canada got busy pulling its weight. Here its faith in American leadership received another blow. Instead of setting up adequate war planning and prosecution organizations, the UN called for a maximum effort by everybody and left the rest to Washington. But when Canada attempted to find out from the United States what was wanted of it, what was needed most, it met only confusion. In the end it made up its own mind and began recruiting its special force for Korea. In the midst of mobilization, the Canadian railway strike occurred. Confused by Washington, bedeviled by the strike, goaded by the opposition in Parliament for not having an army ready to fight in Korea, the government was in trouble.

It is one thing for a small nation to follow the leadership of a great power when that leadership is incisive, intelligent, and informed. It is another when the follower begins to feel that the leadership is vacillating, inept, or uninformed. Ottawa has never been particularly awe-struck by General MacArthur. His pronouncements plus his something less than omniscient intelligence service have given Ottawa the creeps. Washington's almost cavalier dismissal as sheer bluff of Red China's warning that it would invade Korea if the UN forces invaded the north would not be remembered if it had not been wrong. But what Ottawa resents most of all is Washington's offhand treatment, which is new and strange after years of close coöperation with the Roosevelt administrations.

Canadian ore and American steel

Modern war means industrial mobilization. Washington moved quickly to husband materials for war production. In doing so it sideswiped the Canadian economy with a force that threatened to capsize it. The two economies are mutually dependent.

Canada, for example, gets most of certain types of its steel requirements from the United States. It imports something over a million tons of sheet, plate, fabricating steel and semiprocessed steel annually. When it came to allocating steel, Canada was treated as if it did not exist. Because fabricating steel is not deemed essential for the United States, it is deemed unessential for Canada. When Canada's special conditions were called to the allocators' attention, concessions were made

grudgingly, and only if everybody was certain there would be no protests from Americans.

Canada feels, with the intense pride of a small nation, that it ought to be treated like a partner in an emergency, not like a nuisance. Without some vital supplies from Canada, the United States economy would be crippled. Pittsburgh and Youngstown need Canadian nickel as much as Canada needs American steel. Canadians argue that the number one target for a Russian atomic bomb will be Sudbury or Arvida and not Pittsburgh or Hoover Dam. Similarly, Canadian asbestos, aluminum, and uranium are vital. So are Canadian newsprint and pulpwood.

To cut off these supplies from the United States would be utterly unthinkable to Canadians. But why isn't it just as unthinkable for Washington to cut off Canada's vital steel requirements? Ironically enough, without a million tons of high-grade iron ore from Ontario, the United States would lose far more steel than is being denied to Canada.

Yet more important to Ottawa than any of its real or fancied grievances is a growing, terrible, gnawing doubt. If Washington can do all this to the most intensely pro-American nation anywhere in the world, what is it doing to its prestige in the lukewarm capitals which had little of Ottawa's genuine affection and admiration for the United States in the beginning?

The battle for lumber

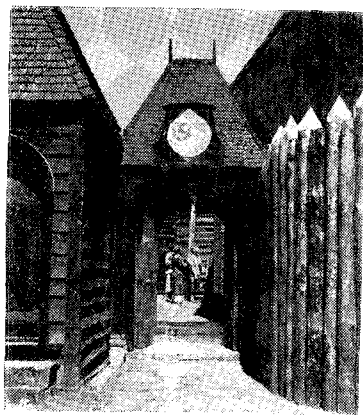
All over Canada the people are wrestling with vexing local problems. Ontario, which is blessed with one of the continent's greatest forests, is in the throes of a lumber shortage that has skyrocketed construction costs. Much of the lumber being used there today is being brought overland at prodigious cost from the Pacific Coast.

Behind this is an undercover battle between the lumber industry and the pulp and paper companies. Most of the good stands of timber are now located in huge areas that have been granted to the pulp and paper makers. Not only do they refuse to permit the lumbermen to log off the good timber, but they are alleged to be cutting timber and converting it into pulp.

The story is important only because it points up the scramble that is now going on in Canada for all materials. American production curtailments will force factories in Ontario and Quebec to close down.



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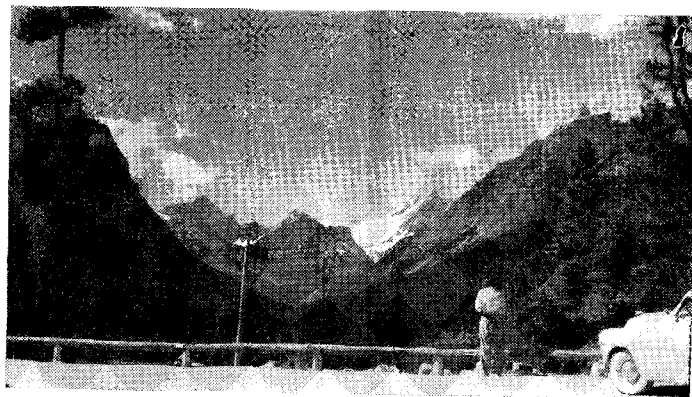
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Frozen wheat

Farther west, on the prairies, Canadian farmers are wrestling with an old problem in a new guise — a wheat glut. This time it is frosted and frozen wheat — 15 million bushels of it. At the end of July, the prairies were getting ready to harvest the second largest crop in history, a whopping 520-million-bushel wheat stand. Then, in August, the crop was hit by the worst series of frosts in twenty-two years. Over an area of 100,000 square miles, the yield was cut by a third and the grade by a half.

Instead of harvesting 7500 bushels of wheat netting \$1.30 a bushel, an individual farmer might only take off 5000 bushels that would return 80 cents. The immediate cash loss to the producers was terrific. But it was only part of the consequences. The country is now struggling over what to do with 150 million bushels of low-grade wheat.

It would make superb cattle or hog feed, if the country had an animal population that could consume it. In the fall of 1949, however, high beef prices and feed shortages caused the wholesale liquidation of western beef cattle herds.

Last summer bountiful rains grew lush hay crops in the cattle country. In addition, rain and cool weather retarded maturity of cereal grains. So a bumper supply of fodder was augmented by thousands of tons of oats that were cut green and stacked for feed. If enough farmers can be inveigled into going into livestock, the feed wheat can ultimately be marketed as beef or pork. But that in so harsh a climate is a dubious probability. At the moment, finding storage for frozen wheat, much of

which is damp and hence dangerous to store, is causing endless grief.

Oil in Alberta

Alberta, on the western fringe of the prairies, has another kind of glut trouble. It, however, is a pleasant, manageable glut — so far — of high-grade crude oil. After a lifetime of depending on the United States for its oil, discoveries in the last three years have now placed Canada in the position, theoretically, where it can meet its own needs. Unfortunately, the oil is in the wrong place. The market is in Ontario and Quebec. The oil is 2000 miles away in Alberta.

Alberta has been producing some oil for thirty-six years. But despite recurrent booms its output has never been sufficient to meet even regional needs. Oil came principally from deep wells in Turner Valley, near Calgary. The real production boom started with the discovery of the twin-zone coral reef at Leduc, near Edmonton, in 1947. That was followed in quick succession by a half dozen other fields. Production has been mounting steadily until today it has touched the 100,000 barrels daily mark. That is scarcely half of what would be produced if the wells were permitted to operate at maximum rates.

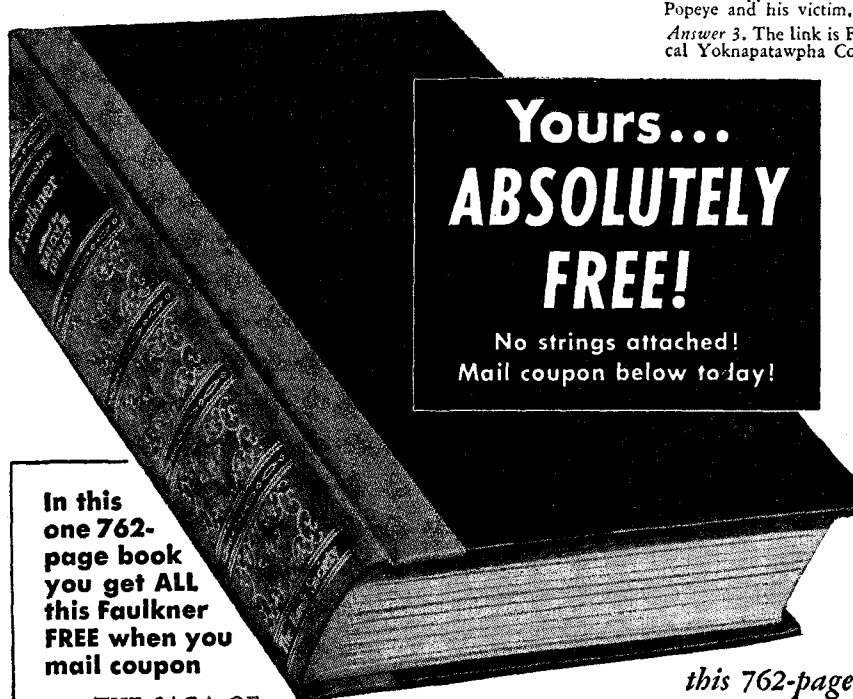
Leduc brought on a frenzy of exploration that attracted all the major American companies and most of the important independents. They were attracted not only by the oil but by the discovery that they could get prospecting and drilling rights to huge tracts of land without having to deal with the surface holders — the farmers.

In Alberta, title to oil and mineral rights is reserved to the government on all land settled after 1887. That takes in most of the land in Alberta. The government has instituted a leasing system that is unique on the continent. It grants exclusive prospecting rights over 100,000 acres. If a well is drilled and finds oil, the driller gets the right to take 9 square miles around the well. Outside that area the government retains half the land.

During the past two years the government has taken in over 70 million dollars in lease payments and royalties. But while the government has got rich the farmers on whose land

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Question 2. Which of his novels reverses Freud by using sexual nightmares that are in reality symbols of Southern social problems?

Question 3. What is the uniquely satisfying connecting link in nine of Faulkner's best known books?

Question 4. How does Faulkner's private life bear out his love for his mythical "Yoknapatawpha" County?

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Answer 2. "Sanctuary"—the best known and most violent of all his novels wherein appears the incredibly wicked Popeye and his victim, Temple Drake.

Answer 3. The link is Faulkner's mythical Yoknapatawpha County, in Missis-

issippi, whose mythical population of 15,611 persons include all those amazing Faulkner characters who live, love, hate, rape, pray, decay and die in these nine novels... the townsmen and backwoods farmers, the housewives and "madams," the planters and poor whites... some heroic, some diabolical—all unforgettable.

Answer 4. Except for a few visits to Hollywood (which for Faulkner have been eminently unsatisfactory) he has spent the last 25 years in Oxford, Mississippi, the town where he grew up and less than 40 miles from New Albany, where he was born September 25, 1897. He has always been happiest in the Mississippi country about which he has written so eloquently.

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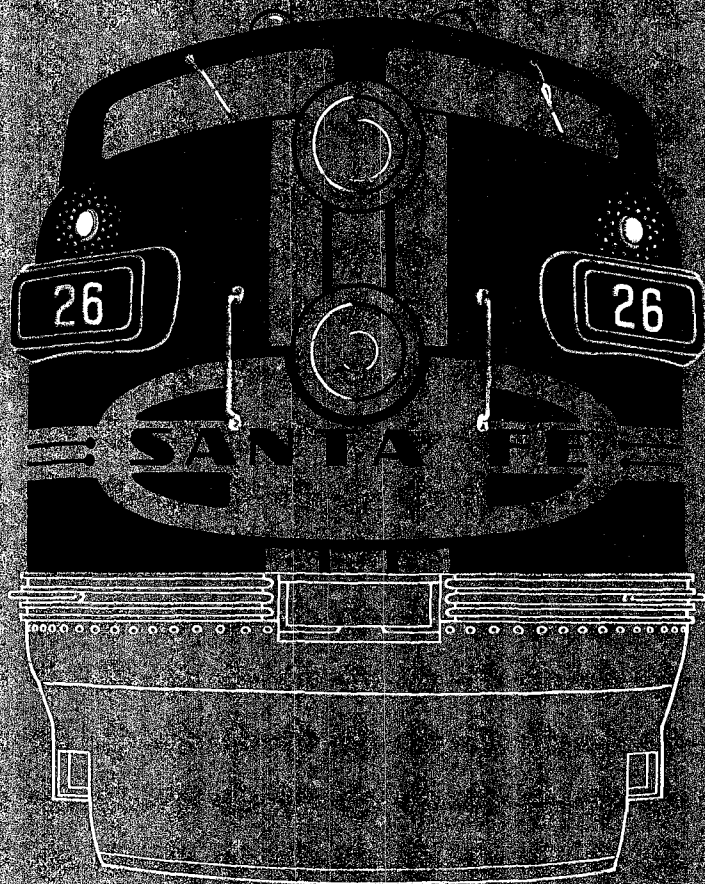
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the oil has been discovered have got nothing but compensation for use of and damage to the surface. Here and there, however, in every field there have been odd tracts of land which were patented before 1887 and on which the landowner has title to his oil. This lucky farmer does get rich. It is hardly necessary to add that the tide of unrest with the land titles system rises with each new field brought into production. It can hardly help emerging as a prime political issue sooner or later.

Controlling the boom

On the other hand, the block leasing system has tended to keep the boom neat and tidy and the oil glut manageable. Instead of allowing the pressure of production to force its way into wider and wider market circles, output is rigidly restricted to the size of the market. At the moment it doesn't matter how many new fields are discovered or new wells brought in. The available refining and distributing capacity governs the volume that can be delivered.

A pipeline was completed this summer capable of carrying 70,000 barrels a day from Edmonton to Superior, Wisconsin, and thence to Ontario. A better market, however, exists closer to home in the border Great Plains states. A reduction of the price of Canadian crude oil would force it into those states. Alberta production would rise substantially.

It so happens, however, that the American oil companies which dominate the distribution in these areas are the same companies that own most of the oil in Alberta. Their reluctance to start a gasoline war with themselves is understandable. So, as more new wells are brought in and more new fields discovered, the market allowable to those already in production is reduced. Thus wells that can produce 400 barrels a day are only making 150. Those that can make 150 are producing only 50.

In the meantime, the steady expansion of Alberta's proven oil reserves is something in which Canadians can take comfort if Ottawa's fears about being dragged into a war by Washington come to pass. If you can't escape being the Belgium of the third world war, it is good to know you are not destitute of the vital materials for defense.



Latin America

ON December 16, the day of President Truman's National Emergency proclamation, Edward G. Miller, Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Inter-American Affairs, announced that the United States government was requesting, through the auspices of the Council of the Organization of American States, a conference of the foreign ministers of the twenty-one American republics.

The following week the Council unanimously endorsed the request. And the conference is now scheduled to begin March 26 in Washington. Quite obviously, if international developments required, it could take place sooner — and elsewhere.

The call for the conference meant the traveling of an old road for the American republics — but this time faster. At the beginning of World War II, their foreign ministers met once at Panama City in 1939, to devise what turned out to be futile measures of neutrality, and again in Havana, in July, 1940, after the fall of France and the Netherlands, to take measures for protecting the Hemisphere if the Axis powers should follow up their victories by attempting to take over European possessions in the Americas. Within a month of Pearl Harbor a third foreign ministers' conference was summoned in Rio de Janeiro, in January, 1942, to coördinate plans for fighting the war.

The coming Washington conference will have to align the Latin American republics in a concerted program for supplying United States needs for strategic materials in the huge defense operation.

It will have to reach some reasonably concrete agreements on how the Latin American countries are to be supplied with essential import commodities, goods, and machinery in the face of allocations in the United States for the defense program. It will have to devise means for checking Communist infiltrations, espionage, sabotage, and propaganda activities within the Hemisphere similar to those which cut Nazi operations down to a minimum after 1942. Some kind of political common stand will have to be reached in the conference against Soviet-prompted aggressions and against Soviet and satellite behavior in the United Nations — but any

joint declaration must not be weighted so literally in favor of democracy as to be unacceptable to certain totalitarian governments on the western side of the Atlantic.

Finally, although military problems are not proposed on the original agenda, there is no question that the conference will have plenty to do with them in all-but-official backroom sessions. For much would need to be decided about how Latin American armies, navies, and air forces could be trained, equipped, and strengthened in discipline and manpower to protect the ocean supply routes, the shores, and the cities below the Rio Grande against anything the enemy in World War III could throw against them.

Our help for raw materials

There are other questions not on the official agenda. Wages and working conditions for Latin American labor will be important in almost every region where the United States is seeking to intensify raw-material production for defense stockpiling. To procure the utmost output of essentials such as Bolivian tin, Chilean and Peruvian copper, Venezuelan oil and iron, steps will need to be taken toward satisfying long-standing demands of workers both organized and unorganized.

Commitments are likely to be proposed by various governments binding the United States to modify or abolish its tariff restrictions on imports of basic Latin American commodities — copper and petroleum, for example. The United States may be asked to sign agreements to carry out a kind of Marshall Plan program of aid to the rehabilitation and development of various national economies in the Hemisphere in the event of victory — instead of simply promising these benefits in general terms as was done during World War II.

And all these complex projects and problems will have to be dealt with, quite possibly, in an atmosphere murky with divergent speculations and with incomplete factual knowledge of the nature of the emergency. Unless World War III has broken out by the time the conference meets and the balance of strength between the combatants is clearly revealed



The Atlantic Report on *Latin America*



in its opening events, the conferees cannot know whether their task is to plan for a prolonged period of armed truce; for a war in which Western Europe must be supplied as their fighting base and the strategic materials of the tropical Far East will be available to them; or for one in which the Western Hemisphere, under constant threat of air and sea attack and invasion, must fight on its own. They cannot, for that matter, know in advance what the effects of atomic bombing would be on either American or Russian war industries.

In the over-all planning operation, then, the Washington conference must hedge against all contingencies. Clearly, it will be an important conference, whose results cannot conceivably satisfy all the participants.

Latin America in working order

Fortunately, the Latin America which enters the ordeal of the 1950s is far stronger in materials and in morale than the Latin America of Pearl Harbor. The armies, navies, and air forces of the twenty republics are larger, better equipped, and better trained, though they are still inadequate to meet the demands which a global struggle might impose on a region containing 150 million people.

With negligible exceptions in a few specialized departments, all the training of Latin American armed forces during the past ten years has been received from United States military experts. And the overwhelming bulk of their weapons, armaments, and mechanized war gear since Pearl Harbor has been of United States make. While much of their equipment is obsolete by several years, habits of using North American types of armament gadgetry have been fairly well learned.

Brightest of all, in comparison with the situation ten years ago, is the Latin American economic picture. The major republics can no longer be described as primitive economies struggling out of the catastrophe of world-wide depression. Today they are partially but effectively industrialized nations whose policies during the past two years have gone a long way toward overcoming post-war economic and financial dislocations.

Brazil, for instance, is operating at Volta Redonda a steel plant comparable in size and output to all but the largest United States mills. Last November Chile opened a new plant at Huachipato, near Concepción, capable, at fully expanded capacity, of producing 350,000 tons of steel ingots a year — approximately sixteen times the Chilean

peacetime requirement. Mexican steel production since 1939 has increased from 113,000 tons to well above 320,000 tons.

Again in Chile, the copper smelters at Chuquibambilla have been outfitted with new machinery of the highest known efficiency, guaranteeing maximum output from both high and low grade ores. From Venezuela the Bethlehem Steel Company's new iron mines in the Orinoco back country are in shape to begin ore shipments to the United States at the rate of 2 million tons a year. The much larger United States Steel reserves near by can be hastened to the production stage within a little more than a year, should the defense emergency require it.

Textiles and other light industries during the post-war years have markedly increased both capacity and production. Similarly, production of agricultural and other raw materials for manufacture is being more efficiently conducted and better channeled into the home country factories. For supplies both of consumers' goods and of finished basic materials Latin America will be far less dependent on the United States than was the case during the World War II crisis.

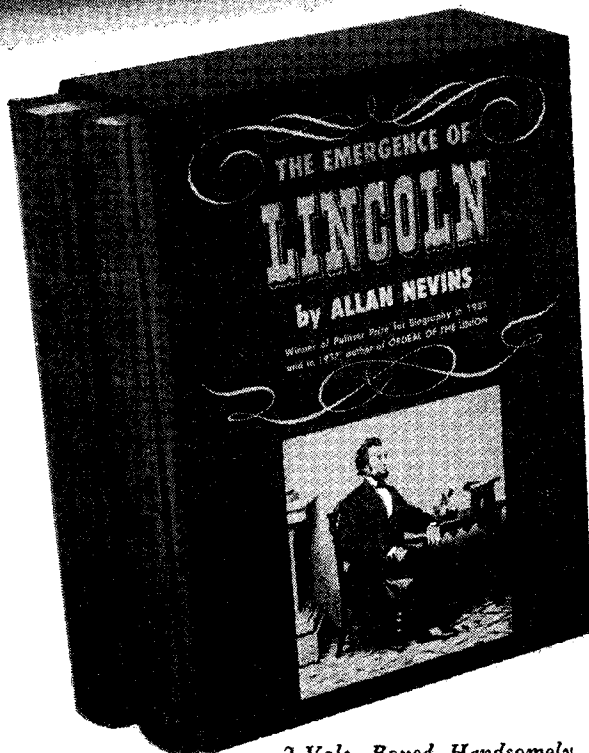
New confidence, new prosperity

Furthermore, most of the Latin American countries enter the new emergency in a state of unprecedented solvency, almost of prosperity. Partly because of stockpiling and the high price of coffee, their balances of trade have been favorable for a long time both with the United States and Europe. With the United States alone the twenty republics piled up a commercial trade surplus of 250 million dollars in the first nine months of 1950.

Stern and still increasing import restrictions have prevented these funds from being wasted in the luxury extravagances of the upper-class money-making groups. Consequently dollar and foreign exchange balances are growing, and debts, both commercial and banking, are being paid off with impressive promptness.

Brazil, for instance, during the past year has scaled down her commercial obligations to the United States from 118 million dollars to 34 million dollars. Cuba's gold and foreign exchange hoard is an all-time Latin American high of nearly a billion dollars. Uruguay's gold reserves in October were up to 208 million dollars. Colombia, in spite of internal disorder, has recently been blueprinting a 2.3-million-dollar five-year plan of construction and development — predicated on Point Four, United

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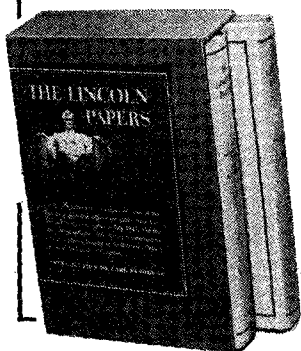
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Nations, and World Bank aid. The world emergency no doubt will indefinitely defer it. But the fact that the plan has been so specifically conceived is a symptom of Latin America's new confidence in the future.

Meanwhile, of course, most of the republics are troubled with gross inflations, and consumer goods are short because of the import restrictions. Hence, except in Argentina and Uruguay and in the industrial sectors in Brazil, Colombia, Cuba, and Mexico, little of the prosperity on the books has filtered down to the masses. Nevertheless, in this emergency, no Latin American republic will have to be bailed out of partial or total bankruptcy before contributions to Hemisphere defense begin.

Resistance to Communism

On the morale and political sides there is far stronger resistance to Communism in Latin America than there was to the Nazi-Fascist effort at world conquest ten years ago. With the possible exception of Guatemala, every government below the Rio Grande is hostile both to the domestic operations of Communism and to the

Kremlin's brand of militant imperialism. The strongest social and moral force in the twenty republics, the Roman Catholic Church, is Moscow's sworn enemy. So in each republic are the ruling economic and political groups — many of whose members felt in the early 1940s that they might have something to gain from the world-wide spread of Fascism.

No wobbling, then, on the question of supporting the United States position is to be seriously expected at the Washington conference or afterward. Argentina, in spite of its long series of disagreements with Washington, can find no economic or political advantage in being neutral in the present conflict.

Even more in point is the case of Perón's strong neighbor, President-elect Getulio Vargas of Brazil. As dictator of Brazil from 1930 to 1945, Vargas eventually supported the United States war effort prodigiously, and sent a Brazilian expedition overseas to the fighting front in Italy. But down to Pearl Harbor he faltered. As late as the summer of 1940 he made a speech proclaiming the Fascist doc-

trine that the disciplined "virile races" should inherit the earth, and did his utmost to organize a corporative state in Brazil on the model of Italy's.

Then, when he was ousted from office by a military coup in 1945 and foiled from running immediately again for the presidency by the activities and speeches of United States Ambassador Adolph Berle, Jr., his indignation with the Washington government and its policies increased.

Nevertheless, as president-elect — he takes office on January 31 — Vargas has publicly endorsed United States and United Nations operations in Korea both before and after the debacle there. To private visitors from North America he has repeatedly said that if he had been president, a Brazilian division would have been fighting beside United States troops from the earliest days of the Korean war.

Yet, in spite of these favorable omens, the Communists still have one operating front in Latin America which cannot be neglected without grave peril — the front of the impoverished masses, rural and urban. As the pinch is felt on food and basic living commodities and cheap consumer goods from the United States, the living standards of vast elements in this group will tend to drop below bare subsistence levels. In proportion as this happens, these scores of millions will be increasingly open to Communist appeal that this is the gringos' war, and gringo imperialism is taking advantage of it to starve the masses and enslave them in starvation afterward.

It is the same appeal to passionate nationalism and gringo-hatred which has won a decisive following for Communist front movements in Guatemala even in peacetime. In warfare or even in a phase of total defense economy, this could lead to drastic interruptions of the Hemisphere procurement system or to indescribably destructive revolts of the masses.

That is why the improvement of wage standards and working conditions in Latin America's more distressed areas, and the maintenance of essential exports, may be, in the Hemisphere's over-all defense strategy, the Washington conference's most important assignment.

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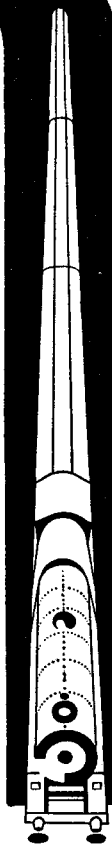
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Socialism in Europe

TO MANY people in the United States, European socialists seem dangerously close to communism, and a menace to the American way of life. American officials abroad, however, have reason to know better. They have found European socialist leaders among the most valuable supporters of American policies in the cold war against communism.

If one judged by appearances, there might indeed be cause for alarm. The bushy beard of Karl Marx still dominates the Paris headquarters of the French Socialist Party, and most Continental parties continue to profess themselves Marxist. However, these ferocious Marxist façades need not be taken too much in earnest. Nearly all those who seriously intended to transform society by revolution have long since gone over to communism. The modern Continental socialist may still profess Marxism, but there is no risk that he will practice it. Among the non-Marxist parties, such as the British and Scandinavian, the enthusiasm for public ownership is no longer great. It was only after a severe internal struggle that the Labor Party decided to go through with the nationalization of the steel industry, and it is unlikely to do much more. As for the Scandinavians, they are even more cautious than the British in this respect.

In fact, socialists nowadays are chiefly interested in social welfare and a degree of economic planning. Even this moderate program makes severe demands upon a democratic community. People must get used to paying the high taxes which the modern welfare state requires. Businessmen must be reasonably willing to abide by the regulations needed to establish some control in the economy. There must be an honest and efficient civil service to collect the taxes and administer the controls. Over much of the Continent, these conditions do not exist and will take a long while to achieve. Continental socialists themselves are beginning to acknowledge that such programs cannot be successfully carried out in most countries.

Such conditions, however, do prevail in Britain and Scandinavia. Here democratic socialism does work, and even nonsocialist parties have come to accept most of what has been done. Solidly based

on highly organized trade-union movements, Anglo-Scandinavian socialism has and probably will retain the support of almost half the voters. With the opposition divided, this is often enough to secure a parliamentary majority. In Britain, Sweden, and Norway such majorities now exist, and socialist parties have full government power.

Even these most fortunate of socialist parties now feel somewhat at sea. They grew up as a movement of protest against the harshness and inhumanity of capitalism in its youth. Now that their aims in terms of social welfare have been realized, they are uncertain where to go next. A conservative party can stand still and yet survive. But socialist parties draw their vigor from the crusading zeal of their enthusiasts. Like bicyclists, they must go forward or topple.

On the Continent the socialist parties face a more urgent problem — that of rallying enough voters to their support to secure a parliamentary majority. For most of them, this now looks next to impossible. Everywhere the Catholic Church is a major force in politics, and Catholic parties draw off a portion of the working-class support the socialists might otherwise receive.

Although the communist parties are generally in decline, they also draw their votes from the same source. In France and Italy most industrial workers still vote communist, and the situation of the socialists is therefore grim. The French Socialist Party has found its only reliable base in civil servants and other white-collar workers. Italian socialism is split three ways — the fellow travelers under Nenni, the moderates under Romita and Silone, and the right-wingers under Saragat. Taken together, they are only a minor force in Italian politics.

Socialism in Germany

The one Continental socialist party which has some prospect of electoral success is the German. Recent elections in Western Germany have shown striking socialist gains. But here the reason is to be found clearly outside Marxism or even socialism.



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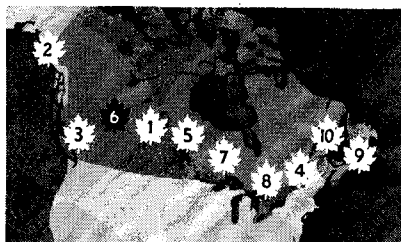
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While Chancellor Adenauer has seemed willing to conciliate the Western powers and consider their ideas on rearmament, Herr Schumacher has led the socialists in beating the nationalist drum. If there is to be German rearmament, he demands the highest possible price for it. He begins with complete equality for Germany, as if World War II were a century rather than five years ago. Even more, he says: "The German military contribution makes sense only if the world democracies will defend Germany *offensively* to the east."

An appeal of this sort is directly contrary to the moral and pacifist traditions of democratic socialism; it is, in fact, further than most non-socialist leaders in Western Europe would be willing to go. Herr Schumacher looks like the Pilsudski rather than the Attlee of Germany.

Herr Schumacher does, however, enjoy one advantage which other Continental socialist leaders have often envied him — that of being in opposition, and thus enjoying full freedom of attack. The other parties have all taken part, at one time or

another, in the coalition governments of the post-war years.

In France, Italy, Holland, Austria, and Switzerland the cabinets contain socialist ministers today. Their experience has been an increasingly unhappy one. So long as there were communists in the governments, as there were generally in the first year or two after the war, the socialists held a central position which gave them a certain freedom of action.

But with the communists gone, they find themselves reduced to the role of junior partners in predominantly conservative coalitions. Their names are associated with decisions which are the very reverse of socialism, as Europe's businessmen increasingly control government and set their course for a form of free enterprise so rugged that Senator Taft might well find it too extreme.

Where the socialists hold power

Even where socialists hold actual power, as in Britain and Scandinavia, they must sometimes make unpopular decisions. Wage freezing, conscription, increased expenditures on ar-

mament — all these run counter to traditional socialist ideas. But they are forced upon cabinets by the facts of the post-war situation. There is no scapegoat to whom the responsibility can be shifted.

Reluctantly, but on the whole successfully, both leaders and rank and file learn that power is not an unmixed blessing, that it brings burdens as well as rewards. They learn that things said from the soapbox in the carefree days of agitation cannot always be repeated from the throne. For a political party, as well as for an individual, the transition from adolescence to adulthood is not easy.

Continental socialist parties too often give the impression of being in a state of perpetual adolescence. To be sure, some leaders who take part in coalition governments are capable of learning from the facts. Said one Austrian cabinet minister: "I used to think like a Marxist. Now I think like a Privy Councillor."

Coalition is much harder on socialist parties than on parties which represent special-interest groups, such as farmers or shopkeepers. For them, it is easy to realize that the same sort of give-and-take must occur in cabinets as in everyday business. Knowing they cannot have it all their own way, they are content with what they can get, and blame their leaders only if they have not bargained strongly enough.

But rank-and-file enthusiasts of parties with moral and ideological bases are likely to feel that something of their soul has been betrayed. Hence there arises, for instance, the breach between the party and its cabinet ministers which has constantly plagued French socialism. Many Continental socialists seem happier with the oratory of opposition than with burdens of responsibility. Only thus can they keep their dreams untarnished by contact with reality.

Across frontiers

Frustrated or uncertain of their destination within their own countries, many socialists have felt that they could recover their initiative by joining hands across frontiers. This cherished dream first took shape in 1864, with the foundation of the First International. The third such effort, the Labor and Socialist Inter-

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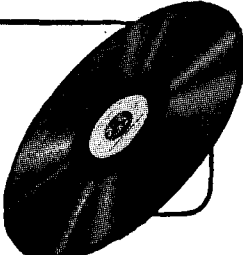
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national, collapsed in 1939. Some socialists wanted to make another try after the war. But it soon became evident that the British and Scandinavian parties, in particular, strongly opposed any centralized International which would give their poor relations on the Continent an opportunity to interfere in their affairs.

Only the loosest form of association could be achieved. It did make possible regular meetings of European socialist leaders, which have had some real value in enabling them to understand each other's viewpoints and problems. But as one of its leaders has frankly acknowledged, "The International Socialist Conference so far has failed to produce a detailed and coherent socialist policy for the great problems of the modern world."

Many socialists hoped that a socialist Europe could become a sort of "third force" between American capitalism and Russian communism. This idea, once widely held, lost something of its charm when the dust of the war had settled and it was clear that Europe, far from going socialist, was once more becoming its old conservative self. It was finally buried by the practical politicians of socialism, who saw that Europe could not survive in the shadow of the Red Army without American economic and military aid.

The split within the socialists

In view of their strong international traditions, one might have thought that socialists would take the leadership in the various efforts being made to bring about European unity. Here, however, they were badly split. The British Labor Party fought shy of the European movement itself because of its association with Winston Churchill, while socialists like Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium plunged into it with enthusiasm.

When the Council of Europe met at Strasbourg, the socialists, much in the minority anyway, promptly disagreed among themselves. The British and the Scandinavians would have nothing to do with European federation. Even among the federalists there were divided counsels. M. Philip was so keen on federation that he wanted it even without Britain, but to another French socialist leader, M. Mollet, this was unthinkable.

A Letter To Our NON-CATHOLIC Neighbors

Catholics and non-Catholics, as a rule, get along right well together.

Our families live amicably next door to each other and often become lifetime friends. Our sons fight side by side on every battlefield. We work together in the same shops and factories... root for the same baseball teams... do business with one another in a spirit of mutual trust every day.

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All non-Catholics, of course, do not believe such things. But enough of these false rumors are in circulation to cause some sincere and intelligent non-Catholics to look upon the Catholic Church with suspicion, and to reject Catholic truth without even troubling to investigate it.

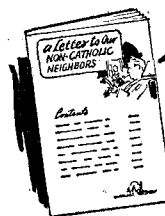
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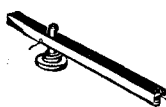
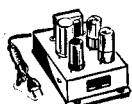
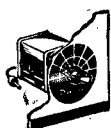
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Both within their countries and on the European scene as a whole, the socialist parties seem in the unhappy state of being "all dressed up with no place to go." The modest Anglo-Scandinavian programs have been all but exhausted. The Marxist armor of the Continentals seems as out of date as that with which Don Quixote sallied forth. The old dream of internationalism has been punctured by conflicting national interests.

Nevertheless, European socialism retains very considerable assets. With all their faults, its leaders and followers are well above the European average in good will and public spirit. As a competitor with communism for the allegiance of the workers, it has prevailed everywhere in free Europe except France and Italy.

Above all, the name of socialism still has great prestige, both in Europe and overseas. So hardened a conservative as Tsaldaris, the leader of the Greek Royalists, has seen fit more than once to describe himself as a socialist. Vargas of Brazil has said that he wants to become the Attlee of the Amazon. Many democratic leaders of Africa and Asia consider themselves socialists.

America and the socialists

In the common cause of the free world, can the prestige and great inherited assets of socialism be married to the power, energy, and creative ideas of America — giving birth, in due course, to a sort of international New Deal?

It is less improbable than it seems. Indeed, something very like it is taking place. There have been serious obstacles to overcome. The prejudices are not all on the American side. Many Europeans still think that America is dominated by Wall Street, and form their picture of it from Jack London and the early novels of Upton Sinclair. Their ignorance of contemporary America is profound, and they follow the ancient geographers in filling the blank spaces on the map with imaginary monsters.

Those European socialists, like Haakon Lie of Norway, who have lived in America and really know it, took the first essential steps in bringing the facts home to Europe. Since the beginning of Marshall Aid, there has been a steady flow of Ameri-

can trade-unionists to Europe, and an even greater flow the other way.

The part played by American socialists should not be neglected. A handful of very able ones have been placed in strategic posts in the various American embassies in Europe, where they can maintain close contact with their fellow socialists. Vehement opponents of communism, they are among the most effective spokesmen for American foreign policy.

America has had little reason to complain recently of Europe's socialists. They have supported every major initiative of American policy, from the European Recovery Program through the North Atlantic Pact to the UN action in Korea. Where some socialists have appeared to oppose American policy, it has usually been for national rather than socialist reasons. Thus, Britain's caution about the Schuman Plan is common to Conservatives and Laborites alike, and the attitudes of M. Moch and Herr Schumacher towards German rearmament arise from reasons, respectively, of French and German patriotism.

Not content with mere passive support of American policies, Europe's socialists are developing and extending them. President Truman's Point Four proposals were echoed two years later in British Labor's World Plan for Mutual Aid. European socialists have played a useful part in convincing their less enlightened comrades overseas of the merits of American policy.

When John Strachey visited Burma, he found its socialist cabinet troubled by the close alliance between Britain and "capitalist" America. He had time to give them a short but valuable lecture on the strength of American trade-unions, the extent of welfare legislation in effect, and the degree to which government, through such programs as the support of farm prices, had modified the traditional practices of free enterprise.

As in any marriage between persons with differing backgrounds and temperaments, the relations between Europe's socialists and the United States may not always be free of strain. But with Joseph Stalin holding the shotgun, the two have a powerful incentive to get along together.



THE ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

For four years the *Atlantic* has held out a special incentive to short-story writers, both to those who were coming out of uniform and to those of older years who have been finding the freedom and the impulse to write. In January, 1946, we began to publish in each issue what we called *Atlantic* "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We announced that these stories would be paid for at our top fee, and that prizes would be awarded for those which, in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors, were of special distinction.

Over the months we have published 51 *Atlantic* "Firsts," including the work of Tom Heggen, Cord Meyer, Jr., Alan Marcus, Godfrey Blunden, and John Mayo Goss. Nine *Atlantic* "Firsts" have been reprinted in the O. Henry Memorial collections, edited by Herschel Brickell. Seven *Atlantic* "Firsts" have appeared in *The Best American Short Stories*, edited by Martha Foley. More than a dozen novels by these same authors have been printed or are now in press.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Must 65 Be Fatal?"

SIR:

Rollo Walter Brown discusses the problem of retirement very interestingly in his article "Must 65 Be Fatal?" (December *Atlantic*). He presents some important points concerning our aging population; but in emphasizing his feelings, he mentions a "remark" by Sir William Osler concerning the "uselessness of the aging" in a way I believe is misleading.

Upon being misquoted by the newspapers, which introduced the word "Oslerize" (meaning, to chloroform the aging), Sir William replied, "To one who had all his life been devoted to old men, it was not a little distressing to be placarded in a world-wide way as their sworn enemy, and to every man over sixty whose spirit I may have unwittingly bruised, I tender my heartfelt regrets."

Osler never grew old. I should like to mention but a few of the duties he undertook after the age of 65. In addition to his active medical life at the time of the First World War, which consisted of being a consultant to three large hospitals in England, he served as a member of the War Office in England and on the War Reports Committee. He also rendered important services to the Canadian and American Army Corps stationed in England at that time. In his spare time during these years, he catalogued a large part of his library.

LAWRENCE R. JAMES, M.D.
Montreal General Hospital
Montreal, P.Q., Canada

SIR:

Joseph Choate once said people were happiest from seventy to eighty,

and advised everyone to hurry up and get there. And Alice Duer Miller: "People talk about staying young, by which they mean not losing their zest for life; but of course you don't have to do that. Otherwise staying young is the last thing a person ought to do. Life is so much more interesting, so much more exciting, when you get to know it better. I can hardly wait in the morning to begin to spend these last precious years." And Ilka Chase, in *Past Imperfect*: "Nothing makes me happier than to realize that I cannot possibly re-live my youth. When people regret the passing of their young days I don't know what they are talking about. The embarrassment, heartache, and sense of insecurity which most young people suffer are surely the badlands of life."

"Must 65 Be Fatal?" — despite the array of spectacular attainments by the elderly — has not the sound of a person who is similarly enjoying life.

ORVIL A. WILLIAMSON
Altamont, N.Y.

The Atlantic Reports

SIR:

The Atlantic Report on "German Refugees" (November issue) was as solid as Gibraltar and as realistic as the frightening problem itself is. As an American I have been working with United Nations refugees (World War II Displaced Persons as distinguished from the expellees and Volksdeutsche discussed in your article) for the past year and a half as an employee of the International Refugee Organization, and have been in daily contact with refugee problems.

Both in and outside of my employer-organization, the IRO, U.S.

policy toward refugees in Germany has been myopic. With one hand we're spending millions to strengthen Western Germany. We have the Marshall Plan, the military occupation of Germany, and the High Commission, and we're now thinking, through the Atlantic Pact, of rearming Germany.

But the other hand, holding the refugee problem in its palm, is doing next to nothing. While the High Commission is *trying* to help the great mass of 11 million expellees and Volksdeutsche, it has neither the staff, money, nor machinery effectively to assist and supplement the Bonn government in coping with its overwhelming refugee burden.

From 3000 to 4000 new refugees arrive in Western Germany each month, some of them sent as an aftermath of Potsdam, others coming across "black." They have been encouraged by our press, by the Voice of America, and by Radio Free Europe, all of which say, directly or indirectly, "Come on over to our side, come on over to peace and freedom." Risking death to get here, these destitute refugees arrive, and apply for aid, but are given the tragic answer, "I'm sorry, we can't help you much."

A billion dollars *now* would indeed be money "as well spent as any money the American taxpayer has been asked to provide for security and peace."

FRITZ HIER
Munich, Germany

SIR:

Thank you for the excellent Atlantic Report on the Philippines in

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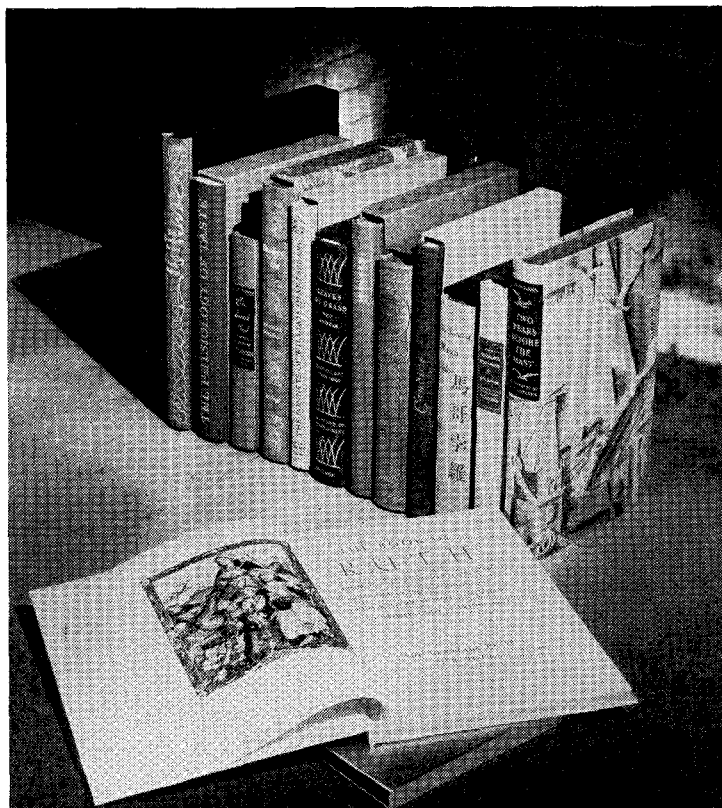
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the December issue. Your article shows a real appreciation of the serious problems this young republic now faces, and you have stated well the wide implications of these problems with relation to the Communist advance in South Asia.

After teaching for three years in one of the leading Philippine universities, whence I have only recently returned to America, I must say that I have considerable confidence in the ability of the Filipino people to handle their own affairs adequately if they are really given an opportunity.

Thus far the kind of aid given by the American government, and the manner in which it has been given, seem only to have postponed the day when Filipinos will learn to stand alone. The recommendations of the recent Bell Report reveal, in the main, what appear to be only a continuation of a kind of stopgap giving of financial aid and a patronizing, supercilious suggesting of "long-range planning" which has helped the Philippines only slightly, if at all, during the past five years. And it may be that, because of this, our "aid" has been a hindrance to the growth of a strong government in the Philippines.

ALAN G. GRIPE
New York City

"Sunday Schools Don't Teach"

SIR:

Regarding Hampton M. Jarrell's essay "Sunday Schools Don't Teach" (December *Atlantic*), I wish to submit two observations:—

1. Once every school year I run a little experiment on my physics and mathematics classes along the line of the test Professor Jarrell gave. I hand out paper and ask the freshmen and sophomores and juniors and seniors to write the Lord's Prayer (in the version they know).

The results are absolutely unbelievable! Few students have the remotest idea of what the words are. And they admit that they have recited this from their diaper days! Professor Jarrell ought to try this. What it means, of course, is clear: they have recited it in unison in school and church as a mumble-jumble without ever knowing the words. And I'm willing to bet few of their teachers can do better.

2. On the issue of racial discrimination my feeling is even stronger. The people who go to church and the church are synonymous, obviously.

If they put into action what they claim they believe, this odorous blight upon us could be wiped out.

JULIUS SUMNER MILLER
Dillard University
New Orleans, La.

SIR:

If Professor Jarrell had entitled his article "Sunday School Students Don't Learn," I think he might have been on safer ground. That such is far more often the case than it ought to be is a matter on which there could be little disagreement. Indeed, is not the fact that students (whether in grade school, Sunday school, or college) do not learn, precisely what is at the base of the current furor over education?

I am afraid that were I to take a group of college students who had not been enrolled in any class in English or American literature for a year or more and submit to them a list of ten characters for identification, they would do little if any better than Professor Jarrell's students did on their Biblical quiz. I am willing to suggest such a list to Professor Jarrell: Desdemona, Beowulf, the Wife of Bath, Becky Sharp, Falstaff, Sir Launfal, Ichabod Crane, Hester Prynne, Diedrich Knickerbocker, Hosea Biglow. Should he give such a test, my guess is that its results will leave him a sadder and wiser man.

LYNN H. HARRIS
Southeast Missouri State College
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

SIR:

Mr. Jarrell's criticism of our Sunday schools is true enough to be disturbing. One would wish, however, that he had been a little more sympathetic and constructive in his approach.

As a minister in Mr. Jarrell's own denomination, I should like to point out a few things to your readers. In the first place, most Protestant Sunday schools are under the grave handicap of having only about one hour a week for religious instruction. We can only give general guidance and

pray that the parents of the children will recognize their responsibility and supplement the work during the week.

Secondly, it should not be too surprising that Sunday schools have been infected by the tenets of "progressive education," in view of the inroads they have made in secular education. Perhaps we have been guilty of neglecting fundamentals, but so have the public schools. One of the difficulties we have faced recently in youth activities in the church is that our high school students have been unable to read with facility and understanding the relatively simple program materials.

Finally, it should be pointed out that those who are aware of the failures of our volunteer teachers are always welcome to serve in the Sunday schools themselves. There are not many ministers or Sunday-school superintendents who would not rejoice if a man with Mr. Jarrell's grasp of the objectives of Christian education should offer himself as a teacher.

EDWARD A. PLUNKETT
Elkton, Va.

SIR:

The naïveté of Hampton M. Jarrell's article is appalling. The writer states that "as a whole we claim belief in the fundamentals of the Christian religion." According to *Newsweek* (November 13, 1950), "Half the people of the United States do not belong to any formal church, and only one-fourth of all Americans regularly attend religious services." This indicates to me that as a whole we are practicing disbelief.

On the other hand, Mr. Jarrell is so right: "The church is not giving . . . an adequate intellectual foundation for religious thinking." An intellectual foundation does not exist. *Especially* does religion break down when it tries to maintain the value of one specific form of belief as against another equally irrational type.

The author's description of the present state of affairs in religion (and Sunday school) is admirable. Religion by its very nature is undemocratic, and will continue to use the techniques of propaganda, indoctrination, and the absolutes. Sunday schools do not teach because they have nothing to teach. The sad fact, for religion, is that the "hungry sheep" are neither sheepish nor hungry for religion.

JAMES D. WOOD
New York City

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The most widely respected analyst of American foreign policy, WALTER LIPPMANN has for the past two years been pounding home the truth that this country must not undertake commitments which we cannot back up. At the Atlantic's urging in late December he set forth what he believes to be the fundamental program for our survival. Mr. Lippmann was the first to define the "Atlantic Community." He began writing about that constellation of nations in 1917, and he has never lost faith in its power and validity. In the face of our present perilous dilemma, here is what he recommends.

LESSONS FOR SURVIVAL

by WALTER LIPPMANN

As I write we find ourselves wondering whether we are facing the awful dilemma of appeasement or war — of default and surrender and the death of the soul, or of a war that would be as inconclusive as it was irreparably destructive. What, we say to one another, must we do, that the nation, and the Western society to which it belongs, may survive to fulfill their promise and to complete their destiny?

The answer that each of us makes to these questions will be determined by the conclusions he draws from his reading of the history of other societies which have risen and have flourished and have passed away. For myself, I hold with those who, like René Grousset, say that in general no civilization is destroyed from the outside unless it has already decayed from within, that no empire is conquered from abroad unless it has first destroyed itself. And so, I would say that the questions about our survival have no human and practical meaning unless we believe, as I do, that we are still the masters of our destiny and not the mere spectators of our own downfall.

If we believe that we are responsible for our own fate, and that we are still free to choose, then out of the experience of Korea, which is so bitter, we can learn the lessons for survival. The lessons deal with the elemental facts of our situation in the world. When we ignore the elemental facts, as we

have done from the proclamation of the Truman Doctrine to its application in Korea, we are inviting certain defeat. But if we can learn from experience and will make the truth about ourselves and our friends and our adversaries the foundation of our policies, we shall be able surely — I have no doubt at all — to make ourselves invulnerable, be it in war or in the great struggle which is neither peace nor war.

Let us set down, then, the elemental and unalterable facts of the American situation.

In this century North America has become the citadel, the main arsenal, and the central workshop of the Atlantic Community — of the nations that are the bearers of the Western civilization.

North America is an island — a continental island, to be sure, but in relation to all the other nations of the world an island nonetheless. Canada, the United States, and Mexico are surrounded by the three oceans and by the air above them in the Pacific and the Atlantic and the Arctic. No enemy can conquer them unless he is master of the sea and air. And unless we in North America are the masters of this sea and air, we cannot support our allies or wage war against our enemies. The first rule of our diplomacy and of our strategical doctrine is therefore that we must never forget the limitations, and that always we must take the utmost advantage, of our island character.

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On this continental island of ours live fewer than one tenth of the inhabitants of the globe. We cannot prevail, or even in the end do more than survive ignominiously and miserably, unless, like all the seagoing people before us — unless, like the Athenians, the Venetians, and the English in the days of their greatness — we learn how to make up for our inferiority in numbers. Like David with Goliath, we have to learn to live by our wits and not to engage ourselves in wrestling matches with the Philistines.

We and our neighbors in North America are outnumbered. We must take this truth to heart. We must write it on the walls of our council chambers. We must never forget it. The Communist coalition can raise more soldiers than we or our allies can ever have. These soldiers have weapons which on any battlefield in Eurasia are quite deadly enough to kill. Any policy which compels us to fight them, as we are fighting them in Korea now — across an ocean, within walking distance of their own inexhaustible reserves, on terms of battle in which they are forever incalculably superior — cannot be anything but what it has turned out to be: a bloody entanglement.

Our superiority is in our technology and our productivity and in the science that has flourished and can flourish only in free societies, and in the magic of freedom to arouse the best in men. These are the sources of our strength. If they are drawn upon skillfully, we shall have forms of power, suitable to our island character, in which we excel. With them we can defend the North American citadel and arsenal and workshop. Within it we can create an offensive power that will make the cost of military aggression against the Atlantic Community very nearly prohibitive, and in any event most certainly inconclusive.

But that will mean that we have fixed our military frontiers not along rivers or at mountain ranges, and certainly not on demarcation lines in the Eurasian continent, but in the oceans of sea and air. For the defense and for the offense, for our own security and for our power to protect our friends and to deal with our enemies, we must rely on the speed and the range, on the tactical and the strategical mobility, of sea and air power. Where, as the saying goes, the infantry is the queen of battles, there the American soldier and statesman must avoid the battle.

The recognition of these elemental — though they are not self-evident — truths should lead, I contend, to a clarification of the assumptions and to a revision of the policies on which we have been acting. The cold war has been a struggle over the future of Germany and of the European continent which Hitler occupied, and over the future of Japan and of all that large part of the Asiatic continent which the Japanese occupied.

We have believed, rightly I am sure, that it is the purpose of the Soviet government to become the heir of all of Hitler's and of all of Japan's possessions, including and above all Germany and Japan. We have realized that if this expansion were successful, we should be confronted with an overwhelming combination of powers — by the Germans and the Japanese who nearly conquered the world themselves, allied with and not opposed by the Russians.

Our answer to this fearful menace has been an attempt to bring Germany and Japan, and as much as we could of the lands they once occupied, within the orbit of the Atlantic Community. Our thesis has been that whatever is not within the military orbit of the West must fall within the orbit of the Soviets, and vice versa. The policy we have founded upon this assumption has always and from the beginning been doomed to fail. For it could be enforced only if we had possessed, and had been able and willing to commit, ground forces capable of defeating the armed and armored hordes of the Soviet Union. We could never have found the infantry to contain the masses of the Communist orbit in Eurasia.

But if we cannot permit the Soviets to become the heirs of Hitler and of the Japanese war lords, if the Atlantic Community cannot, in defiance of the Soviets, bring Germany and Japan within its own military system, then there is only one tolerable course open to us. It is to base our military posture towards Germany and Japan on a decision not to make them our allies, but in all cases to deny them to the Soviets. We cannot, I believe, defend them on the ground while they rearm. We cannot, I believe, defend them at all against Soviet atomic attack. We cannot, I believe, count on their loyalty to the Atlantic Community if that were to mean the sacrificial destruction of their own countries in order that Britain and France and America should survive.

What we can do is to make it equally unprofitable and intolerable for the Soviets if they take Germany and Japan into their military system. There can be no question of our military power to neutralize Germany or Japan in case of war. The Russians are as little able to defend them as we are.

Whether the Germans or the Japanese would like to be incorporated within the Soviet rule, I seriously question. But leaving that point aside, it lies within our power — our power to bomb — to make sure that no military cell within them shall swing either country into the Soviet orbit. This initiative we have always held. We hold it still and should hold it in the future.

The best, indeed the only, military course effectively open to us in Germany and Japan is in fact the counterpart of the political course which most Germans and, I imagine, most Japanese believe in. That is a policy of neutrality like that of

Sweden and Switzerland, which rests not on pacifism and disarmament, but on the realization that any other course is suicidal.

The Russians must understand beyond doubt that we shall be certain to retaliate if they attempt to conquer Western Europe, and that we shall destroy the material assets which they might seek to gain by conquest.

I believe myself that we should revise our present policy — which is a corollary of the Truman Doctrine and is designed to make Germany and Japan our military allies. We should espouse the policy which corresponds to our own military capacity, and to our own military necessities, and to the real will of the German and the Japanese nations — which is to guarantee their independence, and to deny them to the Soviets.

I do not know whether we shall be at war with the

Soviet Union when this paper is published. If we are not at war, the one course most likely to avert war is the acceptance by the Russians, the Germans, the British, the French, and ourselves of the conclusion that no one can now rearm the Germans and the Japanese and make them, and that is use them as, military allies or satellites. Were our diplomacy at all astute, we should make a virtue of what is in fact a necessity.

And if, God forbid, we are at war, there will not be on the Elbe that German army which some of our military dreamers dream about, and we shall be facing the hideous question of whether we must go back and once again destroy the Ruhr. We shall then be wondering whether it was indeed wise, even sensible, to suspend diplomacy while we sought to conjure up a theoretically desirable but an imaginary German army.



THE MAN AND THE CHILD

by ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

It is the man in us who works;

Who earns his daily bread and anxious scans
The evening skies to know tomorrow's plans;
It is the man who hurries as he walks;
Finds courage in a crowd; shouts as he talks;
Who shuts his eyes and burrows through his task;
Who doubts his neighbor and who wears a mask;
Who moves in armor and who hides his tears.
It is the man in us who fears.

It is the child in us who plays;
Who sees no happiness beyond today's;
Who sings for joy; who wonders, and who weeps;
It is the child in us at night who sleeps.
It is the child who silent turns his face,
Open and maskless, naked of defense,
Simple with trust, distilled of all pretense,
To sudden beauty in another's face —

It is the child in us who loves.



Poet, playwright, and publisher T. S. ELIOT delivered at Harvard on November 21 the first Theodore Spencer Lecture in memory of his friend who was a poet, a Shakespearean scholar, and the Boylston Professor. The paper he prepared for the occasion falls into three parts; it is affectionate, calmly objective in its self-criticism, and compelling in the power of its prose. Mr. Eliot, whose play *The Cocktail Party* is a hit in New York and London, was educated at Harvard, at the University of Paris, and at Oxford. He edited *The Criterion* from 1923 to 1939, is a director of Faber & Faber, and in 1948 was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

POETRY AND DRAMA

by T. S. ELIOT

I

It is a customary act of respect that the lecturer on a foundation should begin by saying something about the man in whose name the lectureship was founded. The fact that between Theodore Spencer and myself there had been a long friendship terminated only by death, was I believe the primary reason for my being asked to inaugurate this series: as it was certainly my primary reason for accepting the honor.

Except when there has been some accident to fix it in my memory, I find that I seldom remember the occasion of my first meeting with anyone who has subsequently become an associate or friend. I am not now sure whether I first met Theodore Spencer while he was an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge, or on some later visit that he paid to England — for he loved Cambridge and liked to return there. I had certainly met him in England, and probably several times, before I came to Harvard as Norton Professor in 1932. But it was during that year, when I saw him almost every day, at Eliot House, or in his own home, or in the company of mutual friends, that we were closely associated; and it was through this constant frequentation that I came to love and appreciate the man. He put his time most generously at my disposal; helped me at every juncture with a course of lectures to a small class which he himself had been instrumental in selecting; and there was no detail of daily life in which he was not ready to give aid, and no material need which he was not anxious to anticipate. And the day on which he did not drop in for a chat before lunch, was always a duller day than the others.

After 1933 I saw him, of course, only at intervals. He visited England several times — I remember that he was present, in Cambridge, at the Encaenia at which I received a doctor's degree, and I remember his pleasure in the event. Between visits, we carried on a desultory correspondence. In 1938, or perhaps early in 1939, the rumor reached us in England that

economies were being effected, which might be adverse to his promotion or security of tenure at Harvard, and I was a party to the maneuvers of some of his friends in Cambridge, England, toward obtaining for him a Lectureship there. In 1939 he was appointed to a Lectureship at Cambridge University, but owing to the outbreak of war, the immediate reduction in the numbers of students in the English Tripos, and the consequent reduction in the number of tutors, it was deemed best that his appointment should be deferred. This was a great disappointment to his friends in England; but on the other hand, we had the pleasure of hearing of his reappointment to Harvard as "visiting lecturer from Cambridge University." It was not long before he received promotion.

I should like to add a note which I hope is not indiscreet. When the august position of Boylston Professor became vacant, Ted Spencer was not one to covet that post for himself. He wrote to me privately, to ask whether I would consider the position if my name were put forward. Well, there were several reasons, both private and public, why I could not regard myself as eligible: not the least of which was my lack of scholarship — I think I told him that I should have had to spend all my spare time reading the books I ought to have read, and would have no leisure left for writing. My delight and satisfaction were great when I read that he himself had received that distinguished appointment.

Though I do not remember our first meeting, I remember very clearly our last. It was in Cambridge, Massachusetts, just before my return to London, and only a few weeks before his death. He was full of enthusiasm for the work he was to undertake that year; he appeared in better health, and more radiantly happy, than I had ever seen him; and I thought that he had many years of both scholarly and creative work and of useful influence before him.

I do not need to remind those who knew him, or indeed those who were even slightly acquainted with him, of the charm of his personality, his interest in human beings, his gaiety, sense of humor and conviviality — with a bearing such that he could put his pupils on terms of informal equality, without ever losing his dignity or their respect. He had several traits, in happy combination, which made him a good teacher. His standards of scholarship were high, and his view of English studies was humane; he mixed with men of letters in New York and London, as well as in the universities; and was perfectly at ease in society, whether intellectual society or not, so that he knew his students as human beings, not merely as candidates for degrees. He had a sensitive appreciation of the best in contemporary literature; and his own poetic gift was genuine. His poetry had developed, and would I believe have gone on to still greater strength after he had further assimilated and re-created the powerful influence of Yeats. But I have left to the last, mention of those characteristics which most endeared him as a friend: humility, charity, generosity, and what I can only call a fundamental goodness.

In choosing a subject, I have had in mind that it should be a subject in some way related to Theodore Spencer's interests, and that it should be a subject on which he himself would have liked to hear me.

2

REVIEWING my critical output for the last thirty-odd years, I am surprised to find how constantly I have returned to the drama, whether by examining the work of the contemporaries of Shakespeare, or by reflecting on the possibilities of the future. It may even be that people are weary of hearing me on this subject. But, while I find that I have been composing variations on this theme all my life, my views have been continually modified and renewed by increasing experience; so that I am impelled to take stock of the situation afresh at every stage of my own experimentation.

As I have gradually learned more about the problems of poetic drama, and the conditions which it must fulfill if it is to justify itself, I have made a little clearer to myself, not only my own reasons for wanting to write in this form, but the more general reasons for wanting to see it restored to its place. And I think that if I say something about these problems and conditions, it should make clearer to other people whether and if so why poetic drama has anything potentially to offer the playgoer, that prose drama cannot. For I start with the assumption that if poetry is merely a decoration, an added embellishment, if it merely gives people of literary tastes the pleasure of listening to poetry at the same time that they are witnessing a play, then it is superfluous. It must justify itself dramatically, and not merely be fine poetry shaped into a dramatic form. From this it

follows that no play should be written in verse for which prose is *dramatically* adequate. And from this it follows, again, that the audience, its attention held by the dramatic action, its emotions stirred by the situation between the characters, should be too intent upon the play to be wholly conscious of the medium.

Whether we use prose or verse on the stage, they are both but means to an end. The difference, from one point of view, is not so great as we might think. In those prose plays which survive, which are read and produced on the stage by later generations, the prose in which the characters speak is as remote, for the best part, from the vocabulary, syntax and rhythm of our ordinary speech — with its fumbling for words, its constant recourse to approximation, its disorder and its unfinished sentences — as verse is. Like verse, it has been written, and rewritten. Our two greatest prose stylists in the drama — apart from Shakespeare and the other Elizabethans who mixed prose and verse in the same play — are, I believe, Congreve and Bernard Shaw. A speech by a character of Congreve or of Shaw has — however clearly the characters may be differentiated — that unmistakable personal rhythm which is the mark of a prose style, and of which only the most accomplished conversationalists — who are for that matter usually monologuists — show any trace in their talk. We have all heard (too often!) of Molière's character who expressed surprise when told that he spoke prose. But it was M. Jourdain who was right, and not his mentor or his creator: he did not speak prose — he only talked. For I mean to draw a triple distinction: between prose, and verse, and our ordinary speech which is mostly below the level of either verse or prose. So if you look at it in this way, it will appear that prose, on the stage, is as artificial as verse: or alternatively, that verse can be as natural as prose.

But while the sensitive member of the audience will appreciate, when he hears fine prose spoken in a play, that this is something better than ordinary conversation, he does not regard it as a wholly different language from that which he himself speaks, for that would interpose a barrier between himself and the imaginary characters on the stage. Too many people, on the other hand, approach a play which they know to be in verse, with the consciousness of the difference. It is unfortunate when they are repelled by verse, but can also be deplorable when they are attracted by it — if that means that they are prepared to enjoy the play and the language of the play as two separate things. The chief effect of style and rhythm in dramatic speech, whether in prose or verse, should be unconscious.

From this it follows that a mixture of prose and verse in the same play is generally to be avoided: each transition makes the auditor aware, with a jolt, of the medium. It is, we may say, justifiable when the author wishes to produce this jolt: when, that is,

he wishes to transport the audience violently from one plane of reality to another. I suspect that this kind of transition was easily acceptable to an Elizabethan audience, to whose ears both prose and verse came naturally; who liked highfalutin and low comedy in the same play; and to whom it seemed perhaps proper that the more humble and rustic characters should speak in a homely language, and that those of more exalted rank should rant in verse. But even in the plays of Shakespeare some of the prose passages seem to be designed for an effect of contrast which, when achieved, is something that can never become old-fashioned. The knocking at the gate in *Macbeth* is an example that comes to everyone's mind; but it has long seemed to me that the alternation of scenes in prose with scenes in verse in *Henry IV* points an ironic contrast between the world of high politics and the world of common life. The audience probably thought they were getting their accustomed chronicle play garnished with amusing scenes of low life; yet the prose scenes of both Part I and Part II provide a sardonic comment upon the bustling ambitions of the chiefs of the parties in the insurrection of the Percys.

Today, however, because of the handicap under which verse drama suffers, I believe that prose should be used very sparingly indeed; that we should aim at a form of verse in which everything can be said that has to be said; and that when we find some situation which is intractable in verse, it is merely that our form of verse is inelastic. And if there prove to be scenes which we cannot put in verse, we must either develop our verse, or avoid having to introduce such scenes. For we have to accustom our audiences to verse to the point at which they will cease to be conscious of it; and to introduce prose dialogue, would only be to distract their attention from the play itself to the medium of its expression. But if our verse is to have so wide a range that it can say anything that has to be said, it follows that it will not be "poetry" all the time. It will only be "poetry" when the dramatic situation has reached such a point of intensity that poetry becomes the natural utterance, because then it is the only language in which the emotions can be expressed at all.

It is indeed necessary for any long poem, if it is to escape monotony, to be able to say homely things without bathos, as well as to take the highest flights without sounding exaggerated. And it is still more important in a play, especially if it is concerned with contemporary life. The reason for writing even the more pedestrian parts of a verse play in verse instead of prose is, however, not only to avoid calling the audience's attention to the fact that it is at other moments listening to poetry. It is also that the verse rhythm should have its effect upon the hearers, without their being conscious of it. A brief analysis of one scene of Shakespeare's

may illustrate this point. The opening scene of *Hamlet* — as well constructed an opening scene as that of any play ever written — has the advantage of being one that everybody knows.

What we do not notice, when we witness this scene in the theatre, is the great variation of style. Nothing is superfluous, and there is no line of poetry which is not justified by its dramatic value. The first twenty-two lines are built of the simplest words in the most homely idiom. Shakespeare had worked for a long time in the theatre, and written a good many plays, before reaching the point at which he could write those twenty-two lines. There is nothing quite so simplified and sure in his previous work. He first developed conversational, colloquial verse in the monologue of the character part — Faulconbridge in *King John*, and later the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. It was a much further step to carry it unobtrusively into the dialogue of brief replies. No poet has begun to master dramatic verse until he can write lines which, like these in *Hamlet*, are *transparent*. You are consciously attending, not to the poetry, but to the meaning of the poetry. If you were hearing *Hamlet* for the first time, without knowing anything about the play, I do not think that it would occur to you to ask whether the speakers were speaking in verse or prose. The verse is having a different effect upon us from prose; but at the moment, what we are aware of is the frosty night, the officers keeping watch on the battlements, and the foreboding of an ominous action. I do not say that there is no place for the situation in which part of one's pleasure will be the enjoyment of hearing beautiful poetry — providing that the author gives it, in that place, dramatic inevitability. And of course, when we have both seen a play several times and read it between performances, we begin to analyze the means by which the author has produced his effects. But in the immediate impact of this scene we are unconscious of the medium of its expression.

From the short, brusque ejaculations at the beginning, suitable to the situation and to the character of the guards — but not expressing more character than is required for their function in the play — the verse glides into a slower movement with the appearance of the courtiers Horatio and Marcellus.

Horatio says 't is but our fantasy, . . .

and the movement changes again on the appearance of Royalty, the ghost of the King, into the solemn and sonorous

What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night, . . .

(and note, by the way, this anticipation of the plot conveyed by the use of the verb *usurp*); and majesty is suggested in a reference reminding us whose ghost this is:—

So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.

There is an abrupt change to staccato in Horatio's words to the Ghost on its second appearance; this rhythm changes again with the words

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

The scene reaches a resolution with the words of Marcellus: —

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long; . . .

and Horatio's answer: —

So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
Break we our watch up; . . .

This is great poetry, and it is dramatic; but besides being poetic and dramatic, it is something more. There emerges, when we analyze it, a kind of musical design also which reinforces and is one with the dramatic movement. It has checked and accelerated the pulse of our emotion without our knowing it. Note that in these last words of Marcellus there is a deliberate brief emergence of the poetic into consciousness. When we hear the lines

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill

we are lifted for a moment beyond character, but with no sense of unfitness of the words coming, and at this moment, from the lips of Horatio. The transitions in the scene obey laws of the music of dramatic poetry. Note that the two lines of Horatio which I have quoted twice are preceded by a line of the simplest speech which might be either verse or prose: —

So have I heard and do in part believe it

and that he follows them abruptly with a half line which is hardly more than a stage direction: —

Break we our watch up.

It would be interesting to pursue, by a similar analysis, this problem of the double pattern in great poetic drama — the pattern which may be examined from the point of view of stagecraft or from that of the music. But I think that the examination of this one scene is enough to show us that verse is not merely a formalization, or an added decoration, but that it intensifies the drama. It should indicate also the importance of the unconscious effect of the verse upon us. And lastly, I do not think that this effect is felt only by those members of an audience who "like poetry" but also by those who go for the play alone. By the

people who do not like poetry, I mean those who cannot sit down with a book of poetry and enjoy reading it: these people also, when they go to a play in verse, should be affected by the poetry. And these are the audiences whom the writer of such a play ought to keep in mind.

At this point I might say a word about those plays which we call *poetic*, though they are written in prose. The plays of John Millington Synge form rather a special case, because they are based upon the idiom of a rural people whose speech is naturally poetic, both in imagery and in rhythm. I believe that he even incorporated phrases which he had heard from these country people of Ireland. The language of Synge is not available except for plays set among that same people. We can draw more general conclusions from the plays in prose, so much admired in my youth, and now hardly even read, by Maeterlinck. These plays are in a different way restricted in their subject matter; and to say that the characterization in them is dim is an understatement. I do not deny that they have some poetic quality. But in order to be poetic in prose, a dramatist has to be so consistently poetic that his scope is very limited. Synge wrote plays about characters whose originals in life talked poetically, so he could make them talk poetry and remain real people. The poetic prose dramatist who has not this advantage, has to be too poetic. The poetic drama in prose is more limited by poetic convention or by our conventions as to what subject matter is poetic, than is the poetic drama in verse. A really dramatic verse can be employed, as Shakespeare employed it, to say the most matter-of-fact things.

Yeats is a very different case, from Maeterlinck or Synge. A study of his development as a dramatist would show, I think, the great distance he went, and the triumph of his last plays. In his first period, he wrote plays in verse about subjects conventionally accepted as suitable for verse, in a metric which — though even at that early stage having the personal Yeats rhythm — is not really a form of speech quite suitable for anybody except mythical kings and queens. His middle-period *Plays for Dancers* are very beautiful, but they do not solve any problem for the dramatist in verse: they are poetic prose plays with important interludes in verse. It was only in his last play *Purgatory* that he solved his problem of speech in verse, and laid all his successors under obligation to him.

3

Now, I am going to venture to make some observations based on my own experience, which will lead me to comment on my intentions, failures and partial successes, in my own plays. I do this in the belief that any explorer or experimenter in new territory may, by putting on record a kind of journal of his explorations, say something of use to

those who follow him into the same regions and who will perhaps go farther.

The first thing of any importance that I discovered, was that a writer who has worked for years, and achieved some success, in writing other kinds of verse, has to approach the writing of a verse play in a different frame of mind from that to which he has been accustomed in his previous work. In writing other verse, I think that one is writing, so to speak, in terms of one's own voice: the way it sounds when you read it to yourself is the test. For it is yourself speaking. The question of communication, of what the reader will get from it, is not paramount: if your poem is right to you, you can only hope that the readers will eventually come to accept it. The poem can wait a little while; the approval of a few sympathetic and judicious critics is enough to begin with; and it is for future readers to meet the poet more than half way. But in the theatre, the problem of communication presents itself immediately. You are deliberately writing verse for other voices, not for your own, and you do not know whose voices they will be. You are aiming to write lines which will have an immediate effect upon an unknown and unprepared audience, to be interpreted to that audience by unknown actors rehearsed by an unknown producer. And the unknown audience cannot be expected to show any indulgence towards the poet. The poet cannot afford to write his play merely for his admirers, those who know his nondramatic work and are prepared to receive favorably anything he puts his name to. He must write with an audience in view which knows nothing and cares nothing, about any previous success he may have had before he ventured into the theatre. Hence one finds out that many of the things one likes to do, and knows how to do, are out of place; and that every line must be judged by a new law, that of dramatic relevance.

When I wrote *Murder in the Cathedral* I had the advantage for a beginner, of an occasion which called for a subject generally admitted to be suitable for verse. Verse plays, it has been generally held, should either take their subject matter from some mythology, or else should be about some remote historical period, far enough away from the present for the characters not to need to be recognizable as human beings, and therefore for them to be licensed to talk in verse. Picturesque period costume renders verse much more acceptable. Furthermore, my play was to be produced for a rather special kind of audience — an audience of those serious people who go to "festivals" and expect to have to put up with poetry — though perhaps on this occasion some of them were not quite prepared for what they got. And finally it was a religious play, and people who go deliberately to a religious play at a religious festival expect to be patiently bored and to satisfy them-

selves with the feeling that they have done something meritorious. So the path was made easy.

It was only when I put my mind to thinking what sort of play I wanted to do next, that I realized that in *Murder in the Cathedral* I had not solved any general problem; but that from my point of view the play was a dead end. For one thing, the problem of language which that play had presented to me was a special problem. Fortunately, I did not have to write in the idiom of the twelfth century, because that idiom, even if I knew Norman French and Anglo-Saxon, would have been unintelligible. But the vocabulary and style could not be exactly those of modern conversation — as in some modern French plays using the plot and personages of Greek drama — because I had to take my audience back to an historical event; and they could not afford to be archaic, first because archaism would only have suggested the wrong period, and second because I wanted to bring home to the audience the contemporary relevance of the situation. The style therefore had to be *neutral*, committed neither to the present nor to the past. As for the versification, I was only aware at this stage that the essential was to avoid any echo of Shakespeare, for I was persuaded that the primary failure of nineteenth-century poets when they wrote for the theatre (and most of the greatest English poets had tried their hand at drama) was not in their theatrical technique, but in their dramatic language; and that this was due largely to their limitation to a strict blank verse which, after extensive use for nondramatic poetry, had lost the flexibility which blank verse must have if it is to give the effect of conversation. The rhythm of regular blank verse had become too remote from the movement of modern speech. Therefore what I kept in mind was the versification of *Everyman*, hoping that anything unusual in the sound of it would be on the whole, advantageous. An avoidance of too much iambic, some use of alliteration, and occasional unexpected rhyme, helped to distinguish the versification from that of the nineteenth century.

The versification of the dialogue in *Murder in the Cathedral* has therefore, in my opinion, only a *negative* merit: it succeeded in avoiding what had to be avoided, but it arrived at no positive novelty: in short, in so far as it solved the problem of speech in verse for writing today, it solved it for this play only, and provided me with no clue to the verse I should use in another kind of play. Here, then, were two problems left unsolved: that of the idiom and that of the metric, (it is really one and the same problem) for general use in any play I might want to write in future. I next became aware of my reasons for depending, in that play, so heavily upon the assistance of the chorus. There were two reasons for this, which in the circumstances justified it. The first was that the essential action of the play — both the historical facts and the matter which I

invented — was somewhat limited. A man comes home, foreseeing that he will be killed, and he is killed. I did not want to increase the number of characters, I did not want to write a chronicle of twelfth-century politics, nor did I want to tamper unscrupulously with the meager records as Tennyson did (in introducing Fair Rosamund, and in suggesting that Becket had been crossed in love in early youth). I wanted to concentrate on death and martyrdom. The introduction of a chorus of excited and sometimes hysterical women, reflecting in their emotion the significance of the action, helped wonderfully. The second reason was this: that a poet writing for the first time for the stage, is much more at home in choral verse than in dramatic dialogue. This, I felt sure, was something I could do, and perhaps the dramatic weaknesses would be somewhat covered up by the cries of the women. The use of a chorus strengthened the power, and concealed the defects of my theatrical technique. For this reason I decided that next time I would try to integrate the chorus more closely into the play.

I wanted to find out also, whether I could learn to dispense altogether with the use of prose. The two prose passages in *Murder in the Cathedral* could not have been written in verse. Certainly, with the kind of dialogue verse which I used in that play, the audience would have been uncomfortably aware that it was verse they were hearing. A sermon cast in verse is too unusual an experience for even the most regular churchgoer: nobody could have responded to it as a sermon at all. And in the speeches of the knights, who are quite aware that they are addressing an audience of people living 800 years after they themselves are dead, the use of platform prose is intended of course to have a special effect: to shock the audience out of their complacency. But this is a kind of trick: that is, a device tolerable only in one play and of no use for any other. I may, for aught I know, have been slightly under the influence of *St. Joan*.

I do not wish to give you the impression that I would rule out of dramatic poetry these three things: historical or mythological subject-matter, the chorus, and traditional blank verse. I do not wish to lay down any law that the only suitable characters and situations are those of modern life, or that a verse play should consist of dialogue only, or that a wholly new versification is necessary. I am only tracing out the route of exploration of one writer, and that one myself. If the poetic drama is to reconquer its place, it must, in my opinion, enter into overt competition with prose drama. As I have said, people are prepared to put up with verse from the lips of personages dressed in the fashion of some distant age; they should be made to hear it from people dressed like ourselves, living in houses and apartments like

ours, and using telephones and motorcars and radio sets. Audiences are prepared to accept poetry recited by a chorus, for that is a kind of poetry recital, which it does them credit to enjoy. And audiences (those who go to a verse play because it is in verse) expect poetry to be in rhythms which have lost touch with colloquial speech. What we have to do is to bring poetry into the world in which the audience lives and to which it returns when it leaves the theatre; not to transport the audience into some imaginary world totally unlike their own, an unreal world in which poetry can be spoken. What I should hope might be achieved, by a generation of dramatists having the benefit of our experience, is that the audience should find, at the moment of awareness that it is hearing poetry, that it is saying to itself: "*I could talk in poetry too!*" Then we should not be transported into an artificial world; on the contrary, our own sordid, dreary daily world would be suddenly illuminated and transfigured.

I was determined, therefore, in my next play to take a theme of contemporary life, with characters of our own time living in our own world. *The Family Reunion* was the result. Here my first concern was the problem of the versification, to find a rhythm close to contemporary speech, in which the stresses could be made to come wherever we should naturally put them, in uttering the particular phrase on the particular occasion. What I worked out is substantially what I have continued to employ: a line of varying length and varying number of syllables, with a caesura and three stresses. The caesura and the stresses may come at different places, almost anywhere in the line; the stresses may be close together or well separated by light syllables; the only rule being that there must be one stress on one side of the caesura and two on the other. In retrospect, I soon saw that I had given my attention to versification, at the expense of plot and character. I had, indeed, made some progress in dispensing with the chorus; but the device of using four of the minor personages, representing the Family, sometimes as individual character parts and sometimes collectively as chorus, does not seem to me very satisfactory. For one thing, the immediate transition from individual, characterized part to membership of a chorus is asking too much of the actors: it is a very difficult transition to accomplish. For another thing, it seemed to me another trick, one which, even if successful, could not have been applicable in another play. Furthermore, I had in two passages used the device of a lyrical duet further isolated from the rest of the dialogue by being written in shorter lines with only two stresses. These passages are in a sense "beyond character," the speakers have to be presented as falling into a kind of trance-like state in order to speak them. But they are so remote from the necessity of the action that they

are hardly more than passages of poetry which might be spoken by anybody; they are too much like operatic arias. The member of the audience, if he enjoys this sort of thing, is putting up with a suspension of the action in order to enjoy a poetic fantasia: these passages are really less related to the action than are the choruses in *Murder in the Cathedral*.

I observed that when Shakespeare, in one of his mature plays, introduces what might seem a purely poetic line or passage, it never interrupts the action, or is out of character, but on the contrary, in some mysterious way supports both action and character. When Macbeth speaks his so often quoted words beginning

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow

or when Othello, confronted at night with his angry father-in-law and friends, utters the beautiful line

Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust them

we do not feel that Shakespeare has thought of lines which are beautiful poetry and wishes to fit them in somehow, or that he has for the moment come to the end of his dramatic inspiration and has turned to poetry to fill up with. The lines are surprising, and yet they fit in with the character; or else we are compelled to adjust our conception of the character in such a way that the lines will be appropriate to it. The lines spoken by Macbeth reveal the weariness of the weak man who had been forced by his wife to realize his own half-hearted desires and her ambitions, and who, with her death, is left without the motive to continue. The line of Othello expresses irony, dignity and fearlessness; and incidentally reminds us of the time of night in which the scene takes place. Only poetry could do this; but it is *dramatic* poetry: that is, it does not interrupt but intensifies the dramatic situation.

It was not only because of the introduction of passages which called too much attention to themselves as poetry, and could not be dramatically justified, that I found *The Family Reunion* defective: there were two weaknesses which came to strike me as more serious still. The first was, that I had taken far too much of the strictly limited time allowed to a dramatist, in presenting a situation, and not left myself enough time, or provided myself with enough material, for developing it in action. I had written what was, on the whole, a good first act; except that for a first act it was much too long. When the curtain rises again, the audience is expecting, as it has a right to expect, that something is going to happen. Instead, it finds itself treated to a further exploration of the background: in other words, to what ought to have been given much earlier if at all. The beginning of the second act presents much the most difficult problem to

producer and cast: for the audience's attention is beginning to wander. And then, after what must seem to the audience an interminable time of preparation, the conclusion comes so abruptly that we are, after all, unready for it. This was an elementary fault in mechanics.

But the deepest flaw of all, was in a failure of adjustment between the Greek story and the modern situation. I should either have stuck closer to Aeschylus or else taken a great deal more liberty with his myth. One evidence of this is the appearance of those ill-fated figures, the Furies. They must, in future, be omitted from the cast, and be understood to be visible only to certain of my characters, and not to the audience. We tried every possible manner of presenting them. We put them on the stage, and they looked like uninvited guests who had strayed in from a fancy dress ball. We concealed them behind gauze, and they suggested a still out of a Walt Disney film. We made them dimmer, and they looked like shrubbery just outside the window. I have seen other expedients tried: I have seen them signaling from across the garden, or swarming onto the stage like a football team, and they are never right. They never succeed in being either Greek goddesses or modern spooks. But their failure is merely a symptom of the failure to adjust the ancient with the modern.

A more serious evidence is that we are left in a divided frame of mind, not knowing whether to consider the play the tragedy of the mother or the salvation of the son. The two situations are not reconciled. I find a confirmation of this in the fact that my sympathies now have come to be all with the mother, who seems to me, except perhaps for the chauffeur, the only complete human being in the play; and my hero now strikes me as an insufferable prig.

Well, I had made some progress in learning how to write the first act of a play, and I had — the one thing of which I felt sure — made a good deal of progress in finding a form of versification and an idiom which would serve all my purposes, without recourse to prose, and be capable of unbroken transition between the most intense speech and the most relaxed dialogue. You will understand, after my making these criticisms of *The Family Reunion*, some of the errors that I endeavored to avoid in designing *The Cocktail Party*. To begin with, no chorus, and no ghosts. I was still inclined to go to a Greek dramatist for my theme, but I was determined to take this merely as a point of departure, and to conceal the origins so well that nobody would identify them until I pointed them out myself. In this at least I have been successful; for no one of my acquaintance (and no dramatic critics) recognized the source of my story in the *Alcestis* of Euripides. In fact, I have had to go into detailed explanation to convince them — I mean, of course,

those who were familiar with the plot of that play — of the genuineness of the inspiration. But those who were at first disturbed by the eccentric behavior of my unknown guest, and his apparently intemperate habits and tendency to burst into song, have found some consolation after I have called their attention to the behavior of Heracles in Euripides' play.

In the second place, I laid down for myself the ascetic rule to avoid poetry which could not stand the test of strict dramatic utility: with such success, indeed, that it is perhaps an open question whether there is any poetry in the play at all. And finally, I tried to keep in mind that in a play, from time to time, something should happen; that the audience should be kept in the constant expectation that something is going to happen; and that, when it does happen, it should be different, but not too different, from what the audience had been led to expect.

I have not yet got to the end of my investigation of the weaknesses of this play, but I hope and expect to find more than those of which I am yet aware. I say "hope" because while one can never repeat a success, and therefore must always try to find something different, even if less popular, to do, the desire to write something which will be free of the defects of one's last work is a very powerful and useful incentive. I am aware that the last act of my play only just escapes, if indeed it does escape, the accusation of being not a last act but an epilogue; and I am determined to do something different, if I can, in this respect. I also believe that while the self-education of a poet trying to write for the theatre seems to require a long period of disciplining his poetry, and putting it, so to speak, on a very thin diet in order to adapt it to the needs of the stage, there may be a later stage, when (and if) the understanding of theatrical technique has become second nature, at which he can dare to make more liberal use of poetry and take greater liberties with ordinary colloquial speech. I base that belief on the evolution of Shakespeare, and on some study of the language in his late plays.

In devoting so much time to an examination of my own plays, I have, I believe, been animated by a better motive than egotism. It seems to me that if we are to have a poetic drama, it is more likely to come from poets learning how to write plays, than from skillful prose dramatists learning to write poetry. That some poets can learn how to write plays, and write good ones, may be only a hope, but I believe a not unreasonable hope; but that a man who has started by writing successful prose plays should then learn how to write good poetry, seems to me extremely unlikely. And, under present-day conditions, and until the verse play is recognized by the larger public as a possible source of entertainment, the poet is likely to get his first opportunity to work for the stage only after mak-

ing some sort of reputation for himself as the author of other kinds of verse. I have therefore wished to put on record, for what it may be worth to others, some account of the difficulties I have encountered, and the weaknesses I have had to try to overcome, and the mistakes into which I have fallen.

I should not like to close without attempting to set before you, though only in dim outline, the ideal towards which poetic drama should strive. It is an unattainable ideal: and that is why it interests me, for it provides an incentive towards further experiment and exploration, beyond any goal which there is prospect of attaining. It is a function of all art to give us some perception of an order in life, by imposing an order upon it. The painter works by selection, combination and emphasis among the elements of the visible world; the musician in the world of sound. It seems to me that beyond the namable, classifiable emotions and motives of our conscious life when directed towards action — the part of life which prose drama is wholly adequate to express — there is a fringe of indefinite extent, of feeling which we can only detect, so to speak, out of the corner of the eye and can never completely focus; of feeling of which we are only aware in a kind of temporary detachment from action. There are great prose dramatists — such as Ibsen and Chekhov — who have at times done things of which I would not otherwise have supposed prose to be capable, but who seem to me, in spite of their success, to have been hampered in expression by writing in prose. This peculiar range of sensibility can be expressed by dramatic poetry, at its moments of greatest intensity. At such moments, we touch the border of those feelings which only music can express. We can never emulate music, because to arrive at the condition of music would be the annihilation of poetry, and especially of dramatic poetry. Nevertheless, I have before my eyes a kind of mirage of the perfection of verse drama, which would be a design of human action and of words, such as to present at once the two aspects of dramatic and of musical order. It seems to me that Shakespeare achieved this at least in certain scenes — even rather early, for there is the balcony scene of *Romeo and Juliet* — and that this was what he was striving towards in his late plays. To go as far in this direction as it is possible to go, without losing that contact with the ordinary everyday world with which drama must come to terms, seems to me the proper aim of dramatic poetry. For it is ultimately the function of art, in imposing a credible order upon ordinary reality, and thereby eliciting some perception of an order in reality, to bring us to a condition of serenity, stillness and reconciliation; and then leave us, as Virgil left Dante, to proceed toward a region where that guide can avail us no farther.

Fortitude

PHILIP WYLIE reminds us that the United States is the only one of the great powers that has not yet been tested in civilian defense. He has no question as to our courage, but he seriously questions some of the impractical directives that have been prepared, in the event that our cities come under attack. American novelist and critic, Mr. Wylie writes prose that cracks like a whip, as anyone knows who has read his *Generation of Vipers*. He left Princeton at the end of three years to work as a press agent and as one of the editors of the *New Yorker*; today he is a free lance dividing his time between fiction and books in which he scrutinizes the American character.

A BETTER WAY TO BEAT THE BOMB

by PHILIP WYLIE

1

AMERICAN city-dwellers are inquiring with rising anxiety what steps they should take to defend themselves in the event of a third world war. Many ideas have been put forward by Washington. The Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy has held hearings on civil defense at which the mayors of several frightened cities, the mayors of sanguine cities, scientists, members of veterans' organizations, and others have had their say. A booklet on civil defense has been issued by the government. Architects have drawn up and published designs for new cities to be built in "ribbons." A scheme for spending billions upon billions on exit highways, hospitals, fire departments, bomb baffles, and the like has recently been suggested. *And almost nothing effective has been done.*

Since the first A-bombs came into existence we have been aware that a radar screen around the nation, backed by enough supersonic fighter planes, ready to take off twenty-four hours a day, would help to frustrate an atomic attack by hostile planes. But the cost of that was regarded as prohibitive; in any case, even such fabulous measures would not surely stop all bombers from reaching their targets.

We have surmised that atomic weapons could be discharged into our coastal cities from submarines and we have admitted that we lack effective means to locate and destroy modern submarines. We have guessed that formidable atomic instruments could also be brought to our shores or set as mines in our harbors by foreign ships; but we have no adequate means to inspect such ships. And we have at least wondered if atomic weapons could be smuggled piecemeal into the United States and assembled secretly for detonation here; our history of smuggling suggests that such a thing is conceivable.

Finally, we know that it is theoretically possible

to construct a rocket which can carry an atomic warhead; we know that guided, long-range rockets can be made because we are making them; we know that German experts captured five years ago by the Russians were planning a transatlantic rocket; and we know that there is no way now to intercept such missiles. There are many further possibilities; but those listed make it plain that our cities could be successfully attacked with atomic weapons.

It is a contingency that has existed for more than five years. Yet the suggestions for civil defense, whether grandiose or minor, have generally been impractical. The earliest idea, recommended by city planners, engineers, and various scientists soon after Hiroshima and Nagasaki, was to "decentralize and put industry underground." That concept involved the partial abandonment of many cities and the moving of tens of millions of Americans to other, currently nonexistent locales. It involved the construction of thousands of gigantic subterranean factory areas. Financially it was unthinkable, for such an effort might have doubled the national debt. Politically it was also out of the question. "How," a Senator from Connecticut was asked at a Congressional hearing, "would you feel about voting in the Senate to move the aircraft industry and its people out of your state?" Politics and decentralization did not mix.

The next concept, that of the "strip" or "ribbon" city, also involved the reconstruction of urban U.S.A. Obviously, cities built in a narrow line instead of a clump would be less vulnerable to atomic explosions. But, obviously again, such a measure was fiscally and politically impossible. It is said that the Soviets have put many of their vital plants underground and have decentralized much of their industry. All we have done is to bury a few critical machines and products and to help a very few industries in ultravulnerable locations construct duplicate plants inland.

Yet the demand for civil defense increased even though the American people were unwilling to take those vast steps which might have furnished a considerable measure of real safety. This demand was aimed at the government.

Washington has set up a civil defense authority in response. Instructions have gone out for the formation of local defense units of the World War II type, with extra data on atomic hazards. Restricted lists of likely target areas have been issued and kept secret by local authorities, most of whom insist their areas are prime targets — to abet defense recruiting. Evacuation plans have been sketched vaguely for all cities. States and cities have been urged to keep evacuation and rescue in mind when planning new roads, bridges, hospitals, and the like. The public has reacted with confusion.

Some cities are already building air raid shelters underground which will serve in peacetime as parking yards. Other cities, unlikely targets, are frenziedly recruiting huge defense organizations to deal with A-bombs that probably will never arrive in their area. Ground has been broken for many new hospitals and fire stations. One unofficial scheme envisages a huge, national construction program as a sort of New Deal economic backlog in case peace is tentatively stabilized in the years ahead and the “pump” again needs “priming” with the waters of deficit-spending.

But certain aspects of that last scheme are open to very serious question. The gravest, of course, is the time element. It will require several years to build the roads, shelters, hospitals, fire-fighting equipment, and immense anti-blast walls. War could overtake us long before such defenses were ready.

On the other hand, our potential enemy may already have caught up with or surpassed us in the matter of atomic weaponizing. In that case, it is quite conceivable that he might possess atomic explosives capable of destroying so large an area that the thickest blast walls would crumble and the peripheral roads, bridges, hospitals, would be wiped out in the astronomical fury of his attack. It is also conceivable that his choice of atomic weapons might not be the one anticipated. Instead of bombing us with explosives, such an enemy might “crop-dust” cities with radioactive isotopes, or explode offshore bombs designed to sweep huge areas with radioactive clouds of sea steam, and so on.

Such possibilities are foreseeable with the atomic know-how we already possess; they have been described and discussed repeatedly by the competent men. And many extraordinarily able scientists, Albert Einstein and Norbert Wiener among them, have pointed out the most cogent fact of all: we are only at the beginning of atomic discovery; the weapons we (and all men) may be able to build three years from now, and five, and ten, will quite

likely make present weapons obsolete. The way Einstein put it was simple enough. We are approaching the day, he said, at which man may well be able to wipe out all life on the planet if he wishes to do so; it may happen even if he grows reckless.

That talk is not idle. It is not intended to create panic. It is designed to make men think. Science has never stood still; it has leaped ahead at a constantly faster pace.

Measures which might suffice for defense today will certainly be futile in a short time. And here, it seems to me, is the fatal fault in the present basic plan of our government for urban defense. It is designed to cope principally with the devastation, the casualties, and the physical sequelae of attacks by uranium or plutonium bombs. But such bombs may be obsolete even before we could carry out the program. We would be stupid indeed to make huge preparations to save ourselves from weapons that will quite possibly be dated before our defenses are ready.

It begins to sound as if the only recommendation to be made would be fatalism, the counsel of doing nothing and waiting supinely for the worst. There are, however, two aspects of civil defense which, so far, have been slighted and which, it seems to me, embrace areas in which we *can* defend ourselves.

2

Most of those persons who have discussed civil defense have thought of it in local terms. The Mayor of San Francisco ardently begged the Congressional Committee for a plan which his city could put into effect. Certain Congressmen were inclined to believe that the adoption of *any* plan would be perilous to San Francisco. A plan, the Congressmen pointed out, would include a public admission that there were few exits from that city, that its bridges were vulnerable, that an atomic bomb in its Bay might deluge it with radioactive steam and salt water (like the Bikini ships), that the city occupied a congested headland, that it was industrially important and hence a natural target — and so on. Public notice of those facts, the Congressmen argued, would cause businesses to leave the city and prevent new businesses from establishing themselves there.

San Francisco's mayor, a more realistic gentleman than some of his auditors, pointed out that every man, woman, and child in his city already knew those facts and that any businessman thinking of locating in Frisco would hear them in a day. What he wanted from his federal government was a sagacious scheme for defense. Many other mayors, state officials, and members of the American Legion begged at the same hearings for a nationwide, standard, federally financed plan.

The idea that every city ought to have identical civil defenses is a fallacy; but the fallacy suggests

what ought to be done. It is a fallacy for three reasons. First, because of location and because of the industries they contain, cities are not all equally liable to enemy attack; second, because of their physical differences they would be differently affected by many sorts of atomic attack — a flat city situated on a deep salt-water harbor would have different defense problems from a hilly inland city; and third, preparing every city equally would spread defensive equipment thinly, irrationally, and at a huge, perhaps prohibitive, cost.

There is an additional, probably fallacious, element in the nation-wide eagerness for a single plan, everywhere applied. It assumes that what we should prepare for is the defense of each city *by itself*. Each city, that is to say, wants to be readied by the federal government not merely to shelter its inhabitants in the event of an air raid warning, but to deal afterward with its own dead, its injured, its fires, its contaminated areas, and so on.

During the Congressional hearing on the subject, the Mayor of Providence, Rhode Island, expressed what would more likely be the true state of affairs. His city, he said, was small and did not think of itself as a suitable atomic target; nevertheless if hit, he said flatly, Providence would be unable to deal with the results, and help would have to come from the outside.

That, in all probability, will be the case anywhere and everywhere if atomic weapons strike American cities. Some military men have tried to minimize the effect of atomic weapons. Some propagandists and even some scientists, afraid that nuclear facts will frighten the American people, have tried to say that atomic blasts and radioactive poisons are exaggerated perils. But what should be borne in mind is the opposite: the weapons grow more terrible, and no one could exaggerate the possible peril of radioactivity — not when the world's leading scientists agree it may very soon be made intensive enough to wipe out all life on the planet. Hence it may be safely assumed — it *should* be assumed — that any city struck by atomic weapons of whatever sort in a future war will be dealt such a blow as not necessarily to annihilate it, but to make it utterly unable to deal with the situation, no matter what its preparations.

Here the inadequacy of the present schemes for local organization and local equipment becomes apparent. It has already been pointed out that in a future war, whether it should come soon or late, atomic weapons might wreck or render useless any number of hospitals, fire-fighting stations, and the like, ringing any city. Air raid shelters would perhaps be useful if deep enough and if there were warning. But no amount of road-building would ameliorate the situation. Indeed, the very concept of road and bridge construction (except for rescue squad use) seems to me to show a poor grasp of the probabilities. It presumes that after an atomic

attack most survivors would flee any city and therefore that new roads to flee on are necessary.

The universal congestion of Sunday drivers indicates the folly of such an idea for defense. Multiply the heaviest traffic any city has ever seen on any holiday by five. Put every slow truck and every jalopy in the imagined exodus. Conceive of the drivers as being moved by that hysteria and panic which always accompanies flight. For every stalled car, every car out of gas, and every wreck, imagine fifty. Then imagine the highways around any bombed city, even though there were three times the present number. And suppose some main bridges were down or tunnels flooded or some other principal escape-arteries were made impassable by the bomb itself.

Next, suppose that a million or two million (or more or fewer) survivors *could* get out of a city hit by atomic weapons. Where would they go? How would they eat? In winter, how would they keep from freezing to death? How could they be controlled or policed? What would the criminal element of every city do in such a mob? And, most important of all, if the population fled — as it will flee so long as “evacuation” is an official keynote — who, in the days following, would be left to man those industries which had survived the attack and were vital to the war effort?

A city hit by atomic weapons probably could not care for itself. Mass exodus from such a city might be more horrible and devastating than an A-bomb. And as long as any part of a city remains viable and productive the people who survive will be needed in their city to carry on. It would be the utmost folly to abandon, say, Pittsburgh, because a quarter of it was wrecked and radioactive. Yet the plans now officially adopted include just such evacuation or rout as has been described.

3

WHAT, then, is practical?

It is practical to arrange for the best possible air or other raid warning and the best possible shelters. It is practical to set up, with existing personnel and facilities, at once, in every city, the best possible organization of hospitals, doctors, nurses, their aides, air raid wardens, Geiger men, decontamination squads, fire-fighters, and so forth, to act on the scene in the event of any sort of attack. It is practical to organize the environs of every city — the schoolhouses, hospitals, and other public places — for emergency uses.

But what is even more practical and necessary, it seems to me, is to organize and to train all these experts for swift mobilization to go to work *elsewhere*. If every city is trained and ready to do what it can for itself, or mainly itself, and if some cities are then attacked, the vast majority of the American people will be confronted with a dread-

ful situation, one in which they sit helplessly at their radios, unharmed, hoarding their supplies and trained crews, while other cities rock and glare and surge in helpless debacle.

If, say, Chicago is sorely struck, the civil defense organizations of a dozen other near-by cities *ought to be ready and trained* to go forthwith to the aid of Chicago. For the struck cities will need everything. They will need it instantly. And their own facilities may be *hors de combat*. They will need trained police in thousands. They will need thousands of fire-fighters. They will need dynamite experts. They will need hundreds of teams who can measure radioactive contamination. They will need tons of drugs, thousands of doctors and nurses, trainloads of food, and systems for evacuating the wounded, set up in areas peripheral to atomic damage. They will want to save as much as possible of their industries and plants from fire and other post-bomb damage. They will want to save all the injured that can be saved. And they will want to stay in operation so far as possible and to restore operations wherever possible and as soon as possible. All such problems will doubtless be unsolvable by themselves and by their pre-attack organization.

Hence, in my opinion, while one function of every city's defense organization naturally should be to care for its own and itself, it is *equally important* that the civil defense organization of every city should be trained and ready on a moment's notice to rush to the aid of any neighboring city. The final and critical fate of an atom-blitzed city may depend not upon its own preparations, organizations, and equipment, but upon the speed and the ability of a hundred forms of outside aid.

And it will not do, after atom bombs or other weapons have been used, to recruit the civil defenders of other cities and send them via hastily rigged transport to the damaged areas. Only those crews already trained and prepared to go to and act in certain cities will be effective. Thus the civil defense personnel of, say, Charleston, South Carolina, should be as ready to deal with an atomic blitz situation in, for example, Atlanta, Birmingham, Jacksonville, and Norfolk, as with a home situation. And Charleston people should also have a good general idea of how to be of use in or around Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. San Franciscans will depend, if atom-assaulted, on Angelinos and people from Seattle, Denver, and Spokane — perhaps far more than upon themselves. For such interlocked and mutual missions we Americans can and should prepare at once.

It will be far less expensive to organize the personnel, provide the portable supplies, and train the technologically-minded for such events than to start building roads and gigantic shelters — to be ready by 1954. And a nation in which the civil defense personnel and equipment are ready to move anywhere, instantly, will be a far better prepared

nation than one which is locally instructed and equipped to the last detail for local operation only.

Here, then, is a practical project, the enactment of which would not be extremely costly and could be commenced today. It would involve millions of lay specialists, police, National Guardsmen, all fire departments, railroads, air lines, bus lines, nearly everybody — in some way. It would be excellent for national morale and for the relations of the people with each other. And it could set up the one form of civil defense which would best cope with all probabilities, not years from now, and not in a form that might become obsolete, but right away and on a perpetually effective basis. And if all cities *were* organized to help not just themselves but wherever help was required, the inhabitants of cities would enjoy a sensation now conspicuously absent: the feeling that, should worst come to worst, the whole nation was set and ready to aid.

4

IN this connection it should be pointed out that one other scheme advanced for the defense of cities, that it be put in charge of the military, is completely unfeasible. If cities are atomically assaulted a war will be in progress, and that war will demand the full attention and effort of all service branches. There will not be men enough or time enough or any inclination to divert perhaps hundreds of thousands of troops to the rescue and policing of hit cities. Furthermore, if military control is the only last-ditch plan we have made, and if atomic attack occurs, it will be found that the shock and hysteria of unprepared civilians will not be amenable to soldierly discipline. Should millions stampede, no amount of martial law, no roadblocks, not even machine guns chattering at family cars, will stem the tide. It will be too late then.

And that brings up the aspect of defense which has been sorely neglected and yet is cardinal: fortitude. Whether atomic attacks of our cities result in rout and utter disaster or in a brave and orderly dealing with the facts will depend first and last upon the morale of the people in the cities — all the cities. For, as things stand and as they probably will stand in the long years to come, if we become involved in war it will be atomic war; and to win an atomic war we shall depend upon the manning and maintenance of our cities along with the industries and plants which they contain.

We are going to have to stay in our cities, no matter what.

It has often been said that if two or three cities in America are hit by even the old-style A-bombs, the populations of the rest of the cities will leave. I don't believe it. The simple fact is that, even should we lose ten cities completely, the necessity of remaining in the rest would merely be increased manifold. For the machine tools and the produc-

tion lines and the supplies, resources, and stockpiles of the remaining cities would become that much more vital to our cause. Some nonessential people might be removed from all cities, as in England in the last war; but the cities themselves — again, as in England — would have to go grimly on, manned, serviced, running at full blast.

To think that Americans, once they visualized that fact, would quit their cities is to underestimate American character and courage, in my opinion. All through World War II the citizens who remained in London existed day and night, year after year, beneath the threat of instant death. At first it was from bombers, and refuge was possible. But, with the coming of the V-2's, no refuge could be taken. Month after month every Londoner knew that he could be cut down anywhere, at any moment, awake or asleep, by a weapon against which there was no defense, the approach of which he could not see or even hear. Not only that, but every day he did hear, somewhere in his city, the dull wham of those weapons going off and killing his fellow men and women. Yet the Londoners stayed; and to think Americans would quit under a somewhat similar personal threat is to judge Americans poorly, provided they are ready in their minds to take such personal risks.

Fortitude is involved here. But fortitude does not arise in a people under any and all conditions. A city that has been led to expect to evacuate, should atomic weapons strike, but that finds it cannot do so after the blow, will not necessarily behave bravely or wisely. A group of people who have trained themselves to help themselves and then suddenly find their self-help is dead or cut off, and that no further plans for rapid aid exist, will not be a steady and reliable group. People led to make ready only for one form of blow, who are struck by another, may not react well. A city that has accepted federal or military assistance and does not get enough, or the right sort, at the crucial time, may stampede. And people who have been led to underrate atomic weapons, or to imagine such weapons will never strike their city, or who have prepared their minds for A-bombs but who are unready for hot isotopes, or fogs of bacteria, will not respond with intrepidity. Minds, to be brave, must be ready.

There has been a widespread tendency to blame our present unpreparedness on two factors: the "secrecy that surrounds the atom" and "government lethargy and inaction." Of both, there has been an imbecile overabundance. But the truth is that we have remained unprepared for other reasons, in the main. Some have been recorded here, such as the political and financial impossibility of rebuilding the nation to make it a less vulnerable set of targets. The leading reason, how-

ever, is the failure so far of the average citizen to assimilate what has been told, to infer what that means, and to deduce what might happen and what he *could* be ready to do that he *could* arrange rapidly and *could* pay for.

Nothing said in this article is "secret." The prospect for cities, especially big, industrial cities, in any future war is grim indeed, and grows steadily grimmer. It may be that our potential adversary does not yet have in his stockpile even a single practical uranium bomb. But we cannot count on that. It may be that he already has hydrogen bombs or that he has rockets with atomic warheads which could be fired over hundreds of miles from his submarines without warning tomorrow. That is the kind of possibility for which we should prepare our cities and, even more, our minds.

The psychological compensation for such blows as this nation might be struck would be twofold, or should be: the knowledge of each city-dweller that his survival chances were backed up by an alerted, trained nation; and the knowledge that whatever catastrophe might or did strike him was being duplicated and multiplied among the cities of his enemy. In the end, even atomic warfare is reduced to that simple and individual equation. If Englishmen in World War II had deserted their cities because each Englishman knew his death might come there at any moment, England would have lost the war. That, in essence, is the situation we Americans would face in any future war. Preparation of the private mind and will to meet it anywhere, any time, in any form, is *the* fundamental requirement not just for the defense of cities but for victory.

What the circumstance amounts to, for the urban dweller, is this: from the day of the declaration of another war, or the season of imminent war, he will be a front-line soldier. His conduct, as much as that of troops, will determine the outcome.

In preparing himself to stand by his city he will find that courage which does not and cannot exist in defense or evacuative schemes. Furthermore, in readying his city to aid other stricken cities, and in knowing that they have the training to help his city, he will have a second bolster to his determination. These are active, offensive, humanly positive, and characteristically American attitudes and ways of behavior. In an atomic war, everybody's philosophy will have to be, "Damn the torpedoes, go ahead!" Above all else, a suitable plan for civil defense should inculcate that spirit *now* and implement it with feasible organizations and practical equipment.

For the problem, from the standpoint of city-dwellers, will not be what to try to avoid, or how to escape, but how to endure and how to return any kind of blow until the foe yields.



In his book *Gamesmanship or, The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating*, STEPHEN POTTER scored one of the most laughable triumphs in dead-pan writing. The Editor of the *Atlantic* was one of the many who urged the author on to further research, and as a result Mr. Potter brought together his notes on courting or, as he calls it, *Woomanship*. In his conversational way, he reveals those methods by which the awkward amateur can take the field successfully against the highly placed expert. His illustrations are all, of course, drawn from life.

WOOMANSHIP

by STEPHEN POTTER

VOLUMES will be written about the historical aspects of that huge subdepartment of Life-manship, Woomanship. It was known, certainly, in early China. The Cretans were said to woo and "enjoy patterns of woo behavior" before becoming engaged to each other.

My task now is to collect reports on some of the leading Woomen and Woo-women of today. I have a sheaf of them for tabulation. But wooing is, of course, a very human subject and many aspects of it are readily understandable to the general public.

WOO BASIC

"... for each approach, the method. . . ."

Through the Gears with Gattling-Fenn

Each woman presents a different problem, or, alternatively, each woman presents the same problem. How often that has been said. To that sound old wooman Gattling-Fenn, the problem, and the approach, was always the same, a fact or situation which may owe its being to Gattling-Fenn's undoubted limitations. He was getting bald in a curious way. Yet he was always falling in love with horrifyingly pretty girls of vacant minds.

To see Gattling-Fenn at work on one such is to see woo basic at its best. There is nothing new about the theory of Gattling's "gradually-awakened-interest" approach. But his practice of it has never been improved upon.

"The rule," he was always telling us, "is not so much to seem to be attracted against your will, as to give the impression that you can scarcely bring yourself to speak to her. And this in spite of the fact, you are at the same time able to indicate, that the face you are addressing happens by some racial fluke, some luck of the ethnological draw, of some genetical jackpot, to be as near the perfection of sexual beauty as mortal may be."

Gattling-Fenn used often to talk in fairly long words. It was part of his method. But he also talked in short words, too; and in the opening stages he was monosyllabic.

The principle of Instantaneous Speech is important. No good, if you get into a railway carriage solely occupied by some wooworthy girl, waiting for half an hour and offering her a cigarette after premonitory mumbles and throat-clearing. Gattling always used to maintain that he would start speaking to the girl while still half in the corridor, saying, for instance (if she is reading *The Times*), "Good heavens, I thought *The Times* had ceased publication," naturally and easily, as he entered.

Or at a cocktail party Gattling, having succeeded by much pushing and side-stepping in planting himself next some mentally feeble girl, begins as follows:—

G.-F. (*struggling against boredom*): I have, in fact, seen you before. Being important in some film shot. Denham, Stage II. (For Americans "Denham, Stage II" should read "Hollywood, MGM Studio.")

The girl will be unlikely to deny absolutely that she has ever been in a film studio, but will probably say:—

GIRL: Oh — I don't think so.

G.-F.: Sorry, a bad professional blob of mine.

GIRL: Professional?

G.-F.: Yes, I'm sorry. There was one period of my life when it was my job to stare at Film Faces.

At this moment he suddenly wrenches his glasses out of his pocket, rams them on his nose, stares, and snatches them off again.

GIRL: Oh?

G.-F.: Selecting the perfect film profile — one of J. Arthur's more surprisingly imaginative ideas. Two hundred and fifty dead-straight noses. Two hundred and fifty pairs of brilliant eyes, oh so large and liquid. I'm afraid you're rather the type.

GIRL: Were you really?

G.-F.: How do you mean?

GIRL: I mean, what did you have to do?

G.-F.: Me? Just be the final judge, and take the unfortunate creature to various functions. You don't act at all, do you? I have an office job at the moment, and I'm wondering whether even the theatre isn't better than that. I'm no good at being a ten till five man.

GIRL: Oh, I have to be at the office at nine.

First Gear

This, of course, is the moment to slip into Gear One. Gattling leans forward fractionally, and although he has in fact been staring at the girl all the evening he manages to give the impression that he is seeing her, now, for the first time.

G.-F.: What — you have a job?

GIRL: Oh yes.

G.-F.: I mean a real human job, doing things, working, like myself — with all the routine, and sometimes the thrill? How wise of you — to be part of the pattern. You mix with people. Know people.

GIRL: Oh, you see a lot of people. I don't think it'd interest you much.

Gears Two and Three should follow automatically according to Gattling.

WOOMANSHIP SECONDARY

Being One Thing or the Other, or, alternatively, Being One Thing and Then the Other

Most of the experts agree here. The sound wooman is either fascinatingly rich or amusingly poor. It is bad gambitting to have a normal income.

Similarly, he must either be charmingly weak about women, reckless and extravagant; or he must be slow to move, stolid, and dependably waiting for the "One Woman."

Similarly, one must either be the experienced ladies' man, with correct Flower Play; or alternatively, one must be so gauche as to be the kind of man who has never given a bunch of flowers in his life, doesn't know where to buy them, and waits till the taxi has been chugging back to Hammer-smith for twenty minutes before he breaks the silence by saying "Can I kiss you?"

In the same way, the wooman must ask himself: Is he going to be vague so as to get the "He's so vague, let me look after him without his knowing it" reaction. Or is he going to be quietly definite, precise and well-ordered, so as to make use of the "I can depend on him" diathesis.

It is sometimes necessary to combine both of any two opposed approaches, or rapidly substitute one for another, if the first isn't working. Have you decided that the *dependable* line is not succeeding? Do you wish to seem uncared for and in need of a woman's touch? BILLINGTON'S WOO AIDS LTD. supply special Esioff imitation inkstains, a filé for

fraying cuffs, a pair of "Break-Phast" shoelaces and their useful "Odsox" for the man who wants, in a hurry, to look carelessly dressed. All profits are sent direct to Station Road, Yeovil. HELP LIFE-MANSHIP.

The Wilkes Method

On the physical side it is most important, finally, to decide whether you are (a) handsome, or (b) ugly. The ugly man, or the half-and-half who decides to be ugly, must learn to suggest, like Wilkes, that though the ugliest man in the country, yet, given half an hour's start of the handsomest man in Britain, he could out-woo him with any girl he liked. Of recent years, P. Wilkes has done well with this. He will get himself introduced to the girl, stare crossly at the floor, and then say suddenly: —

WILKES: I'm sorry. I don't seem to have anything to say, as usual.

GIRL: Oh, well, it's stupid to talk all the time, isn't it?

WILKES: I was trying to put myself in your place, while I was trying — forgive me — not to stare at your face. You see . . . you have this marvelous *lookability* — this ability, by your face alone, to thaw.

GIRL: Thaw?

WILKES: To melt — melt the *resistance* to making contact which is in all of us. Whereas, in my case, there is this barrier of my pretty fearsome countenance. I think —

GIRL (*looking at him*): But, I don't know —

WILKES: I know what you're going to say. You have got an essential delicious kindness —

GIRL: I think you've got rather a nice face.

Wilkes had, in fact, a rather well-shaped and expressive left cheek, with interesting lines and dents in it, deepened by repeated exercises, including the turning on and off of bath taps with his teeth, which he did for five minutes every morning. He would at this point in the above conversation affect an expression of humorous skepticism, lay a special smile (exercise 2) on the left side of his face only, at the same time moving his head underneath a top light, to give a deep-set effect to his eyes.

The Staines Method

The necessity of having to be very much one thing or the other oppresses some novice or diffident woomen. They have to decide when making basic plans whether, say, to be a Leonardo (intellectual all-rounder), a Fry (games all-rounder), or just a plain attentive man-in-the-background who "refuses to do anything unless he can do it perfectly."

But remember that William Staines elaborated a method by which, concentrating on *one part*, he was able to suggest *the whole*.

Staines's particular approach was to establish himself as the "perfect ladies' man with exquisite manners and real consideration." Yet anybody who

knew anything about Staines when he was off gambit knew that he was slothful, dirty, bad-mannered, and had never, off gambit or on, opened a door for a lady in his life. Yet by concentrating on one tiny department of chivalry he somehow captured the whole.

He had a rack of a dozen lighters, which he cleaned and put in order once a week. Before making for his girl, he would select one, fuel it, put in a new flint, taking care to choose a large and manly one for the tiny, frightened girl, or one, for instance, with cigarette case and pencil attached for the slightly oopsy girl. At precisely the right moment in the cigarette maneuver, fire would dart from his hand. He had trained himself to see a pretty girl feel for a cigarette across three platforms of Waterloo Station, as it were, and to be behind her, flame ready, before the cigarette was at her lips.

The beauty of the Staines method is that once his gentlemanliness with lighters was established, the girl would be so stunned with the perfection of this particular piece of good manners that she would never question his good manners in general, even if she found herself left with the two heaviest bags to carry, and was asked to stand over them while Staines himself went into the refreshment room for a cup of tea.

Triangulation, or Third Person Play

To prove, if proof were necessary, that approaches must be varied, it is only necessary to consider for a moment the essential Woo Situation.

The very word "woo" suggests an unwillingness on the part of the object: and that, carried one step further, means a previous attachment. The wooman if he knows his business will, as soon as he knows the identity of this Second Man, leave the girl almost unattended, if necessary for days on end, and make a thorough examination of this person, observe, make discreet inquiries at his place of employment. And then, once he is thoroughly acquainted with the Second Man's character, he can woo with a clear mind and high heart. For he will know what to do. He must be sure that his character, habits, hobbies, tastes, and mannerisms are the precise opposite of his rival's.

Supposing Second Man's main interest is geology. Now the wooman may himself be the greatest British authority on this very subject. He may have written the definitive work on the Flora of the Upper Cretaceous. But he mustn't reveal it for a second. Keep geology dark, and particularly fossils.

In other words, the wooman must in all respects be the opposite of this Second Man, whose preserve, so far from being a hindrance, may in this way be actually turned to advantage.

"I'm not quite sure that I shall ever understand how the North Downs and the South Downs are part of a denuded anticline," says this thoughtful girl, the first time she dines out with wooman. "I don't even know exactly where the North Downs and South Downs are," says wooman. She makes no reply, but her eyes grow a shade softer.

Wildworthy's Counter to the Cunningham Indifference

A pretty example of Third Person Play arose originally as a counter to the sound Indifference Play of Cunningham.

E. D. C. Wildworthy, of the Board of Trade, fell in love, from a distance, with Ivy Spring. Cunningham was Second Man, and had been doing well with Ivy through his amazing indifference to everything she did. Whether Ivy appeared in a new hat, an old hat, or an old dress brilliantly renovated and cut in half, Cunningham would never notice the difference, but would always greet her in precisely the same way, "Well, here we are again."

Ivy, who had been brought up to "keep her man on the alert" so as not to let him be too sure of what she was like, doubled and redoubled her efforts to attract his curiosity — I remember on one occasion, for instance, she turned up for a date with Cunningham with a Yale undergraduate in American sporting clothes on each arm, she herself wearing the uniform of a lance bombardier. "Well," said Cunningham, when he turned up, a little late, "here we are again."

This fascinated Ivy at first, of course, as it was bound to do. But actually from the woo point of view, I realized that Cunningham was dangerously liable to be third-personed; and when E. D. C. Wildworthy began to lay plans for Ivy, I watched with interest. He already knew Cunningham. His right procedure was obvious. The danger was, of course, that he might make it obvious to Ivy — as a procedure. He might notice and appreciate every time that Ivy remembered to wind up her wrist-watch.

In the end he hit the mark by means of a simple trick. Arriving early one evening at Ivy's flat, while she was shouting at him through the door to make himself a drink, what in fact he did was to take the radio set, which usually rested on the piano, and reverse the positions, so that the piano rested on the radio set. When Ivy came in he said: —

"What a good idea to change those round. It breaks the line of the room *much* better. You really are rather a clever girl." Ivy, of course, couldn't remember having touched them, thought she must have done it in her sleep, but wasn't going to let on that it was luck, not cunning. At the same time, she said to herself at once, This is the man for me.



*Composer and author, NICOLAS NABOKOV began his study of music in St. Petersburg, where in his impressionable years he heard the singing of Chaliapin and the playing of Rachmaninov and young Heifetz, and saw the dancing of Pavlova and Karsavina. After the Revolution, he worked in the Berlin Conservatory, and when his first ballet-
atorio, Ode, was produced by Diaghilev in Paris, he entered upon the creative years during which he was to enjoy the friendship of Stravinsky, Prokofiev, and Koussevitzky. The paper which follows is drawn from his delightful book, Old Friends and New Music, to be published this month under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.*

THE COMPOSER'S CONDUCTOR: KOUSSEVITZKY

by NICOLAS NABOKOV

1

THE Berkshire Express is, as everybody knows, a slow and sulky train. It sulks for a long while at every one of its many stops, and each time I take it it seems to have added a new one. Between stops it crawls, shakes, and rattles. But I did not mind its slowness and shakiness when I boarded it on Sunday morning, May 11, 1947. I was free from the "pleasures" of the army, I was on leave, I was going to the country, and I was eager to see Sergei Alexandrovich Koussevitzky, to visit him at his "musical fun grounds," as someone in the *Stars and Stripes* had termed the Berkshire Music Festival.

I had never visited Koussevitzky before, nor had I seen much of him since I had come to America in 1933. Even before 1933, in Europe, despite the fact that I was one of "his" composers (my music was published by the publishing house for Russian music that he owned until 1948) and that Koussevitzky was the first important conductor to perform my music in America, I had seen him only on rare occasions, when, after his American season, he came to Paris and spent a month or two in his comfortable home on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne. In fact, I had had little opportunity to become a friend and intimate of the Koussevitzky household in Europe. When, in the early twenties, he lived in Paris, I studied in Germany. When I moved to France in 1923, I was an obscure, struggling aspirant to the compositorial profession, with very little to offer, while he was already a famous man, a man whose name had been ringing in my ears for more than a decade and who was known not only as a conductor but as an important public figure and as a rich Maecenas. I had little chance of meeting him before I had something concrete to offer in terms of music. Besides, Koussevitzky soon went to America and except for the spring months

in Paris, when he gave his famous series of concerts, there was no way for me to meet him.

I think it was Prokofiev who brought Koussevitzky and me together for the first time. He took me to a tea party at the Koussevitzkys' residence in Paris sometime in the spring of 1928. It was a large affair with many composers, famous performers, critics, and important hostesses of the Parisian musical salons. Prokofiev introduced me to Koussevitzky as Diaghilev's latest "find." Koussevitzky grinned broadly, and asked me why I didn't come and show him my music. I said that I had very little to show, but he insisted. I should come the next day, he said, for after that he was leaving for Plombières, the summer resort in the Vosges Mountains, where he used to go every year.

The next day I came and brought the score of *Ode* and banged it out on the piano and howled the parts of the chorus and soloists. Despite my outrageous performance he seemed to like the piece. He listened to it very attentively and asked me to repeat some parts of it. "Too bad," he said after I had finished playing, "that I can't play this in Boston. . . . It's too . . . Russian, and besides it needs too many singers." And tilting his head he asked me: "Have you something else . . . for orchestra alone?" "But this is the only thing he has written," interrupted Prokofiev, who had come with me to give me courage and see what happened. "Well," remarked Koussevitzky, "why doesn't he then sit down and write something new?" He shrugged his shoulders, raised his eyebrows and smiled; and, as if giving me a classroom assignment, he added: "You write a symphony for me and I will play it everywhere."

A year and a half later the symphony was written and he played it in 1931 in Boston and New York. After the New York performance he sent me a

warm, two-page cable. When I came to America and settled in New York I had occasion to see Koussevitzky several times in the greenroom of Carnegie Hall. Each time he greeted me warmly and graciously, but somehow I felt that in the excitement of the post-concert bustle he did not quite connect me with the young man he had seen in Paris and whose music he had performed. Although by 1933 or 1934 I was no longer a struggling aspirant, but a full-fledged struggling composer who, as such, needed Koussevitzky's help, I did not press the matter, nor call him, nor try to see him, nor go on pilgrimages to Boston.

I have always felt a certain difficulty and reticence in approaching and becoming friends with prominent performers, and in particular with famous conductors. In a curious and quite instinctive way, I feel that disinterested, human relations between famous conductors and composers are not only rare and difficult but of necessity precarious. The state of affairs in our world of music is such that conductors can easily afford to dispense with the "services" of most of the contemporary composers. Being in possession of a vast repertoire that conforms to the so-called "average taste of music lovers," they can build (and 75 per cent of them do) most of their programs out of this repertoire. Only an occasional acknowledgment of the existence of contemporary music is necessary. Thus the conductor, instead of being a helper, a channel of communication between the contemporary composer and the public, often becomes an insurmountable obstacle to the development of a composer's career.

True enough, in the last five to ten years things have somewhat improved (thanks to the courage of conductors, chiefly Koussevitzky and Mitropoulos, and composer-critics like Virgil Thomson), but still our symphonic repertoire continues to be clogged by the big B symphonies and all sorts of antediluvian monstrosities. The percentage of new music that the public should hear is just the reverse of the present state of musical affairs. Yet we are handicapped in obtaining it by the inordinate reverence we feel towards the so-called "treasures of our culture," some of which, on calmer and closer view (especially the nineteenth-century ones), are far from being treasures and could readily be dispensed with, to the benefit of everybody concerned. As a result of this situation, a cleavage exists between the famous performing artists and composers. The conductor is like the banker from whom the composer expects to obtain the favor of a tiny loan.

Koussevitzky, however, is one of the very few famous conductors to whom this reticence of mine should not have applied, for not only has his life been dedicated to the fight for the music of his contemporaries, but on a quite personal level he *was* after all the first famous conductor to perform my

music in America, he was my publisher, and he was also twice my compatriot. Yet, curiously enough, the habit of reticence once established worked even here.

2

TOWARDS the end of the war I received an unexpected assignment to go overseas as an employee of the War Department. Once in Germany a chain of accidents moved me into the position of a Deputy Chief of the American Military Government's control of German music. Although I occupied this venerable post for only a very short time and soon drifted into more important bureaucratic occupations and acquired a more imposing nomenclature, I was able during this short interval to do something "in the line of duty" which seemed at the time of vital importance to the Koussevitzky publishing house.

The center of the publishing house since its foundation had been Berlin. During the bombing, the building in which the publishing house had its offices and where the main records were kept had been reduced to rubble. Moreover, the Berlin director of the house had lost contact with the main director of the firm, who lived in Paris. In short, the latter asked me to find the former, give him food and help, and find out whether he had been able to save the scores, parts, and documents in Germany. I did all of those things, and even arranged a two-week-long digging expedition at the desolate site of the destroyed publishing house to unearth — or rather unrubble — a steel safe in which the contracts were kept. We did not find the *Schrank*, as the German diggers called it, but my "activities" were duly reported to Dr. K, and several weeks later I received a very gracious letter from him thanking me for my trouble and asking me to visit him as soon as I returned home.

I knew at least one person in the Koussevitzky household, his niece, who soon was to become his wife, Olga Naoumov. Before coming to America she had lived with her parents in the South of France, in Nice, where the Naoumovs owned a villa surrounded by a large garden on one of the lovely hillside streets. My mother's apartment was only a fifteen-minute walk from the Naoumov villa. We used to go there for tea or lunch when I came home from Paris to visit my mother. Olga and I became friends during one of my Easter visits, in 1924 or 1925. I liked her at once.

I was therefore happy to see Olga waiting for me at the Lenox station, greeting me in the subdued voice I remembered, and, as we drove past the gates of Tanglewood, telling me how busy Sergei Alexandrovich was, how much work had to be done in preparation for the festival, how little time he had to rest, and how exhausting was the Boston season with its four concerts a week and its harrowing tours. A moment later we drove past a sign marked

"SERENAK — PRIVATE," and stopped under a wooden canopy in front of a rambling white house.

The house, Serenak (an anagram made up of *Ser* from Sergei and *Na* from Natalya, Koussevitzky's first wife, and *K* for Koussevitzky), stands on a terraced hillside, about a mile to the west, and high above the festival grounds. It is a large two-story house dominating an extraordinarily broad and panoramic view. From its terrace one can see a vast horizon filled with the rolling pattern of the Berkshires; and at its feet, encased between these hills, like a huge oval mirror, lies Lake Mahkeenac, the Stockbridge Bowl. The whole gives the impression of great serenity, a peaceful detachment from the busy life down in the valley, near the lake. And as one learns the mode of life of the inhabitants of the house, the feeling is pervasive, and restful for the visitors. Everything in Serenak is unhurried, calm, subdued repose. Even during the hectic days of the festival season this atmosphere of serenity remains unchanged.

But Serenak has its own style, very personal and quite Russian, not only because its inhabitants, with the exception of one or two maids, are Russian and constantly speak Russian, but because the mode of life, the habits of its master and both of its successive mistresses, have molded the environment around them and given it a flavor of an old-fashioned Russian *Oussadba*, the country home of a landowning squire.

3

THE curtains opened and Dr. K came towards me, his eyes shining with pleasure and friendliness. In his broad Russian he exclaimed: "Where *were* you all these years, where were you hiding?" in the tone of a stage father scolding his disobedient child. "We looked and looked for you *everywhere* until we finally tracked you down in Germany." And he looked me over as if he were appraising me. "It's late and you must be hungry. Olya, Guenia, where's lunch?" The meal was long and relaxed. Koussevitzky bombarded me with questions about Germany and about our relations with the Russians. He wanted to know whether I had news from Prokofiev, and whether it was true that Prokofiev had been ill and couldn't compose for more than a year.

At the end of the meal, as we were getting up from the table, he turned to me with a glint in his eye and said: "And now I have to talk to you privately about something which may be quite interesting to you." He led me ceremoniously to the living room as if he had prepared there a surprise for me. "What I want to talk to you about," he began as we sat down, "is . . ." — he paused — "a commission . . . yes, we were looking for you all over the place last winter to . . . give you a commission. But we couldn't find you!" And he

threw his arms in the air. "Well, anyhow," he continued after a moment's silence, "what would you like to write for us, for the Koussevitzky Foundation? We have put money aside to commission you to write a piece."

I had suspected, when I received Dr. K's wire, that something in the nature of a commission might be on his mind. At least I hoped that this was the meaning of the phrase "must see you at once." I had thought about it on the train and decided that if he offered me a commission I would suggest writing the piece which, at moments of relative leisure between bureaucratic routine and official parties, I had begun sketching at the blond piano of my Berlin billet. I thanked Koussevitzky for his offer and began explaining. "Yes," I said, "I have a piece in mind, Sergei Alexandrovich. I even started working on it while I was in Berlin. It has to do with a long poem of Pushkin and I don't know yet whether I should write it for orchestra alone or set the text of the poem to music for tenor voice."

At the mention of the name of Pushkin his face beamed. But he did not approve of a solo tenor voice. "The public does not like long solo pieces for tenor," he explained; "they are hard to place because there are few good tenors nowadays. Besides it is difficult to write well for tenor and orchestra. The orchestra is always on top of the tenor part . . . like an elephant." He paused for a moment and, as if a splendid idea had just struck him, he began speaking excitedly, his face growing crimson and the veins on his forehead swelling: "I tell you what you do. You write a concerto for soprano and orchestra. No one has ever tried it and I always wanted someone to write one. It will be a real novelty. And you should treat the voice as if it were an instrument; like an oboe . . . or a . . . flute." And getting more excited at his proposal he exclaimed: "Write me a good concerto for this combination, and I will find you an excellent singer and play it everywhere. As for the text . . . it does not matter what kind of text you use, you can take a poem of Pushkin in Russian . . . you can take a poem in . . . Burmese, or anything you want. For a piece like this the text doesn't matter. It would be like the words of a . . . Handel aria. What is important is that it should show off the voice and be interesting musically."

He paused again and added in a quieter tone: "You know who should sing it? The little Marina . . . do you know her? Marina Koshetz, Nina Koshetz's daughter. She has a wonderful voice and her mother's schooling." I answered that I never had heard Marina but that I knew that her voice was very good, nearly as good as her mother's had been.

"But . . . but . . . Sergei Alexandrovich, my idea is different from yours," I tried to explain. "To me the meaning of Pushkin's poem is para-

mount. The words express something very intimate, something terribly close to my heart. In fact it is a kind of personal confession . . . a very grave and important thing to me." At first I was afraid that he would be annoyed but, on the contrary, as I went on his expression changed and he became visibly more and more interested. Finally he interrupted me.

"But what poem of Pushkin is it?" he said. "Can you recite it?"

"Yes, of course I can," I answered, "but before reciting to you I must tell you how I came about choosing this particular poem, so that you know what it really means to me . . . but it will take a long time and you probably should go and have your afternoon nap."

He looked at me with a gentle, friendly smile and said, "Go ahead, Kolyenka, tell me your story. Never mind the siesta. I can rest later. Go ahead."

"You see, Sergei Alexandrovich," I began, "it's a long story. It has to do with my childhood in Russia and my love for Russia of the past. It has to do with this war and the circumstances that brought me to Germany at the end of it. It has to do with my knowing Russians in Germany, all kinds, in uniform and out of uniform, generals, soldiers, officials, D.P.'s. It has to do with all these things and with much more, with something which is hard to put into words."

He continued to look at me with warm attention and occasionally he nodded his head as if to give me a silent signal of his understanding. "Go ahead, go ahead, try and say it. I want to hear every bit of it."

4

EVERY exile," I said, "carries for a long time within himself a nostalgic vision of his native country, a deep-rooted, irrational hope that somehow, by some miraculous process of history, he will be able to find a road back, a new communion with his native land, its people and its culture. Shunted around from country to country, passportless, not knowing where to go and where to settle, he is constantly aware of his exiled condition. Not belonging to the culture of the countries to which his exile takes him, even such cosmopolitan cities as Paris cannot make him forget. He is haunted by memories, by images of his childhood, by familiar smells, sounds, and tastes.

"During the early years of my exile, in Germany and in France, this nostalgia took hold of me at times with unbearable intensity. I was haunted by the vision of the streets and bridges of St. Petersburg or by the smells of the forests of Byelorussia or by the endless horizons of the Taurian Steppe, or the exuberant, fragrant springs at the Crimean seashore. Like a drug addict I would throw myself on the poems of Pushkin, of Tyutchev and Lermontov, avidly reread Tolstoy's *War and Peace* and

Chekhov's short stories, thereby only increasing my nostalgia, only intensifying the haunting power of my wish-dreams. I would go to even greater lengths in nursing my 'illness.' I would try to meet travelers who came from 'over there,' even those who came as heralds of the new Socialist Fatherland and proclaimed the glories of the Bolshevik regime. Even though they intimated that people like myself were the scum of the earth, deserters, who had fled their country out of fear for their 'egoistic bourgeois interests,' they attracted me because they came from tortured, tormented Russia.

"Thus in Berlin, in the early twenties, I met the poet Yessenin. Utterly confused and debauched, he was being toured around Europe by his mistress, the fat and disintegrating matron, Isadora Duncan. One night in a Berlin café he got drunk and violent and began yelling at me: 'Get the hell out of here, you little bourgeois bastard . . .' And I left, bitterly sad, because I admired him as a true Russian poet and because I felt that he himself was close to the end of his journey. Two years later, in total despair, he hanged himself and joined the many silent poets of his now totally poetless country. I met Meyerhold, the famous theater director and close friend of Prokofiev and Eisenstein, the great pioneer of modern cinema, and the writers Pilnyak, Katayev, Ilf, and Petrov. Avidly I asked them all about Russia. How was it there now? Was life getting easier? Would the regime mellow, or be replaced by another, more humane government?

"Then I came to America, thanks to the help of Dr. Albert C. Barnes and Archibald MacLeish, a friend, and collaborator on my ballet *Union Pacific*. I obtained the rare privilege, the treasure of all treasures for the exiles of the twentieth century, the American immigration visa. Now I had a home again, a status, a country. I received my first papers and I swore allegiance to this new home, this new country, and soon I became one of its citizens, with all the rights of a free human being. I was proud of my new state and grateful to my new country for making me again a full-fledged member of the human community. The old nostalgia, the wishful dreams that haunted me in those early years of my exile, died away.

"At the same time things began to be clearer about conditions in the Soviet Union. In the lingo of Stalinism, certain 'concrete' facts could not be explained away by hopes and wishes. I saw that instead of changing, instead of mellowing and humanizing, life in Russia became harder and tougher. There was only more famine, more fear, more deprivation, more silence, and more murder. The poets, writers, theater directors, in fact most of my acquaintances from Russia, began to disappear. Names that had been heralded as the greatest in Soviet culture were dismissed, showered with abuse, or imprisoned. No, nothing, not an iota of improvement, occurred in the tortured lives of my

former countrymen. No statistics of increase in the production of tungsten or of improved breeding of tomatoes could change the facts: exile, prison, violence, and murder.

"Then came the war. Like most Americans, I followed with enthusiasm the battles of Moscow, the siege of Sebastopol, the great battles of Stalin-grad and of the Don bend. And with the turn of the tide in the war, there seemed to be a vague glimmer of hope for the fate of Russia. 'Maybe,' I thought, as did so many idealistic Americans, 'maybe now the people of Russia will take their destiny into their own hands, maybe the Party will not be able to re-establish its authority over the army, maybe those rumors about revolts in the Ukraine and in the Caucasus are true, and are preludes to the disintegration of the Soviet power . . . maybe . . . maybe . . . maybe . . .'"

"This is why I wanted to go overseas and see for myself whether my new hopes, shared by all my American friends, were founded on reality. I wanted to meet Russians, speak to them, see what they are like, what they think, how they behave, what they say. Thus driven anew by a different form of 'idealistic nostalgia,' I was full of hope, full of great expectations. I was going overseas to see my hopes confirmed and the wishes of many long years come true. Instead, I found a final cure for my nostalgia in the bitter recognition of the hard, morbid truth. Yes, I did get to meet Russians and talk to them; but before I met the Soviet officials, the counselors, marshals, generals, civilian advisers or colonels of the M.V.D., 'active' Soviet citizens, I saw thousands of others, 'non-active' victims of the Soviet state, debased, dejected, exploited, and hunted human beings, who lived in crowded camps in an agony of fear and despair.

"They were heroes of escape, these gray masses of Russian people, and they were being sent back into slavery and into death. We were packing them like sheep, whole families of them, into cattle cars and delivering them by the thousand to the Russian border posts, right into the death camps of the M.V.D., as horrible and as murderous as Dachau and Auschwitz. Only ten months after the end of the war did our military government half-heartedly back out of this crime by association. By that time more than half of this miserable humanity was returned to its 'rightful owners' — the bosses of Stalin's secret police.

"It did not take me long to see, to hear, and to understand the truth. By August, 1945, when I moved to Berlin and began to take my minor part in the Chinese ceremonial known as the Allied Quadripartite Government of Germany, my old nostalgia, my deep-rooted illness, had left me. I knew then that my Russia, the Russia of an exile's wish-dream, had been wiped out, and that all that remained of it was these tragic human beings, each one of whom had the same story to tell: misery,

hunger, abuse, and violence. I also knew that those other men, the men who wore big stars on their epaulets and medals on their chests and stomachs, and the M.V.D. 'civilians' in blue serge suits (later replaced by porterlike uniforms), had nothing in common with what was once a real culture, a burgeoning civilization, the hope and the dream of our childhood. They were another breed of men, men from a ghastly inhuman world. Hard, treacherous, cruel, they did not even speak the same tongues, not our mellow, warmly modulated Russian, but a belchlike, abrupt, ugly-voweled dialect.

"Among the officials of the Soviet military government in Berlin there was one couple to whom I took a sincere liking. They were both young, gentle, and friendly, and hence very unlike the usual run of Soviet puppets and bores with whom the Americans had to entertain polite business relations. We used to see each other occasionally at first, on neutral territory, then quite often, either at my billet or at their tiny villa in the Russian sector of Berlin, Karlshorst.

"After the barriers of false pride were overcome and the propaganda slogans swept away, they acquired a certain amount of confidence in my discretion, and began to talk to me with increasing frankness. First they made one or two critical remarks about the Soviet regime, bathing them each time in a shower of awkward smiles and furtive glances, or Tania, the pale, slight wife of the officer, would take me aside and, after begging me not to repeat it, and not tell her husband, she would tell me a joke about Stalin. Finally after several months of frequent long talks, their reticence melted away and they talked boldly and bitterly.

"It was the same old story, the one I had heard before from hundreds of D.P.'s: overwhelming fear, and an impotent hatred of the Soviet regime. They wanted to know what America thought of them. They listened eagerly to all my stories about America. They wanted to know how I felt in America, I, a former Russian, in a land that had adopted me as its citizen. I told them about myself. I told them about the nostalgia of exile that had burned in me, and how it had left me. I remember the night I spoke to them about it all; I remember their wretched little drawing room cluttered with ugly, German furniture and a worn upright piano. When I stopped talking there was a moment of awkward silence. It seemed as if we did not dare look at each other for fear of disturbing what each of us felt. Then, quietly, without raising her head or looking at anyone, Tania said, 'You know, what you just said is in Pushkin, in one of his long poems. Do you remember? The one in which he describes how he came back to his country after a long absence, and how he finds that none of the things he loved are there any more, that all has changed. Do you remember?'"

"The next day, in the late afternoon, a tiny car

stopped in front of my billet and a man from the Soviet bookstore delivered a package. It contained a brand-new volume of Pushkin. I opened it, found the poem, and indeed it was my story, the story of exile, with its longing, its nostalgia, its bitterness, and its resignation. Of course it did not have the same ending, the discovery of a new life, the change of heart . . . its America. And while reading it I felt that this must become my last tribute to my childhood, to its lost dreams and thwarted hopes. That same evening I sat down at the piano and began to compose. I searched for themes and sketched them on the last sheets of music paper I had brought with me from America."

Dr. K listened very attentively to every word of my long story. "I know . . . I know how you felt, Kolyenka," he said with a sob in his voice and he put his friendly hand on my shoulder. "Yes, you should by all means . . . you must write your Pushkin, and Marina must sing it."

5

I REMEMBER well, as a child, looking at a photograph of bearded and mustached musicians, in heavy fur coats and hats, boarding a Volga steamer; and at another representing all sorts of instruments — contrabasses, harps, cellos — being loaded on the same steamer. I remember my amazement when I was told that this was Koussevitzky's orchestra going down the Volga to play in all of the Volga towns from Nijni-Novgorod to Astrakhan. It sounded like a fairy tale. I recall my first Koussevitzky concert in Berlin in 1922 or 1923. He conducted Stravinsky's *Rites of Spring* with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. It was my first encounter with this extraordinary work, and I believe it was the first time it had been performed in Berlin. Dazzled and dazed I returned home and wrote Koussevitzky an anonymous "thank you" letter, the first and last fan letter of my life. Later I went to the Koussevitzky concerts in Paris and heard their yearly stream of novelties, pieces of music rarely or never heard in the regular repertoire of Paris symphony concerts. Then he went to America and gradually the news of his achievements there began to seep into Paris and I envied the inhabitants of the city of Boston for having such a great orchestra and such a forward-looking, courageous conductor. Yes indeed, Koussevitzky's career was unlike the career of other conductors. It is not only the success story of a brilliant virtuoso: it is an important part of the history of musical culture in our time.

Koussevitzky was in excellent form that evening at dinner. He told amusing stories about his concerts in Russia, about his first encounters with Scriabin, with Schönberg, with Stravinsky. He related in detail how he met Debussy and how Debussy came to Russia and stayed at his house

for three weeks in 1913. He spoke of his first years with the Boston Symphony and how shocked the habitués of the Friday concerts were by the quantity of new music he played. "Then," he said, "I told the trustees: 'This is only the beginning of my plans. The *public* will have to learn to like new music and develop its taste — not *me*.'" He spoke with enthusiasm of contemporary American composers and told the story of his "discovery" of Walter Piston and Aaron Copland, and described the first performances of their music. Most of his stories were told with an awareness of the eminent role he had played, and the important effect of his activity upon most of the musical events of his time, yet they were told with such candid conviction and enthusiasm that I felt a constantly growing sympathy with the storyteller himself.

After dinner, when we were having coffee in the living room, and Koussevitzky his cup of hot water with a slice of lemon in it, he asked me how long it had been since I had heard the Boston Symphony. I replied: "Not for at least five years." "Well, my friend," he said with the tone of a farmer who is about to show you his prize-winning Guernsey bull, "then you have a great pleasure in store for you when you come to Boston next fall. You will hear something which is like nothing else in this world."

It was late in the evening when we finally went upstairs to our rooms. For more than an hour Olga had been giving me silent signs that it was time to go to bed, but Koussevitzky did not want to leave. He was again questioning me about politics, about Europe and Russia, and wanted to hear every scrap of an answer I could give. He took me up to my room and stopping at the door he said, "Noo, Kolyenka, much luck to you and don't come back to me without a good piece of music. Good night."

All during the summer I worked at my Pushkin poem, spending as much free time as I could glean from a very crowded schedule. I had left the military government and was participating in a new and quite fantastic venture: I was helping organize the Voice of America to Russia, then in its precarious infancy. But I did get three weeks of leave in August and I spent them in a quiet place in France where I finished my Pushkin piece. I called it *The Return of Pushkin*, an "elegy in three movements," and sent the copy of the first movement to Dr. K.

It was agreed that I would come to visit the Koussevitzkys at the beginning of the concert season in October, and that I would stay at their house in Brookline, Massachusetts. I was eager to play my new piece for him, but I was also excited at the thought of hearing the Bostonians play. Unfortunately I was unable to get away from New York to be in time for the last rehearsal. I arrived at Symphony Hall just as the musicians were packing their instruments into their respective black coffins, and found Dr. K sitting in his black cape in the

greenroom sipping tea out of the cap of a Thermos bottle. "Well, how did you like the rehearsal?" he asked, after we had embraced. "Didn't you think we played well?" And he looked with pride at Mr. Burk, the program annotator of the orchestra, who had come into the room with me. Not wanting to disappoint him, I mumbled something made up of "splendid, magnificent, superb." While we drove to his home, he spoke to me with great excitement and in great detail about the *Fifth Symphony* of Prokofiev, which he was studying at the moment, and about a new work by David Diamond, written for the Koussevitzky Foundation.

After lunch, I played my piece for him for the first time. He seemed to like the second and third movements of the elegy, but he frowned at the first. He was annoyed at my writing it in half notes to a beat instead of quarter notes to a beat, and changing time at certain movements from 5/2 to 9/4. "This is utterly unnecessary," he said. "No one will play it right. Everybody will play it much too slowly." But at a second hearing he began to like it better, and finally after its first performance he liked it as much as the other movements.

In the evening we drove to the concert, where I had a seat at the extreme right in the front row. As soon as the orchestra began playing I realized that Koussevitzky was right: there was nothing quite like the sound of the Bostonians. I had not heard an American orchestra since 1941 and for the last two years in Germany I had been treated mostly to the sound of decolorized and denazified orchestras. I had forgotten what a first-rate orchestra sounds like. Besides, this was not just a first-rater: it was one of the most perfect symphonic ensembles ever put together; an instrument of extraordinary beauty and precision, the result of careful selection, daily practice, and decades of a tradition of stringent discipline.

The round sensuous tone of its strings, the power and precision of the brasses, the clarity and transparency of its wood winds, and the internal balance among the various sections make it one of the finest-sounding symphonic groups in the world, capable

of achieving effects which composers like Beethoven or Schubert never heard except in the silent performances of their imagination. I thought, as I listened to the orchestra and watched its conductor, that Koussevitzky's contribution to the construction of this extraordinary ensemble was immeasurable. It became clear to me that his profound knowledge and uncanny ability to recognize the worth (the technical and musical abilities) of each individual musician must have come, in part, from his early training as a double-bass virtuoso. Good conductors often grow up from orchestra players. But Koussevitzky had not only been an orchestra musician, he had also been a fabulous soloist, a virtuoso of one of the most difficult and most ungrateful instruments. But this, of course, is only a part of the story. Tenacity, persistence, the ability to work and make others work, enthusiasm, the spirit of youth and optimism in overcoming all kinds of difficulties and handicaps, constant merciless self-discipline — all these qualities of character created the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The last number on the program was Tchaikovsky's *Fifth Symphony*, a famous piece of Koussevitzkiana. Curiously enough, I had never heard him conduct it; hence it was a revelation to me. Flamboyant and exuberant, it was certainly the most romantic, the most Tchaikovskian performance of the *Symphony* I have ever heard. Since that time I have heard him conduct the *Fifth Symphony* twice and each time I marveled at the broad and generous sweep of his interpretation.

When he ended, a storm of applause broke in like thunder. He looked young and happy. I applauded gratefully to the small figure with its crimson face, its veins ready to burst, and its proud, content, and triumphant expression. As he was going off stage he caught a glimpse of me from the corner of his eye and winked — slyly, like a child. I went backstage and there he was standing mopping his forehead, while Victor, his valet, tried to adjust the black cape on his shoulders. "Noo," he said anxiously, expectantly. "How was it? Was it what I told you it would be?"





*As a research psychologist at Fort Leavenworth Penitentiary, DONALD P. WILSON embarked on a survey of drug addiction among criminals; it lasted three years and brought him into close and revealing association with the prisoners, particularly with those six convicts who comprised his "regular staff of assistants." From this experience comes his new book, *My Six Convicts* (Rinehart), a February selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, from which the Atlantic has chosen this chapter.*

CRIMINALS WHO GET AWAY

by DONALD P. WILSON

I

THE psychopathic personalities that fill our prisons are the least influential members of criminal society. It is an easily demonstrable fact that few of the "smart operators" are in prison; they are still operating on the outside. It is the "dumb operator" who gets caught. It is no wonder then that the convict thinks very little better of our conscience on the outside than we do of his. Many of his gripes are legitimate and a great shame on society.

There were three specific reasons why most of the convicts I knew in the penitentiary were *not* penitent: —

1. The capriciousness of the written law and its interpretation.

2. The corruption of law enforcement.

3. The respectability of the white-collar criminal.

The six convicts who served as my assistants at Fort Leavenworth illuminated these reasons for me. Some of their arguments were warped by rationalization. Some were true and shocking.¹

The sheer cumbersomeness of the body of written laws is one of its vulnerabilities. Over 375,000 new state laws have been passed in the United States in the last thirty years, and these are in addition to the more than one million then existing state, municipal, and federal laws and ordinances. They are too numerous to enforce. Therefore you are a criminal only if you get caught. The trick is not to get caught: this is a convict's concept of society's concept of a criminal. You hear it on every side. "You know the difference between me and the guy on the outside? I got caught!" A man is punished

not for his crime but for getting caught. This view implies that crime is not an absolute moral offense, but a legal caprice.

Not only does the decade in which you commit an act determine whether you are a criminal, but the place where it is committed as well. A law which appears on the books in one state may not appear on the books of another, so that by an act you become a criminal in one state but not in another. If the offense appears on the books of both states, the disproportionate sentences of the two states are sometimes staggering. Two men in different states are guilty of arson. The prisoner in Alabama is in for one year, the prisoner in North Carolina for forty years. Perjury carries four years in Connecticut, twenty years in New York, life in Maine, death in Missouri, \$500 and forty lashes in Delaware. West Virginia punishes bigamy sixteen times as severely as incest; Wyoming and Colorado punish incest ten times more severely than bigamy.

Another practice that feeds the convict's belief that crime is not absolute, but relative, is the fine system — "\$5000 or three years; \$300 or ninety days." Though debtors' prisons were theoretically abandoned a century ago, 57 per cent of those who are in prisons, jails, and penitentiaries are serving sentences because of debt — they cannot pay a fine. Many of the remaining 43 per cent would gladly have paid a fine, but they had the bad luck to be sentenced by a judge who didn't levy fines.

It would be difficult to persuade a prisoner that a fine represents punishment in the sense that imprisonment does. Why, he would ask, does every man who can, pay? And why, when a fine is imposed, does the money go into public coffers instead of into some form of restitution for the offense committed? One man pays a fine and goes home to his family. Another goes to prison, and he and his family are ruined.

¹ To bulwark an analysis of their attitude with some of their own figures, I scanned several texts in criminology, among them *New Horizons in Criminology* by Barnes and Teeters, *Crime and the Community* by Tannenbaum, and *White Collar Crime* by Sutherland. I was interested to find in them many of the cases and figures which my men used in championing their positions.

England and Scotland have solved the problem of fines by the simple expedient of installment payment. Imprisonment for nonpayment of fines in England exceeded 80,000 in 1913 but dropped to 11,000 in 1933, the latter representing largely unemployed and paupers. It seems odd that America, with its mania for installment buying, has not applied this concept to its courts. Nearly a fourth of American imprisonments for inability to pay fines are for amounts less than \$10, and 60 per cent for fines of less than \$20. The fact that laws change in point of time, and have become too cumbersome to be prosecuted, may simply be the toll of civilization and the caprice of the written law. But the matter of fines versus sentence is considerably more sinister in its implications. Is a man to pay for his crimes or his poverty? For his crimes or for getting caught?

2

OTHER evils affecting the convict are stool pigeons, false arrests, bail bonds, and "fixed" sentences — rackets which go hand in hand in many large cities in a sorry parade of justice. While there are not many innocent men in penitentiaries, the prisoner's frequent complaint, "I been framed," cannot be too quickly dismissed. One estimate claims that nearly a third of the prison population are serving time for offenses they did not technically commit. They are in on false charges. Either the offender agreed to plead guilty to a lesser charge in exchange for a fixed sentence, or he was actually framed by a stool pigeon in the employ of the police.

The procuring of a fixed sentence is called bargaining. If the district attorney's office knows its case is weak, it may assure its conviction records by throwing a scare into the offender, urging him to plead guilty to a lesser offense in return for a lighter fixed sentence and thus avoid coming to trial. This sounds good to the uninitiated. The offense may be one that the offender actually did commit in the past, or it may represent an unsolved case on the police blotter.

This procedure accomplishes several things. It increases the conviction records of the district attorney and those of the police department. The offender gets off with a lighter preagreed sentence, and often the fixing attorney and all concerned are the richer. A notorious case involved a highjacker who looted a truck of \$30,000 worth of silk. The charge was armed robbery, subject to a sentence of ten years to life. The highjacker pleaded guilty to petty larceny, was fined one dollar and given one year in prison.

A major stumbling block in the way of a convict's developing a respect for the law is society's approval of the stool pigeon.

The stool pigeon in the pay of the police and vice squads in most of our large cities is a common device in effecting false arrests. It is a practice used

frequently to apprehend the smalltime criminal who otherwise eludes the police. The stool pigeon is given marked money or stolen goods to place on the person of a victim. The victim is then immediately frisked by detectives or police lying in wait. What possible defense can such a victim make?

Sometimes the stool pigeon is paid, and is protected in the continuation of his own pickpocketing or dope peddling racket as long as he is valuable to police in his snitches.

England uses no stool pigeons, yet she convicts 70 per cent of her offenders. In twenty-five years, from 1860 to 1885, England closed 137 of her 193 local prisons through reforms in penal concepts. In another quarter century, from 1910 to 1934, the British Commissioners of Prisons reported that annual prison receptions fell from 186,000 to 56,000. They further reported that these results were attributed to reforms in the criminal law; reduction of long sentences; abolition of solitary confinement (1921), useless labor, and the rule of silence; the introduction of school courses, concerts, and constructive labor; installment payment of fines; and the assignment of the feeble-minded to hospitals instead of prisons. Thus by avoiding recidivism England closed thirty-one more prisons and has now but twenty-five on the whole island. She reduced imprisonment 81 per cent and crime 43 per cent by these reforms. Scotland's record is even better.

The stool pigeon system has many friends among authorities. Most American penitentiaries still defend and use it. Certain it is that as long as the system of giving immunity and protection and money to informers is used, no better system will be devised. That there are better systems should be quite apparent.

Another nefarious practice in some of our big cities is the bail bond racket involving police, bondsman, attorney, and sometimes judge. Texts in criminology explain one type of shakedown in this racket, wherein thousands of innocent nurses, shop-girls, wives, and landladies are paying vice squad members dearly to avoid the publicity growing out of a threatened or false accusation of prostitution.

The racket operates by the stool pigeon placing marked money in plain view, in payment for the alleged immorality, and "escaping" just as the raiding vice squad detail appears on the scene. The woman is then booked on the false charge and released on bail. A shyster attorney agrees to fix the case and keep it out of the papers for an amount, usually a percentage of her bail bond, which in turn may be based on her savings account book or other collateral. If she pays the fee, which is split between the parties involved in the fix, the false charge may be dropped. Or sometimes she is repeatedly "bled," and when she can't continue to pay, she is convicted on the original false charge. A prison term will usually shut her up. Men too

are paying heavily to avoid publicity on a false homosexual charge engineered by the vice squad. A citizen would have a rough time battling the perjured testimony of the police in a jury trial.

Other easy preys to false arrest and casual conviction without trial are convicts like two I knew at Fort Leavenworth: Weary Willie, whose chief pastime was riding the rods, and the man with an I.Q. of 33. These are sometimes picked up by the police as a convenient way to close a case lingering on the blotter, and the convict finds himself in prison before he knows what has happened. Sanford Bates, the former director of the Bureau of Prisons, himself reported the case of an ignorant mountain boy whose conviction was railroaded by a federal marshal after getting the boy to "plead guilty of not doing it" on the day the revenuers raided a still. "Ah jes' pleaded guilty to not bein' dar, but heah ah is."

In England there is no racket in bonds. Charging for bonds is a criminal offense. Bond may be supplied by friends or any freeholder who will hypothecate his property for the defendant, but no fee may be charged and no reimbursement made.

The practice was not exploited in America until this generation. Now a bondsman has legal protection and is a very busy man. There are, of course, bondsmen who are honest businessmen. But there are bondsmen who are not. If a bondsman is implicated in a fix, he is either at the police station when the victim arrives, or he is phoned by the policeman making the arrest and arrives in a matter of minutes. He sometimes arranges for the hiring of an attorney for the bewildered victim, and procures a financial statement from him or her, so that the bail bond figure can be arrived at by a judge who is in on the fix. Although a bondsman's fees are now set by law, he can always refuse to write the bond in the absence of a bonus, especially if he is tipped off regarding the amount of valuables taken from the victim for safekeeping by a desk sergeant.

Less than 2 per cent of forfeited bonds are collected by courts, yet the courts still accept millions of dollars in worthless bonds annually. Of more than 10 million dollars in forfeited bonds in Chicago courts alone during a five-year period, less than 1 per cent was collected. One bondsman, who himself had been arrested twelve times, had forfeited \$30,000 in bonds within a year; yet the courts accepted \$670,000 more in bonds from him within the same year. He secured them with a \$24,000 piece of property on which there was a \$31,000 mortgage. This was his only traceable asset, although he netted from \$33,000 to \$100,000 annually in his bail racket.

Obviously a man who is out on bail has a better opportunity of preparing for trial than a man in jail. The difference between freedom and conviction may be bail, just as it may be one's ability to pay a fine.

Much has been written and documented about the lawless police in many of our large cities, in the use of the third degree, illegal search and seizure, arrest without warrant, holding of persons incommunicado, beating and brutality, and other violations of the Bill of Rights. The offender's first contact with a judicial society is the police. If that contact is constructive and just, the possible salvage of the offender is greatly increased. If that first contact is sadistic and stupid, the hostility of the offender is directed toward all society through the police, because to the offender the police represent society.

In a study of the annual arrests in the major cities of the United States, 47 per cent of them are shown to be false, unwarranted, or illegal, and to result in dismissal without charge after interrogation.

Criminals quickly learn to plead guilty to almost anything to avoid the third degree. The fact that the rough stuff is frequently delegated by the police to private detectives, who in most states are not supervised, bonded, or inspected, fools nobody — certainly not the convict. A cartoon which hung in our office for months showed an exhausted police sergeant and two patrolmen dragging a much beaten suspect into the Captain's office, stating that the prisoner had finally confessed to murder. "Fine," said the Captain, "now hold him until we have a murder."

That there are unimpeachable police departments, district attorneys, and judges throughout the country cannot be disputed. But equally indisputable is the fact that corruption in law enforcement bodies as it has existed in the United States in the last thirty years is a *greater* threat to a citizen's confidence in and a convict's respect for the law than the open flagrancy of the underworld, which at least is *not* committed by oath of office to law enforcement.

The fate of the jury system in the United States is another of the sad preoccupations of all our big legal minds. Although through the Bill of Rights and the Constitution we are committed as a people to the right of trial by a jury of peers, less than 10 per cent of our cases ever reach a jury. This right is completely and unconstitutionally abrogated by the Army and Navy in the court-martial, and in the operation of the growing corps of secret police in America. In Massachusetts only 1.7 per cent of cases reach the jury; in New York, 4.7 per cent; in Chicago, 3.7 per cent; and in St. Louis, 13 per cent. About half of these fail of conviction.

The reasons for the inoperability of the right of jury trial are several. Few people can afford the cost of a court trial. Those who can afford it face crowded court dockets which sometimes result in the defendant's serving out his sentence in jail before he can come to trial. A judge cannot try a plea of *Not Guilty*; it must be tried by a jury. In the light of the above obstacles, it is small wonder that

most cases are settled by the defendant's bargaining for a fixed sentence — pleading guilty to a lesser charge and getting the whole thing over with. But suppose the citizenry suddenly began to exercise their right of jury trial. With the intolerable number of laws on our statute books, municipal, state, and federal, there would hardly be citizens enough in our commonwealth to sit as jurors.

3

FEW of the prisoners at Fort Leavenworth Penitentiary complained that they shouldn't have been serving time. If they were not guilty of the crime for which they were convicted, they freely admitted they were guilty of others that were never detected. Their attack was on the cupidity of the law that convicts one man and protects another, and on the immorality of society which, having attached a price to almost everything else in life, has also hung a price on crime.

But the last frontier to yield to rehabilitation in the convict's mind is the knowledge that society has hung a price not only on crime but on *respectability* as well. And this in the form of the white-collar criminal. By this term is meant the man whose antisocial practices flourish with society's approval as well as its protection.

We as a people have become supine about graft and politics going hand in hand. Occasional protest meetings are held, but at elections the same gangs are too often put back in power. The graft and fraud in the regimes of Big Bill Thompson and Anton Cermak in Chicago, Jimmy Walker in New York, Boies Penrose and the Vare brothers in Philadelphia, and the Pendergast machine in Kansas City left the prisoners in the penitentiary shaking their heads over all the diligence displayed in rounding up the petty thieves and forgers.

The box scores of personal bank deposits of police and prosecuting attorneys during these regimes were common knowledge in the penitentiary. Probably the record is held by an attorney for the Zoning Department in New York City during Walker's mayoralty. The attorney deposited $5\frac{1}{4}$ million dollars to his own account in five years. A Kings County (N.Y.) sheriff banked \$520,000, the sheriff of New York \$360,000, and his deputy \$662,000 in the same period of time. A minor employee of the New York bureau of standards was making \$25,000 a month for twelve years on false weights. Currently the Kefauver Investigation, Murphy's housecleaning of the New York Police Department, and the grand jury's inquiry into police pay-offs in Los Angeles are cases in point.

Our national business philosophy of getting something for nothing; our admiration of the rugged individualists who boast that they can do anything as

long as they do it cleverly; our crooked practices which are considered "good business" or "sharp business"; and our rationalization that graft and crookedness are all right "if they don't hurt anybody" are criminal concepts, whether exercised on Wall Street or behind a gunman's mask.

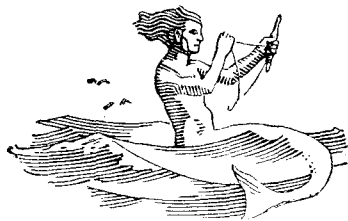
A discussion of abstract criminal character as a cause of crime would be more supportable if these conditions in our national life did not exist. Whom do we mean when we say criminal? The gangster, the white-collar criminal, the corrupt police? Or the smalltime criminal who is too often made the scapegoat for his more spectacular brothers? When the man in prison sees society give respectability to the white-collar criminal, and sees law enforcement bodies give protection to bigtime criminals, it is not surprising that he looks upon crime not as a moral offense but as a competitive profession, and upon his punishment as gross discrimination on the part of both society and law.

Crime is with us always, on many levels, in many forms. The proportion of the problem it poses is not reflected in the number of crimes on our books or convictions on our police blotters or prisoners in our penitentiaries. It is reflected in the attitude of our people toward what crime is. For what a nation comes to agree upon as being the nature of crime is what determines the nature of her criminals.

Most of us would heartily agree that respect for law is essential to a nation of peaceful communities. But in order to command respect, the law, both in interpretation and enforcement, must be constant, unimpeachable, and equable. It is no news to the American people that we have been undershooting that precept for the last thirty years. How could fear of punishment deter crime in the thirties, the era of the gangsters not yet closed, when an offender had an 85 per cent chance of escaping arrest, a 98 per cent chance of escaping conviction, and a 99 per cent chance of escaping punishment?

If constancy, integrity, and equability are not reflected in the law, all that is left to respect is the cop's night stick and his third degree. This kind of respect can quickly turn to contempt, both in the law-abiding and the lawless. It is an affront to human dignity and resourcefulness.

Our most serious problem in crime is not the run-of-the-mill convict in a penitentiary. It is the criminal at large who remains so with the knowledge of the populace. It is not reasonable to expect the reformation of smalltime criminals while gangsters operate with political and police protection. The smalltime criminal then becomes only a red herring thrown to the public to feed the illusion that justice is being done. Organized crime could not survive without protection. The smalltime criminal knows this, so does the bigtime criminal, so do his protectors. So do you and I.



An Atlantic Story



Artist, sportsman, and country gentleman, JAMES REYNOLDS is a painter of murals, an expert on Palladian architecture, and a connoisseur of Irish ghosts. His beautifully illustrated volume Ghosts in Irish Houses, which combines his two loves, has met with an enthusiastic reception in this country, as has his second volume, Gallery of Ghosts, which goes further abroad to find its themes in India, Restoration England, and in Maine.

THE LAUGHING LAUNDRESS

by JAMES REYNOLDS

AUGUSTY, rain-wet wind raced up the valley one late January evening. Straight off the dull, gray Atlantic, it whistled over the oily ground-swell at the mouth of Bantry Bay. The fickle wind tore at the half-frozen ivy tendrils on the walls of old Ballylicky Castle; it set them rattling, for all the world like a gypsy's tambourine. Then having roared its way up the Bandon River Pass, it wakened all the dogs in Carlone Kennels. The kennels seethed with unrest. Nervous terriers yelped and sprang madly against the wire walls of their runs.

Only on the nights when the ghost of long-dead Kitty Carlone sits in front of the cold hearth in the small chamber, paneled in aromatic lime wood, are the dogs restless. If the windows are open, as they sometimes are, there can be heard the slap-slap-slap of playing cards as Kitty deals the cards to an unseen opponent. It may be one of a number of people whom Kitty befriended and housed, only to find them devious and corrupt, to the point of cheating her at cards and rifling her privy purse.

The thing which troubled Kitty Carlone most of all was the fact that she, a widow, who prided herself on her prowess at the card table, her prophetic "card sense," should have been cheated so ignominiously at her own table and plundered of all she possessed — her house, her money, and her jewels, and even, at the last, her most cherished treasure, the fabulous ruby and diamond necklace given her (when she married Rob Cassillis) by Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland.

For years she had won prodigiously, by the fairest means. Then Desmond Ronan appeared on the scene. Kitty Carlone had welcomed him to her

house, her card table, and her bed. He fouled them all. She said of him later, as the bailiffs were closing her door behind her for the last time, "Where I made my grave mistake in the measure of Desmond was, I looked only into those gay blue eyes of his. I should have looked at his ears. For they are pointed."

For all the friends who played Kitty Carlone false, there were some who so genuinely loved her that afterwards they tried in many ways to reach her. But a number of them were in England, people she had met while in the employ of Lady Castlemaine (as Barbara Villiers was known when Kitty first went to launder for her); and so completely did Kitty Carlone hide herself away that no one was ever able to trace her. She even changed her name to Mrs. Mount.

All the years that she spent in obscurity, hidden from the world she had known, in a pitifully small and dirty almshouse near Carrickmacross, she had puzzled how the cheating had been managed. It preyed on her mind, apparently, to such an extent that after she died she often reappeared at night at Carlone House, sitting in the same room where she had met her guests after dinner to play the endless games of chance with which she occupied herself.

Old Jockser Duggan, the kennel man at Carlone Kennels, always knew when the ghost of Kitty Carlone visited her former house at night. He would stand at a window watching her puzzle over her hand of cards, a frown upon her face. Jockser would shake his grizzled red head. "Ochone, she never laughs now. It was a mortally long time ago when all this cheating happened. I hope the poor creature finds out what she wants so desperately to

know, for only then will her spirit rest, at all."

Jockser would walk to the door to quiet the restless dogs, prowling up and down and snapping at each other in the runs. "Whist now, the lot of ye. It's only Kitty Carlone, trying out some new hand or other. Ye'd be used to her be now, if ever." Sitting hunched over the small table, Kitty would deal out cards until dawn. Then her weary ghost, her unsmiling ghost, would fade away.

2

ON a hot August afternoon in the year 1635 Barbara Villiers, the Countess of Castlemaine, decided she was hot to the point of prostration, bored to the point of tears, and weary beyond any point she could conceive of. She pulled the bell rope hanging beside her in the dusty coach, giving the rope a series of sharp tugs, clattering the bell in the ear of Tobias, the coachman. He pulled up, clambered down from his high seat in front, and consulted her Ladyship. In short order she informed him that, expected or not expected, she would not continue this tortuous journey to her brother's house at Lanshanna, not in this sweltering heat. She would lie at the Fountain and Feathers Tavern at Dunganannon tonight. Tomorrow she would proceed to Lanshanna.

The yellow road-coach drew up in front of the entrance of the Fountain and Feathers. Lady Castlemaine alighted and was just about to proceed to the rooms which Tobias had secured for her, when she was arrested in motion, as her foot touched the first stair. A laugh had rung out, a laugh so clear, so ringing, that in spite of her disgruntled state of mind, Lady Castlemaine smiled herself.

Calling the landlord to her she asked, "Who is the owner of the most lilting and downright infectious laugh I have ever heard?"

The landlord twisted his apron and said, "Your Ladyship, it is nobody. I mean it is just a young laundress we do be having at the Fountain here. I hope it did not disturb yer worship."

Lady Castlemaine said, "Let this girl come to my room. I've some laces, fragile ones, I want washed and sewn on my gown."

A few minutes later the door of Lady Castlemaine's bedchamber opened; hesitatingly, a young girl stepped into the room. She was about eighteen years old, of medium height, with a slender figure. What one noticed most was her hair — a mass of dark red silky coils — and her wide-spaced gray eyes. Barbara Castlemaine regarded the girl for a moment. Here was "beauty on the bough," and no mistake. What a sensation she would be in London. "What is your name, my child?" asked Lady Castlemaine.

"Kitty Carlone, mam," the girl answered, sweeping a low curtsy.

"Superb," said Lady Castlemaine. "The most

lovely laugh I ever heard, and a name to match it. A name to set to music."

The advent of Irish Kitty, as many called her, was thunderous in jaded London. Kitty Carlone accompanied Lady Castlemaine to England as personal maid and Laundress Extraordinary, as one Court wit had it. Not long after her arrival, The Castlemaine asked the King to visit her at Gormley House where she lodged in the Strand, awaiting completion of her far finer house on the Thames.

The King was overjoyed to see The Castlemaine, and told her so. She had stayed in Ireland much too long. As a present of arrival, he created her Countess of Limerick and Baroness Nonesuch. The lands attached to these patents were considerable. For a time Barbara did not allow Kitty Carlone to appear when the King was present. She wished her protégée to acquire a smoothing off of some of the rough edges of her country ways, a slight veneer of sophistication, but only a slight one, for nothing must hide the distractingly lovely and essential Kitty Carlone from Dunganannon.

True to her boast of "There's not another hand than me own that can whiten a lace flounce, and stiffen it gracefully, to suit her Ladyship," Kitty continued to launder the laces of Lady Limerick.

Then one day she came face to face with King Charles II. In his usual bantering way, he told her a scandalous story of a king and a dairymaid, to see how quick she was at "Parallels," a game very fashionable at Court. Kitty laughed long and joyfully over this story. Later Charles said to The Limerick (he always prefixed a "The" to whatever title Barbara Villiers bore), "Kitty Carlone is a positive menace. No telling to what lengths men will go to hear that laugh, and as for the rest of her, it's sheer wonder. Better marry her off, and out of all this."

But Kitty stayed on, and it was not until after she had been in London nine years, and Barbara was now Countess of Southampton, that the Laughing Laundress (one of her many nicknames at Court) gave a thought to leaving her adored friend. Then one day appeared a tall Scottish soldier, Rob Cassillis. He was third son of the Earl of Craigenny, and had to make a life for himself in the Guards. Lady Southampton smiled on the match, which is more than can be said for Rob's father. However, a word from the King, who had championed Kitty Carlone since the first day he saw her at Gormley House, soon put matters right.

On Christmas Eve, a year after she met Rob for the first time, they were married in the Chapel of the King's House in Richmond Great Park. The world shone frosty white. Snow was piled in the hedgerows. Kitty Carlone sparkled along with the frost, for Rob had managed to come by a few Cassillis diamonds which had belonged to his mother. King Charles, lavish as always, hung a diamond pendant, bearing his cipher in sapphires, around proud Kitty's neck. Most staggering of all

to Kitty Cassillis was the Duchess of Cleveland's wedding present. It was not given at the same time as the others, nor displayed before Charles. About it hangs a curious story, which will bear repeating here.

This story was told to Kitty Carlone by a woman who was at the card party given in the King's rooms at Hampton Court Palace. It was written down by Kitty in a "Journal of London" which she kept. The Journal is now in a private collection in Ireland. I have seen this Journal, and read many of the letters written by the Duchess of Cleveland to Kitty after she retired to Ireland.

According to Lady Bastable a group of people were seated about the fireplace in a room hung with tapestries of the chase, at Hampton Court. It was the King's birthday. No one seemed in the mood for cards. Lady Southampton, very splendid in emerald satin, striped in claret-colored velvet, sat across from the King.

Out of a capacious pocket Charles took, in one hand, a necklace which flashed fire in the light of the flames. Everyone gasped at the sight of this loop of jewels. It was a necklace out of fable. Clustered rose diamonds and huge pigeon-blood rubies alternated. The clasp was a carved emerald rose. The rose had belonged to Elizabeth Tudor. It could be worn separately. In the other hand, the King grasped a rolled parchment. From this dangled a heavy gold seal. Lady Southampton sat a little forward in her chair as the King held these two objects high above his head. Her eyes sparkled, her lips were a little parted in excitement. Lying lazily back in his chair the King said, "Lady Southampton, which of these do you want most — this necklace or this Royal Patent, signed and sealed? It creates you Duchess of Cleveland."

Barbara swept the room with her haughty eyes. "Am I to understand I may have one or the other — not both?"

Narrowing his eyes, Charles replied, "One or the other, Madam. Not both."

Barbara was silent, her gilt slipper beat a nervous tattoo on the fender. She smiled wanly and sighed behind her fan.

The King wondered, "Sighs, do I hear sighs? You should be in raptures."

Barbara replied, "I am. I was just thinking how beautiful the necklace will look on the bosom of the Duchess of Cleveland."

This had happened a few months before Kitty Carlone and Rob Cassillis were married. She remembered vividly how she had waited until nearly dawn for Lady Southampton to come to her bed-chamber. She seemed tired, a shade listless, which was unlike her, even after a night's rout. Her vitality was proverbial. It was one of her chief accomplishments in the eyes of her royal lover. As Kitty had started to remove the necklace, Lady Southampton said, "I wonder, my dear Kitty, if it was

wise of me to be so openly greedy. I don't want the necklace particularly. Or if I do I could have it at any time. I did it simply to show my power over the King. It will never bring me luck, so I shall never wear it. The clasp has the evil eye. Like all of Elizabeth's jewels. And now off to bed with you. In the morning you may waken the Duchess of Cleveland."

True to her word, the duchess never again wore the rose diamond and ruby necklace. On the morning of Kitty's wedding she had handed her a dark velvet case. In it was the unwanted necklace.

3

KITTY and Rob had little happiness together. A year after their wedding Rob was sent with his regiment to the war in the Low Countries. A few weeks after his departure Kitty received word that he had perished in a storm off the Hook of Holland.

Kitty forthwith dropped the name of Cassillis and never used it again. She returned for a time to the household of the Duchess of Cleveland, who had just given birth to a boy. The child was christened Charles and given the title of Duke of St. Albans. Thus the wish of The Cleveland was gratified by the King, as were so many others.

After a time a great longing to see Ireland came over Kitty. When she said to the duchess, "The great longings on me, I'll never be able to cast it off," she was advised by her good friend to return to Ireland, find a house in one of the south counties, and create a new life for herself.

The duchess had paid Kitty bountiful wages for years and she had had her keep on what amounted to royal bounty. She had saved a considerable sum of money with which to start a new life. Added to this were the jewels the King had so generously given her at her marriage and a small annuity left her by Rob.

As far as worldly goods were concerned Kitty felt herself very well off. Most cherished and valuable of all her possessions, of course, was the rose diamond necklace. It was worth a fortune. Only a woman like The Cleveland, who was as extravagant with her possessions as she was with her affections, would have given a laundress, no matter how lovely her laugh, so valuable a present. But that had always been Barbara Villiers's way. Kitty had watched her rise in position at Court, and in the chancy affections of King Charles II, from an obscure Irish peeress to exalted Duchess of Cleveland. It had been, in a way, a "triumphal progress." It always pleased Kitty to remember how she had shared this brilliant temperamental journey with the best friend she had ever had.

Carlone House pleased Kitty from the first moment she saw it. She bought the house forthwith and settled herself in. One of the first things Kitty did to improve her newly acquired property was to

build a fair-sized kennel in the back of the paddocks. Dogs had always been a passion with Kitty, not the sleek, vitiated little King Charles Spaniels that were always under foot at Hampton Court and Gormley House, but sporty young terriers. Kitty loved to roam the hill-meadows and race along the river with a pack of assorted terriers of her own rearing. She bred the finest type of Kerry (Irish Rust) Terrier and the workmanlike retriever Water Spaniel in all Ireland. After she had made her Carlone Kennels a paying concern, Kitty turned her mind to entertaining her new-made friends at Carlone House. It would have been a far, far better thing if she had not.

From the first, Kitty attracted all who came under the spell of her flashing gray eyes and her enchanting laugh. Hospitality as practiced at Carlone became a byword throughout Ireland. Impecunious young rakes were forever whining at her skirts to be helped out of this or that imbroglio. Second and third sons of impoverished peers came to her for aid and advice. Kitty is reported to have once said to a destitute third son whose purse was constantly empty and whose prospects were nil, "Surely, me bucko, it's meself that knows all about the tribulations of third sons of noble lords. Didn't I marry one, and he the pick of the bunch?"

It was not long before rumors of vastly high play at cards in the paneled sitting room at Carlone House circulated as far as Dublin and, in those days, remote Galway. The sharpers, the well-dressed, soft-spoken rag, tag, and bobtail of Irish ne'er-dowells, began to climb the hill to Kitty Carlone's inviting door. That she never turned anyone away who sought her help was so well known that it caused a rhymster in Dublin to write a quatrain about her. It began as follows: —

No one need starve when Kitty's around,
Ask for a penny, she'll answer with a pound.

One black day, Kitty's luck ran out. The knocker was lifted on her front door; it fell against the resounding wood. Its reverberations never stopped until a drab, gray-haired woman who went by the name of Mrs. Mount died in a drafty almshouse where the bread was maggot-ridden and the damp sheets on her hard bed chapped the once lovely body of Kitty Carlone.

The knocker was lifted and dropped by as handsome and plausible a fellow as ever trod a woefully crooked path. Desmond Ronan was his name. Born into a shopkeeper's family in Waterford, his schooling was the race course, the brothel, the cocking-mains, and any gambling rooms or cubby he could find. He was devious, and a past master of fraud. That his hand was quicker than the eye, particularly in the manipulation of a playing card, was, at the last, borne in on Kitty Carlone's consciousness. Alas for her, it took a tragically long time for her to realize it.

At the time of Desmond Ronan's arrival at Carlone, Kitty was in her forty-sixth year. Desmond was thirty. From the first he set out to win the desirable widow. Kitty was infatuated with Desmond — she never denied it. When at last he had cheated her dry, she never prosecuted him. Knowing he would lie, cheat, and humiliate her in the witness box, if ever brought to trial, Kitty, angry and embittered, locked herself inside the walls of Carlone and licked her wounds.

A few weeks passed. Creditors in unholy numbers assailed her. She liquidated everything she could lay hands on for immediate cash. To an English friend, a man who had long been in love with her, she sold the wondrous rose diamond necklace — sold it for a quarter its value, which was all the man could pay. The kennels and the growing litters of terriers Kitty gave to a friend. Then, one morning the bailiffs came to lock the doors of Carlone House — to lock the doors with Kitty Carlone on the outside, penniless and alone. The Duchess of Cleveland had died in London the year before. It is doubtful if Kitty would have sought her aid even if she had been alive. Kitty Carlone was proud.

As the bailiffs closed and locked the door behind her, one of the men asked Kitty where she was going. Where could he reach her if the need arose? Kitty turned towards the house and looked for a long time at the garlanded vines of climbing roses that she had planted when she first came to Carlone. "I will let you know," she answered vaguely. "At present I do not know myself."

But she did not let anyone know where she went — ever. What transpired in the years before Kitty entered the almshouse at Carrickmacross will never be known. A Mrs. Mount asked for admission one day at the hostel. She had no means of support. The annuity left her by Rob Cassillis had ceased long ago. "Lack of funds" had been the curt answer to repeated letters to Rob's solicitors. When, a few years after the admittance of Mrs. Mount to the almshouse, she died of a fever, a faded letter was found pinned to her shift. It was then discovered that the woman's real name was Kitty Carlone.

Carlone House passed through many hands during the three hundred years that bring us to the cold, wet, windy night of the opening of this story. During all these years, in one way and another the Carlone Kennels have endured. Sometimes, as in the present case, the owner does not live at Carlone House. Sir Michael Noland owns the kennels, but, save for one room on the first floor at the back of the house, overlooking the kennels, the house is empty. This is the room where Jockser Duggan sleeps. It is next to the room where Kitty Carlone, ever watchful, deals her cards at night. Perhaps if she perseveres long enough, Kitty may discover the trick played upon her by shifty Desmond Ronan, the trick of cheating that caused her to lose her illusions and her house.



In these days there is an all-too-ready assumption that we must call in an ex-Communist whenever some other American's loyalty is in doubt. Indeed, as Elmer Davis remarked in a recent broadcast, "ex-Communists are more highly regarded in some quarters than people who were never Communists at all." This preposterous reliance on intellectuals who blindly followed the Party line has prompted BERNARD DeVOTO, historian, critic, and author, to inquire into the credentials of some of the more talented ex-Communists.

THE EX-COMMUNISTS

by BERNARD DeVOTO

1

A STANZA by a currently unfashionable poet ends, "The way is all so very plain That we may lose the way." Several stanzas farther along the phrasing changes a little, "So very simple is the road That we may stray from it." The poem happens to have a religious theme but what it says holds true for some crucial acts of the intelligence.

A number of intellectuals who were Communists have lately been explaining why they no longer are: discussing the reasons that led to their conversion and those that have produced their apostasy. The theological terms apply, for it is apparent, and indeed was apparent all along, that the phenomena are primarily religious. The typical ex-Communist American intellectual in fact has experienced two conversions; whereas evangelical doctrine holds that to be saved you must be born a second time, salvation has required him to be born a third time. Such an experience puts the greatest possible strain on the personality. There can be only compassion for the agony he has felt, the double disillusionment, the necessity of twice rebuilding his shattered personal world. And his careful analysis of his experience can be valuable and useful.

Embracing Communism, like religious conversion, is an act of the total personality. It is packed with private and even unconscious as well as rational and objective reasons, with emotion as well as intelligence. What the apostates have been saying shows that frequently intelligence played only a small part in it. Yet it played some part and they are eager to show that it was decisive in their apostasy, their repudiation of Communism. I propose to discuss only their intelligence. We will agree that the American intellectual who became a Communist was, typically, a generous, warmhearted man, an idealist deeply disturbed by the catastrophe of the modern world and deeply concerned for the betterment of mankind. But how good was his thinking?

The question is given more point in that frequently an odd claim accompanies the ex-Communist's confession of error. In a book which I will return to presently Richard Crossman puts it forthrightly. Ignazio Silone, he remarks, "was joking when he said to Togliatti that the final battle would be between the Communists and the ex-Communists" but we must understand that there is a great deal of truth in the joke, in fact it is no joke at all. Only one who has wrestled with Communism as a philosophy — unhappily Mr. Crossman's prose turns opaque here but he implies, only one who has come close to accepting it as a philosophy — "can really understand the values of Western democracy." And, climactically, "The Devil once lived in Heaven and those who have not met him are unlikely to recognize an angel when they see one."

Mr. Crossman was never a Communist but he here voices in good faith the mingled snobbery, arrogance, and unreality that make Communist thinking so hard to deal with as an idea. The road to an understanding of democracy crosses the Communist east forty. Before you can add a column of figures correctly you must first add them wrong. He who would use his mind must first lose it. Various ex-Communist intellectuals are offering themselves on just that basis as authorities about what has happened and guides to what must be done. Understand, I am right now *because* I was wrong then. *Only* the ex-Communist can understand Communism. Trust me to lead you aright *because* I tried to lead you astray. My intelligence has been vindicated *in that* it made an all-out commitment to error.

The thesis thus a-building gets indirect support from others. Diana Trilling isolates for examination one group of American intellectuals, those who during the trials of Alger Hiss hoped that he would be proved not guilty. She makes bold to say that this

hope expressed an unconscious *Absit omen!* They had come so close to accepting Communism that they could see part of themselves in Hiss; they felt that only the luck of the draw had kept them from the prisoner's box; there but for the grace of God went they. And Alistair Cooke sees the Hiss trials as symbolic: an entire generation of American intellectuals was on trial, for an entire generation had been at least in part disposed to take the same fork at the crossroads. In the historical context, that is in the United States during the 1930s, the acts charged against Hiss were, though not innocent, at least logical for intellectuals who were doing their utmost to understand and repair the world. Way back in the upcountry where the height of land separates the watersheds, there is only a narrow space between the rivers that reach the sea so far apart.

There is only a narrow space too — and a good many have crossed it — between this and the conclusion that whether or not to embrace Communism was the master problem of the American intelligence in our time. As a corollary, everyone who was truly intelligent and tried to grapple with the modern world must have been powerfully impelled to accept the Communist explanation and to support its measures. Conversely, anyone who never felt the powerful attraction of Communism must have been insensitive or unintelligent or both, and at any rate was not deeply engaged with the problems of the time. Here is the kind of distorted simplification that did turn some minds to Communism. A historian cannot let these ideas go unchallenged, for though they are wrong they might get lodged among the accepted ones that are brought to bear on the past.

What, in sum, is the recusant Communist now saying? That he has come to understand that Communism is an abhorrent dictatorship, a corrupt power which destroys freedom, robs human life of dignity, and obliterates the institutions of Western civilization that embody its morality and justify its hope. Step by step, conclusion by conclusion, affirmation by affirmation, he draws up an indictment of Communism that corresponds in every particular . . . to what? To what the non-Communist American intellectual has said about it from the beginning. Just how is this wisdom when voiced by a man who spent years convinced that it was nonsense? The ex-Communist pleads error; he was deceived. There should be some presumption in favor of the intelligence that was not deceived.

We need not distinguish between those who became members of the Party and those who, remaining outside it, accepted Communism, followed the Party line, and put their minds at its service. The number of American intellectuals who did either was very small, though high-church Republican politics finds a useful technique in representing it to have been enormous. The Communist intellectual was a tiny subspecies; the generality of American

intellectuals were never tempted to accept Communism but instead recognized it for what it was, understood it, and opposed it. The unfolding of events vindicated their judgment — proved the accuracy of their analysis and the justness of their conclusions. The ex-Communist has now added an independent if belated justification. With ideas, empirical demonstration is the pay-off, and serves as at least a rough gauge of intelligence. If the side of a cube is twelve inches square the man who measures it and says that it is twelve inches square is right. A man who for some time maintains that it is a half-gallon in the key of C-sharp and blue at that is not displaying conspicuously penetrating intelligence when he finally picks up a ruler.

2

THE conversions were a phenomenon of the 1930s; we may safely disregard the rare intellectual who turned Communist before the economic collapse. In the bewilderment and panic of the time the bases of conviction were brought into question. As some economic and political systems crumpled and those of the United States were grievously strained, as misery and want and despair spread more widely here than ever before, as the Nazi totalitarianism joined Italian Fascism (and Russian Communism) in a reversion to tyrannies supposed to have disappeared permanently from the civilized world, as another and greater war seemed to threaten, as belief and courage weakened — as the world of the 1930s revealed itself, a man whose trade was to use ideas had to determine which ideas could deal with it. The one who embraced Communism did so in a belief that (Russian) Communism was the wave of the future: that it promised a better economic order, that it offered the best possibility of social justice, that it was a force for peace.

The generality of American intellectuals held that this man was wrong. They said the same thing of converts to creeds which only a historian now remembers. Minute groups of true believers found a light in such aberrant gospels as Social Credit, Technocracy, "Christian Collectivism," Monarchy (oh, yes, it is on the record and very winsome it is too), and a number of fantasies which declared that mankind was going to be saved by the abandonment of machine production, the restoration of handicrafts and the subsistence farm, and perhaps the reinstitution of Negro slavery. They appeared to have no commensurable quality, and yet if you followed them far enough you found them all converging. Eventually each of them substituted for law the will of whichever group was to hold power, abandoned representative government, impaired or destroyed individual freedom, and either repudiated the immunities of citizenship or undermined their safeguards. The typical intellectual said of them that they were not workable but he said something else

which got to the heart of the matter in the first instance: that they began by giving up what alone could give value to anything they might salvage. The experience of the United States, of Western man, he said, was that nothing worth having could be bought at the price of freedom, citizenship, and government by law. And, he said, that goes for Communism.

The evidence, the ideas, the experience on which he based his judgment were equally available to all minds. The Communist must be granted some allowance for the anesthetizing power of any gospel and for the fact that his gospel was a mechanical formula. It explained everything; the mind that accepted it was not *required* to inquire critically into realities, it need only apply the formula. And his gospel was authoritarian as well as infallible: criticism of any kind was deviationism. Nothing else in the history of thought has so completely stifled critical inquiry, which non-Communists take to be the essence of the intellectual process.

Communism made its American converts not as a system of thought but as an eschatology, a millennial faith. And here the evidence available to everyone included, by the 1930s, more than a decade of the U.S.S.R. It also included the content of American history.

The Communist needed no knowledge of history and no understanding of experience, since his formula would reveal the meaning of either wherever he might apply it. This turned out to be a handicap; it blinded him to a defect in the millennial apocalypse. The non-Communist intellectual understood that neither a proletarian revolution (such as the convert was predicting) nor one corresponding to that of the Bolsheviks would occur in the United States. Neither was of our nature or in our kind. If a revolution were going to occur here it would have to be in a pattern established by our inheritance. Our revolutionary radicalisms would not suffice; the model was the I.W.W. (syndicalist and therefore anathema to Communism) and no imagination could conceive of its seizing decisive power.

A native revolution must be by political fission followed by political coalescence, the model of the Civil War. And in the 1930s for this single possibility one or the other of two developments was a prerequisite. There must first be either an overwhelming defeat in war or an absolute collapse of the economic and social system. Clearly, no nation was going to inflict the former. The Communist assumed that the latter was inevitable; his formula explained that it was a part of the process of history, the decay of capitalism. But the non-Communist dismissed this as fantasy; he knew what it left out of account. This was crucial knowledge and the judgment was a crucial test of intelligence.

That is: He knew the richness of American natural resources and the power of the productive plant.

He knew the flexibility and responsiveness of the political system which had been developing for a century and a half. He knew that the political system was capable of resisting and containing great strains, whether social or economic, while readjustments were worked out. He knew that it had held while fundamental readjustments were being worked out in the past. He concluded that such a revolution as might be in store for the United States would consist only of a redirection of political control. He knew our history held a series of such revolutions, Jeffersonian, Jacksonian, Lincolnian, the unlabeled one that implemented the Grangerite-Populist revolt, Wilsonian. In all of these the social and political freedoms had been preserved and redirection of political control enabled the enormous natural wealth to resolve the conflict and work out the required amelioration. In all except the Lincolnian the social fabric had been kept intact. He judged that the possible revolution, and the one to work for, was the characteristic American revolution by "reform." The Communist formula said that reform was impossible: the non-Communist pronounced the formula defective.

What followed was the most fundamental, the most widespread, and the most thoroughgoing reform in American history. To call it the New Deal obscures the fact that it was a sweeping revolution which had already begun to gather momentum when Roosevelt took office and some fundamental parts of which were unrelated to the movement he headed. All that need be said of it here is that it worked. It demonstrated that the generality of our intellectuals had correctly analyzed the situation, and the generality of them had some part in it. (Historically, as against popular cliché, though the influence of the American intellectual on politics has fluctuated, there has never been a time when it was not considerable.) The revolution expressed the non-Communist intellectual as a type. The Communist intellectual had only two concerns in regard to it: to explain it as evidence of the progressive degeneration of democracy and to convert it if he could to the service of Russian foreign policy.

3

THERE WAS, however, an even more basic act of the intelligence. "The way is all so very plain That we may lose the way."

The enemy was not fascism. It was absolutism. The non-Communist intellectual clearly understood that what the Communist intellectual was glorifying in Russia and working for here was dictatorship. And dictatorship always means abrogation of law, government by force, destruction of private and civil liberties, slavery (alias forced labor), forced starvation, mass murder. The master question of our time was never, Is Communism the way out? It was simpler: Does freedom count?

No matter how inscrutable the future, the axiom at the basis of American experience is that freedom counts most of all. That the defense of freedom comes before anything else. Right there the non-Communist intellectual took his stand. Whatever threatens freedom must be fought totally, first, wherever, in the immediate instance, from then on. The Communist intellectual decided that the concept of freedom was a bourgeois sentimentality, that Communism had established the necessity of destroying it, and that his job was to make use of American belief in freedom as an instrument for the destruction of freedom.

The choice offered the intelligence was as clear and simple as the quoted poem says.

The sequence of events that led the ex-Communist to his break with Communism may provide a scale of comparative intelligence, though on the other hand it may be an index to his capacity for self-deception. The recusants usually name three turning-points or dramatic revelations of the truth: the great state trials (though they had been going on for some years before they caused any apostasies here), the treaty of nonaggression with the Nazis, and the attack on Finland. The non-Communist grants their power of disenchantment but finds them no more revelatory than the massacre of the kulaks, forced collectivization of agriculture, planned famine as an instrument of government, police terrorism, transportation, forced migration, labor camps, execution for dissent, any other kind of liquidation, the treatment of the Spanish anarchists, or any other tyranny in the functional dictatorship. In this judgment, though he derided it throughout, the recusant Communist now heartily concurs. But the non-Communist thought of him, the Communist convert, as having repudiated intelligence, and thinks of him now as having lived in a delirium which he took to be a vision of a better world.

A non-Communist finds the serial apologia of the recusants astonishing. Here for instance is a gentle, unworldly literary man, one of the first who "jumped off the Moscow express." (The phrase is Mr. Cowley's but I am not referring to him.) His activity as a Communist was not important. It consisted of slanting book reviews, helping to capture for the Party control of entirely insignificant organizations, writing resolutions which various "fronts" adopted and everyone disregarded, proclaiming his faith, and maintaining his doctrinal orthodoxy through the innumerable zigzags of the Party line. The long agony that preceded his break with Communism and the despair that accompanied it were a profoundly moving tragedy. But, in his new enlightenment, what has he found out? Why, that freedom must not be given up, that treason is evil, that murder and terrorism must not be condoned, that Communism is not democratic, that democracy is precious. That is his harvest from two dark nights of the soul, from a second birth and a

third one. See it as pitiful waste or see it as the innocence of a saint, but what is it as intelligence? Where, for God's sake, where was he when they were distributing minds?

Or take the anthology of apologies from which I have already quoted Mr. Crossman, *The God that Failed*. There has been little discussion of its one truly shocking revelation. The talented authors, like all recusants who preceded them in print, describe in detail the process that led them to renounce Communism, the slow, painful achievement of the stand which the non-Communist had originally taken. But in doing so they also detail the reasons that had induced them to accept it. And they reveal a shocking simple-mindedness, a shocking surrender of intelligence, a shocking inability to grasp reality.

Richard Wright's admission of what his mind would accept as true, for instance, is almost numbing. One searches fruitlessly for comparisons — Santa Claus, the stork brings the baby, pie in the sky by and by? Or Ignazio Silone's consternation when a Communist assembly laughed at a delegate who protested, "But that would be a lie!" He discloses a credulity for which there is no word but infantile, a credulity that blocks off not only the critical faculty but the perception of reality. He had studied Communism for years. He knew its doctrines and techniques and was acquainted with its activities everywhere in Europe. He had not only known Lenin and read his texts on revolution by conspiratorial elites but had had firsthand reports from his lieutenants on what was actually being done. Yet he was capable of believing that this was not a shooting war but boys playing with cap pistols. Somehow dictators, like children making their first communion, would be good and would use power only cleanly and justly. Communism would purify itself. It would restore "the possibility of doubting, the possibility of making a mistake, the possibility of searching and experimenting, the possibility of saying 'no' to any authority." Living in the presence of an absolutism never exceeded in history, of a ruthlessness greater than the civilized world had seen for centuries, of millions already killed or enslaved, he hung up his stocking to be filled with sweetness and kindness. Even after experiencing Communism at first hand, he believed that machine guns would turn into cap pistols if you only affirmed they must — and had to be told that he was a counterrevolutionist. Benignancy, magnanimity, altruism, idealism, greatness of hope — yes, all these are there. But intelligence?

The sinister part of the book is the introduction by Mr. Crossman, an editor, a member of Parliament, never a Communist, and never a mature mind, either — sinister because though it analyzes and rejects the Communist intellectual's fallacies, it retains unmodified most of the assumptions from which they originally issued. But the absolute dis-

closure is Louis Fischer's chapter; there has been no document of equal naïveté since Marjorie Fleming. The summary of his career as a correspondent distorting and withholding facts is unremarkable, for when a mind is put to the service of an absolutism, that is what becomes of intellectual integrity. (A commonplace cry at the mourners' bench: oh, yes, brethren, I lied but I had faith.) The point is that year by year this mind made out what the facts were and insisted on believing that what they were was what they could not possibly be. I must understand them as something else; it really is a cap pistol to the eyes of faith, the earth is flat for I can see its edge, and I must purge myself of doubt. When the job is finished at last all will be justified. Believe altogether that this is not so and on the Day of Jubilo it will prove not to have been so.

This may represent some vibration in the central nervous system but it is not intelligence. And what realization does he reach when at last a sign is given him? "No dictatorship is a democracy and none contains the seeds of liberty," and "There is no freedom in a dictatorship because there are no unalienable rights." Yes. Where had he been?

We are asked to respect these men not as believers but as minds. So to Arthur Koestler. Since he apostatized he has written a brilliant novel and several others not quite so good. An admirable artist, he evokes reservations as a thinker — as a reporter on Israel, as the compounder of a psychometaphysics. But he illustrates the usefulness of the ex-Communist intellectual. He describes convincingly what Communists have done, what they feel, what they think and believe, what their methods are, how they behave. And yet is "convincingly" the exact word? Whatever any ex-Communist can tell us truly about Communism will be useful. But it will always be at least a little suspect too. His recantation says explicitly that he was once easily deceived and thought badly. However brilliant, he had a conspicuous gift for illusion, for spinning beautiful fantasies out of abhorrent facts. In what he now tells us about Communism, how can we be sure that he understood his experience or is able to report it reliably?

That, however, is up to us; it is an ordinary problem for the critical intelligence. But one possibility of danger latent in the ex-Communist intellectual cannot be ignored. . . . In the sum, probably, our American ones were not very important, did not do much harm, were nowhere near so great a danger as a widespread fearfulness now assumes. Conceivably, it may prove in the end that only those who were engaged in espionage did any harm at all. . . . But they were Communists and it was only because their ideas were not accepted that they did no harm. Their ideas were dangerous and will remain so even though they may be wrapped in tissue of a different color.

Let James Burnham show how. As an expounder of Communism he offered us the poison that kills freedom, representative institutions, democratic life, the integrity of individual men on which the existence of free society depends. His recantation describes Communism as exactly that. But he has devoted himself to offering us the same stuff out of a differently labeled sac. If you drop the word "diamondback" and substitute for it "*Crotalus adamanteus*" you have changed only the words, not the effect. What the sac holds is still poison to freedom, free institutions, democratic society.

The convertites confess that once upon a time they were not very bright. We must remember that once upon a time they were authoritarians.

"The flight from freedom." They have given that old phrase a new currency to explain what happened to them. To explain what, in another renewal of a familiar phrase, they call "*la trahison des clercs*." Freedom lays on anyone a heavy burden of obligation, it is the heaviest of all burdens, and perhaps we should feel compassion for a man who could not bear up under it. But the point about the ex-Communist is that he did not bear up under it, a little while ago. He fled from freedom to the absolutism that relieves a man of responsibility and his mind of obligation to do the mind's work. His but to accept and obey; the authority, the gospel, the Party would take over. By this act he repudiated everything for which the free intelligence, democratic society, and the dignity of the individual stood. His confession says in humility and grief that he has learned better.

But the original problem is still there. It has not changed since the 1930s. It has not changed since Jefferson wrote, "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." It has not changed since mankind began to work out the conception of free men in a free society. The enemy is still the same: absolutism, authoritarianism, dictatorship, tyranny, whatever threatens freedom. And the burden that freedom lays on the human mind and soul has not decreased; it has grown heavier. The strength of every honest man is needed in its support. There is no impugning the honesty of a man who says, "One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see." There can be only rejoicing that he has found his sight. But what about his strength? The essence of his plight, and of ours who must appraise him, is that neither was there any impugning his honesty when he was blind. Freedom was once so intolerable a burden that he fled from it; will it again prove too much for him? Not as a penalty for error or as a punishment for sin but as a precaution against a known and self-confessed weakness, he must be put to a double scrutiny in whatever he tells us or proposes. His courage failed once; in what he now offers us has he succeeded in deceiving himself into some other acceptance of the gospel of despair?



"Lenin thought that the world was governed by the dialectic, whose instrument he was; just as much as Gladstone, he conceived of himself as the human agent of a superhuman Power." In developing the dissimilarities and the points of resemblance in these two great leaders, BERTRAND RUSSELL demonstrates that power of perception and skill in writing which qualified him for the Nobel Prize in Literature. This paper is drawn from his forthcoming book, Unpopular Essays, which Simon and Schuster will publish in late February.

GLADSTONE AND LENIN

by BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

I HAVE known in the course of my life many eminent men and women, from Victorian times to the present day. The quality of being unforgettable, or personally impressive, has not, in my experience, been greatest in those who have made the greatest mark in history, except in a few cases. My only encounter with Queen Victoria was at the age of two, and unfortunately I do not remember it, but my elders noted with surprise that my behavior was quite respectful. On the other hand, it was at the same age that I first met Robert Browning, whom many considered the best poet of his age; I interrupted his discourse by saying in a piercing voice, "I wish that man would stop talking." I met him frequently in the last years of his life, and found nothing in him to command reverence. He was a pleasant, kindly old gentleman, very much at home at tea parties of middle-aged ladies, dapper, suave, and thoroughly domesticated, but without the divine fire that one expects of a poet.

Tennyson, whom I also saw frequently, was always acting the poet, and incurred my adolescent scorn on that account. He used to stalk about the countryside in a flowing Italian cloak, very emphatically not seeing the people he happened to meet, and displaying the behavior appropriate to poetic abstraction. Of the other poets I have met, I think the most unforgettable was Ernst Toller, chiefly through his capacity for intense impersonal suffering. Rupert Brooke, whom I knew fairly well, was beautiful and vital, but the impression was marred by a touch of Byronic insincerity and by a certain flamboyance.

Among eminent philosophers, excluding men still alive, the most personally impressive, to me, was William James. This was in spite of a complete naturalness and absence of all apparent consciousness of being a great man. No degree of democratic feeling and of desire to identify himself with the

common herd could make him anything but a natural aristocrat, a man whose personal distinction commanded respect. Some philosophers — not necessarily the ablest — are impressive through their quality of intellectual honesty. Of these a very good example was Henry Sidgwick, who was my teacher in ethics. In his youth fellowships at Cambridge were only open to those who would sign the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. Years after he had signed them, he developed doubts, and, though not expected to affirm that his beliefs remained unchanged, decided that it was his duty to resign. This action hastened the change in the law which put an end to the old theological restrictions. As a teacher, he showed the same honesty, and considered objections by pupils as courteously and carefully as if they had been made by colleagues. This made his teaching more fruitful than that of many abler men.

Men of science, at their best, have a special kind of impressiveness, resulting from the combination of great intellect with childlike simplicity. When I say "simplicity," I do not mean anything involving lack of cleverness; I mean the habit of thinking impersonally, without regard for the worldly advantage or disadvantage of an opinion or an action. Among the men of science I have known, Einstein is a supreme example of this quality.

Coming to politicians, I have known seven Prime Ministers, from my grandfather (who was Prime Minister in 1846) to Mr. Attlee. Far the most unforgettable of those was Gladstone, whom those who knew him always alluded to as "Mr." Gladstone. The only other man known to me in public life that I could regard as his equal in personal impressiveness was Lenin. Mr. Gladstone was embodied Victorianism; Lenin was embodied Marxian formulas — neither quite human, but each with the power of a natural force.

Mr. Gladstone, in private life, dominated by the power of his eye, which was quick and piercing, and calculated to inspire terror. One felt, like a small boy in the presence of an old-fashioned schoolmaster, a constant impulse to say, "Please, sir, it wasn't me." Everybody felt like this. I cannot imagine a human being who would have ventured to tell him a story even in the faintest degree risqué; his moral horror would have frozen the narrator to stone. I had a grandmother who was the most formidable woman I have ever known; other eminent men invariably quailed before her. But once, when Mr. Gladstone was coming to tea, she told us all in advance that she was going to set him right on his Irish policy, of which she strongly disapproved. He came, and I was present throughout, waiting breathlessly for the expected clash. Alas! my grandmother was all softness, and said not a syllable to start the lion roaring; no one could have guessed that she disagreed with him about anything.

Far the most terrifying experience of my life was connected with Mr. Gladstone. When I was seventeen, a very shy and awkward youth, he came to stay with my family for the week-end. I was the only "man" in the house, and after dinner, when the ladies retired, I was left tête-à-tête with the ogre. I was too petrified to perform my duties as a host, and he did nothing to help me out. For a long time we sat in silence; at last, in his booming bass voice, he condescended to make his one and only remark: "This is very good port they've given me, but why have they given it me in a claret glass?" Since then I have faced infuriated mobs, angry judges, and hostile governments, but never again have I felt such terror as in that searing moment.

Profound moral conviction was the basis of Mr. Gladstone's political influence. He had all the skill of a clever politician, but was sincerely convinced that every one of his maneuvers was inspired by the most noble purposes. Labouchere, who was a cynic, summed him up in the saying: "Like every politician, he always has a card up his sleeve; but unlike the others, he thinks the Lord put it there." Invariably he earnestly consulted his conscience, and invariably his conscience earnestly gave him the convenient answer.

The force of his personality is illustrated by the story — true or false — of his encounter with a drunken man at a meeting. This man, it appears, was of the opposite political party, and interrupted frequently. At last Mr. Gladstone fixed him with his eye, and spake these words: "*May I request the gentleman who has, not once but repeatedly, interrupted my observations by his interjections, to extend to me that large measure of courtesy which, were I in his place and he in mine, I should most unhesitatingly extend to him.*" It is said — and I can well believe it — that the man was sobered by the shock, and remained silent the rest of the evening.

Oddly enough, about half of his compatriots, in-

cluding a great majority of the well-to-do, regarded him as either mad or wicked or both. When I was a child, most of the children I knew were Conservatives, and they solemnly assured me, as a well-known fact, that Mr. Gladstone ordered twenty top hats from various hatters every morning, and that Mrs. Gladstone had to go round after him and "disorder" them. (This was before the days of telephones.) Protestants supposed him secretly in league with the Vatican; the rich regarded him (with few exceptions) as Mr. Roosevelt was regarded by the most reactionary of the American rich. But he remained serene, because he never doubted that the Lord was on his side. And to half the nation he was almost a god.

2

LENIN, with whom I had a long conversation in Moscow in 1920, was, superficially, very unlike Gladstone, and yet, allowing for the difference of time and place and creed, the two men had much in common. To begin with the differences: Lenin was cruel, which Gladstone was not; Lenin had no respect for tradition, whereas Gladstone had a great deal; Lenin considered all means legitimate for securing the victory of his party, whereas for Gladstone politics was a game with certain rules that must be observed. All these differences, to my mind, are to the advantage of Gladstone, and accordingly Gladstone on the whole had beneficent effects, while Lenin's effects were disastrous.

In spite of all these dissimilarities, however, the points of resemblance were quite as profound. Lenin supposed himself to be an atheist, but in this he was mistaken. He thought that the world was governed by the dialectic, whose instrument he was; just as much as Gladstone, he conceived of himself as the human agent of a superhuman Power. His ruthlessness and unscrupulousness were only as to means, not as to ends; he would not have been willing to purchase personal power at the expense of apostasy. Both men derived their personal force from this unshakable conviction of their own rectitude. Both men, in support of their respective faiths, ventured into realms in which, from ignorance, they could only cover themselves with ridicule — Gladstone in Biblical criticism, Lenin in philosophy.

Of the two, I should say that Gladstone was the more unforgettable as a personality. I take as the test what one would have thought of each if one had met him in a train without knowing who he was. In such circumstances Gladstone, I am convinced, would have struck me as one of the most remarkable men I had ever met, and would have soon reduced me to a speechless semblance of agreement. Lenin, on the contrary, might, I think, have seemed to me at once a narrow-minded fanatic and a cheap cynic. I do not say that this judgment

would have been just; it would have been unjust — not positively, but by what it would have omitted. When I met Lenin, I had much less impression of a great man than I had expected; my most vivid impressions were of bigotry and Mongolian cruelty. When I put a question to him about socialism in agriculture, he explained with glee how he had incited the poorer peasants against the richer ones, “and they soon hanged them from the nearest tree — ha! ha! ha!” His guffaw at the thought of those massacred made my blood run cold.

The qualities which make a political leader were less obvious in Lenin than in Gladstone. I doubt whether he could have become a leader in quieter times. His power depended upon the fact that, in a bewildered and defeated nation, he, almost alone, had no doubt, and held out hopes of a new sort of victory in spite of military disaster. He seemed to demonstrate his gospel by cold reasoning, which invoked logic as his ally. In this way the passion of his followers came to appear, to them as to him, to have the sanction of science, and to be the very means by which the world was to be saved. Robespierre must have had something of the same quality.

I have spoken of men who were eminent in one way or another. But in actual fact I have been

quite as often impressed by men and women of no eminence. What I have found most unforgettable is a certain kind of moral quality, a quality of self-forgetfulness, whether in private life, in public affairs, or in the pursuit of truth. I had at one time a gardener who could neither read nor write, but was a perfect type of simple goodness, such as Tolstoy loved to depict among peasants.

A man whom, on account of his purity of heart, I shall never forget, was E. D. Morel. As a shipping clerk in Liverpool, he became aware of the horrors in King Leopold's exploitation of the Congo. In order to make his knowledge public, he had to sacrifice his position and means of livelihood. Singlehanded at first, he gradually, in spite of opposition from all the governments of Europe, roused public opinion and compelled reform. The new consideration which he had thus won for himself he sacrificed to pacifism in the war, during the course of which he was sent to prison. He lived until shortly after the formation of the first Labor Government, from which Ramsay MacDonald excluded him in the hope of causing his own pacifist past to be overlooked. Worldly success seldom comes to such men, but they inspire love and admiration, in those who know them, surpassing what is given to those who are less pure of heart.



WINTER ROAD

by ELIZABETH CHESLEY

I SHALL repent some day of loving you,
forget the fever burning in the blood.

Empty of loving you, along this road
I shall go free, with you forever gone,
gone like the autumn color from the wood,
lost like the sunlight when the sun is down.

Fainter than ghost of moon still in the blue
above the hill made gold by slanting sun
shall be this hunger, though unsatisfied,
for such is way of love when love has died.

I shall forget some day this loving you
and shall go poorer when at last I do.

Vision

Those who have found enjoyment and comfort in FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES's novels should realize that she has also written four books of nonfiction revealing her steadfast religious faith. The article which follows is an antidote for that fearful thinking in the headlines which is so contagious. Mrs. Keyes grew up in Boston, where she received a large part of her formal education; during her early married life, when she was living on a New Hampshire farm, her mother-in-law's Back Bay house became her urban center; and she has retained many ties with Boston. Her new book, Joy Street, published by Julian Messner, is a lively blend of her knowledge and affection.

THE SHIELD OF FAITH

by FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

I

NO THOUGHTFUL and informed person would attempt to deny that we are living in dangerous times. However, I am constantly astonished because so many thoughtful and informed persons talk and act as if this were something new. I am not especially learned in either sacred or secular history. But, at the age of four, I was taught to read out of the Bible; and it was very early impressed on my infantile mind that Adam and Eve, the refugees from Sodom, and the travelers in Noah's Ark not only survived the destruction of the whole world as they knew it, but through exile, calamity, and danger went on to new worlds, hitherto beyond their ken, and flourished there. My grandmother, who was my teacher at this stage, likewise called my attention to the prowess of such ill-equipped but resourceful individuals as David with his sling and Samson with the jawbone of an ass, and their triumph over the mighty and great. She did not fail to add that anyone who feared the Lord and had gumption could perform correlative feats nowadays, if driven to it.

A little later, when I went to school, other examples of extraordinary survival and victory in the face of difficulties were set before me and I was invited to draw similar conclusions from the heroism of Horatius at the Bridge and the Minute Men of Concord, from the defeat of the Spanish Armada and from the creation of five republics under the inspired leadership of Bolivar. Possibly military victories were overstressed, because the schoolroom of that period, like the whole world today, was keyed to a consciousness of war rather than to a consciousness of progress. I think now that too little stress was placed on the courage and endurance it required for Columbus to keep giving the single order "Sail on!" to his men, for Pasteur to persevere with the experiments in his modest laboratory, for Lister to introduce antiseptics to the operating room, for Fulton to make a profitable steamboat, and for Bell

to make a workable telephone. But sooner or later we also heard about these achievements and others which came to pass against great odds.

The fact that from girlhood I have frequently been ill or disabled, that I have spent months in bed, that I have often been obliged to take and leave trains and ships in ambulances or wheelchairs, has not prevented me from leading a full and active life, as a housekeeper and a hostess, as a mother and eventually as a matriarch, as a writer and as a traveler. Meanwhile, over and over again, I have seen about me men and women who were surmounting far greater difficulties than those with which I had to cope. I saw Sarah Bernhardt act when an amputation had made it impossible for her to stand, but when her art had lost none of its magic; and I was present when Franklin Roosevelt rose with the help of four strong men and, supporting himself with the lectern, made the "Happy Warrior" speech in Madison Square Garden. It has been my great privilege to know the discoverers of both the North and South Poles and of radium, several of the foremost pioneers in aviation, and naval and military commanders who came through war with victory. Every one of these men and women triumphed over tremendous odds.

I am old enough to remember when people said our prostrated South could never recover from the devastation of the War Between the States and the humiliation of the Carpetbag Era; and I have lived to see Atlanta rise from its ashes and become a great metropolis, while at the same time New Orleans was resuming her proud position as the second port in the country. In Europe, I have seen even swifter revivals after both the First and Second World Wars — churches and homes and gardens rising in the midst of ruins, thanks to the inspired toil of people who were willing to work from dawn to dark and even far into the night and whose faith in the future gave them strength and courage to do so.

Since all these different types of triumph have come within the range of my own study, observation, and experience, and since they cover the period from the earliest Biblical days to the present time, I find it hard to believe that human nature will so suddenly change that it will cease to struggle against difficulties, or that this struggle will necessarily be vain. I also find it hard to believe that the world itself — that is, the world we know — will change so completely through widespread destruction as automatically to cause the futility of such struggles. I have faith that, whatever happens, the remnants of mankind will gather themselves together and, out of the wreckage of the world they knew, create another.

2

THERE are several reasons for this faith. The first and most practical is based almost wholly upon geography. This may appear, at first glance, too material for logical or suitable connection with faith, but it does not seem that way to me. We have an immense coastline, not only along the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, but along the Gulf of Mexico and the Great Lakes; and within the territory bounded by this coastline are innumerable mountains and prairies, rivers and swamps, forests and mines and quarries. Though it contains some arid regions, it is, on the whole, productive or capable of production; throughout much of the southern part, fruits and vegetables can be raised almost if not quite twelve months in the year and cattle can graze both summer and winter. And, being interpreted in terms of justified confidence, these geographical advantages mean a great deal.

They mean that, if one or two or three or four great ports were suddenly annihilated, we have many other ports with which to replace them, for even the most pessimistic prophet has never predicted that it would be possible to destroy every mile of our coastline simultaneously. (Supposing that it were, such destruction would probably create new harbors where none were before, by changing the topography of the land.) Some of these ports have already had periods of activity and prosperity, of which changing times have deprived them; a further whirligig might well restore it to them. Without the slightest mental effort, I can think of a dozen such ports — and with no further effort, I can think of a dozen more whose potentialities have never yet been realized. It would, indeed, be a horrible catastrophe if one or more of our major coastal cities were demolished; but it would by no means represent the end of our national life or even of our international trade relations.

What is true of the coastal cities is correspondingly true of our great industrial centers and of our Capital. Because certain places are now identified with the production of motorcars, or steel, or farm machinery, this does not mean that other places

could not also produce them — indeed, in some instances, others are already producing them, though their output is not as well known as that which has been longer on the market. (A year or so ago, I visited a factory, of which I had never heard before, which specializes in farm machinery. It is located in a very small town and it is not even on a main railroad; but its products are already eagerly sought in Madagascar!) And Washington has not always been our Capital. (In fact, it has already been demolished once during a war, though most people have forgotten that now, which is not strange, considering what a beautiful and mighty city it is today.)

Leaving aside the question of the cities, let us turn to the countryside. This could feed itself — and the cities — for a long, long time. No blockade could even threaten us with starvation; no deadly missiles hurled from the air could destroy all the vegetable gardens and all the grazing land and all the wheat fields, or kill all the fish in the streams and lakes and all the wild fowl in the air. During World War I, the then Governor of New Hampshire, who was also a farmer and who, as it happens, was my husband, used as his slogan, "I'm planting wheat. Are you?" There had not been much wheat planted in New England during recent years, because the West had become a much more profitable, and therefore a much more logical, place for its production; but the early settlers of the Connecticut Valley raised it successfully, and the present inhabitants can, too, whenever there is any special reason why they should — as there was in 1917. My small garden in this same region — where the climate is rigorous, where planting cannot begin before May and harvesting takes place in September — provided enough vegetables for six families during World War II; if there should be a World War III — which heaven forbid! — my large garden in Louisiana could feed dozens of families, for the good earth of that state can be made productive at all times. And if my garden should be destroyed, there would still be left hundreds and thousands of others where the work could go on.

Many of them are on the fringes of swamps, many others on remote bayous. The most determined foe, with the most powerful weapons, would never find them all simultaneously; they are too cunningly hidden by nature. For this reason, men who are not accustomed to their pitfalls would find them a hard place in which to fight. Though I am not acquainted with every state in the Union, and therefore cannot speak with authority for all, I honestly believe that there is not one which either does not possess or could not contrive some special means of defense against an invader and hold him almost indefinitely at bay.

The natural advantages we possess might well be wasted if the caliber of our people were different; but, from the very earliest days, the word "Ameri-

can" has been considered almost synonymous with resourcefulness, industry, vitality, intelligence, progress, endurance, and courage. If we consent, for one moment, to admit that it might become synonymous with helplessness, indolence, desuetude, stupidity, backwardness, frailty, and cowardice, we are as false to our heritage as if we were selling our birthright for a mess of red pottage. John Paul Jones, standing on the deck of a sinking ship and shouting, "I have not yet begun to fight!" is still quoted not because he was an isolated figure, but because he was so typical of his era.

My own grandmother, as I have already remarked, firmly believed that if we had enough gumption and feared the Lord we could emulate the most heroic Biblical characters. The question as to whether we could emulate our forefathers was not even raised; it was taken for granted that we could. I still believe that we can. Indeed, I would consider it an insult to my sons and to their sons and daughters if I feared that the breed of which we come, and of which we are—I hope justly—proud, had so far deteriorated that it could not survive, whatever the odds against such survival.

What is true of my family is, I am sure, true of countless other American families. Some of these have been American for more than three centuries; others have not been American for more than three years. That is beyond the point. The point is that they are American *by choice*, that they have recognized the great opportunities and advantages of the American way of life, of American thought and American freedom. I do not believe that they can fail to recognize, for long, the obligations which are so closely allied to these or fail to develop, if they do not already possess, the characteristics which make it possible to fulfill the obligations. In the swamps and in the cities, in the mountains and on the plains, beside the sea and in the deserts, American men and women have remained undaunted and indomitable. From a few straggling settlements along the shore they have spread over a continent; out of thirteen insignificant colonies has come a great nation. As Anne O'Hare McCormick has observed, though we have stumbled sometimes in going forward, we *have* gone forward just the same.

I believe that we can continue to do so. It is only where there is no vision that the people perish; and though our vision is sometimes obscured, so that we not only stumble but fall as we grope our way along, thus far it has never failed us. As long as we have vision, I do not think that any earthly power will ever be strong enough to stop that forward march of ours, and I see no reason to suppose that it would be part of the Divine Will to do so. We may be sorely tried, we may be called upon to undergo great tests and make great sacrifices, to accept temporary humiliation and temporary defeat. But there would be nothing new in any of that. It is likewise all part

of our heritage. Only lately has the theory gained ground that everything should be comfortable and secure and effortless; this theory would be well lost. So would the habit of assuming that our many past national triumphs and personal successes have now given us the prerogative of unearned invincibility in the future; this habit, in my opinion, is more dangerous than any peril that threatens us from without, for no such invincibility exists or ever did or ever will. If we are to keep our freedom and our safety we must continue to deserve them. And we will not deserve them if we are false to any part of our heritage.

This brings me to the third reason why I have faith in our future. Another part of our heritage is our feeling about religion, and the way we put this feeling into practice. As far as I know, ours is the only nation which came into being because men and women were willing to leave the lands where they lived and voyage over dangerous seas to parts unknown—in order that they might have freedom to worship God in what seemed to each different group the true spirit of holiness. *And they exercised this freedom.* They prayed while they worked and fought. The Puritans who landed on Plymouth Rock, the Quakers who founded the City of Brotherly Love, the Catholics who knelt at the first Mass in Maryland, all did so with one supreme guiding purpose which safeguarded all their other guiding purposes, and it was this which gave them the strength to persevere.

Within the last decade, history has, in a sense, repeated itself, as thousands of Jews have sought and found in our country the unquestioned right to interpret and follow the Torah as their fathers did. Their prayers are now mingled with many others rising in our land. And the power of prayer is so great that no one has ever been able to estimate its limitations, if indeed there are any.

It was the apostle Paul, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, who first spoke of faith as a shield. "Stand therefore . . . having on the breastplate of righteousness and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace; above all, taking the *shield of faith* wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." He pictured his ideal soldier as wearing a breastplate of righteousness, and as being shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace—not, it is worth observing, as wearing a breastplate of malignancy, or as being shod with the preparation of the Gospel of War. But this ideal soldier was well armed just the same; he was able at need to withstand the fiery darts of the wicked; and the weapon which enabled him to do so was the shield of faith.

I believe that, with this shield and all that it represents, we too can withstand and survive the forces of evil. My faith in my country and in my people is unlimited. So is my faith in God.



The Atlantic Serial



*Success came swiftly to F. Scott Fitzgerald, and it was the tragedy of his life that after the popularity of his short stories and the praise he merited with *The Great Gatsby*, he did not mature to carry out the still bigger books which he saw in his mind. The causes of his failure have been sensitively analyzed by ARTHUR MIZENER in his compassionate biography, of which this is the third and final installment. He shows the loyal encouragement which Fitzgerald received from his editor, Max Perkins; his friendships with Hemingway, Edmund Wilson, and John Peale Bishop; and what Zelda and her illness meant to the novelist. The complete book, under the title *The Far Side of Paradise*, will be published by Houghton Mifflin on February 1.*

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: A BIOGRAPHY

by ARTHUR MIZENER

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IN the spring of 1924 Fitzgerald and Zelda suddenly decided that their life in Great Neck was impossible, financially and socially, and that they would go to France and "live on practically nothing a year." They were escaping, Fitzgerald thought, "from extravagance and clamor and from all the wild extremes among which we had dwelt for five hectic years, from the tradesmen who laid for us and the nurse who bullied us and the couple who kept our house for us and knew us all too well. We were going to the Old World to find a new rhythm for our lives, with a true conviction that we had left our old selves behind forever — and with a capital of just over seven thousand dollars." They would find, as Fitzgerald knew all too well by the time he wrote that, that they could not so easily leave their old selves behind, but for the moment they were full of optimism.

By June they had found a satisfactory place to live at St. Raphaël, a large and handsome place with extensive gardens called the Villa Marie. There they settled for the summer. They bought a Renault "à six chevaux," Fitzgerald grew a mustache and gradually surrendered to the French barbers' idea of how his hair ought to be cut, and they soaked in the sun long hours on the beach. For a while things went along so well that Fitzgerald wrote Perkins optimistically, "We are idyllically settled here and the novel is going fine — it ought to be done in a month. . . ." They were planning to go home in the autumn when *Gatsby* was finished.

But in July there was a serious crisis in their lives. When they had first come to St. Raphaël they had met a French aviator by the name of René Silvé. He was a dark, romantic fellow with a classically handsome profile and curly black hair and he almost immediately fell deeply and openly in love with Zelda. This was a familiar experience for Fitzgerald though he never altogether accustomed himself to it. But when Zelda in her turn began to show an interest in Silvé it was another matter. The affair came to a quick and violent climax and, apparently after one or two noisy and undignified scenes set off by Fitzgerald, René departed.

The effect of this experience on Fitzgerald was enormous. He had given himself completely to his feelings about Zelda, and if those feelings changed during the course of their marriage, he never imagined that he loved her less or she him. He had never acquired the twenties' habit of tolerating casual affairs. He remained all his life essentially the boy who was shocked as an undergraduate by his classmates' casual sex life. Sexual matters were always deadly serious to him, a final commitment to the elaborate structure of personal sentiments he built around anyone he loved, above all around Zelda. His attitude was the attitude of *Gatsby* toward Daisy, who was for him, after he had taken her, as Zelda was for Fitzgerald, a kind of incarnation. "The emotions of my youth," he said, "culminated in one emotion," his feeling for Zelda. It was the damage done to this structure of senti-

ments which was most disturbing in the Silv  affair.

A month after the crisis he noted that they were "close together" again and in September that the "trouble [was] clearing away." But long afterwards he wrote in his Notebooks: "That September 1924 I knew something had happened that could never be repaired."

By some odd quirk Fitzgerald found that this crisis scarcely affected his ability to work. "It's been a fair summer," he wrote Max Perkins. "I've been unhappy but my work hasn't suffered from it. I am grown at last." That last sentence was one he was to repeat half hopefully and half ironically for the rest of his life. In August he had gone on the wagon and begun to get a great deal of good work done on his novel. Early in November he sent it off to Scribner's, though he was anxiously revising almost up to the day of publication; he was particularly dissatisfied with Chapters VI and VII. "I can't quite place Daisy's reaction," he wrote Perkins. As late as February 18, 1925, he cabled Perkins, HOLD UP GALLEY FORTY FOR BIG CHANGE. This change involved cutting five or six pages from the heart of the quarrel between *Gatsby* and Tom and rewriting the whole passage.

Meanwhile Zelda had been reading *Roderick Hudson* and as a result they decided to spend the winter in Rome. Fitzgerald wrote a *Post* story as quickly as he could after dispatching the novel, in order to provide ready money, and they got away about the middle of the month. It was not a happy winter. Fitzgerald was in a state of tension after three months of hard work on his novel and there were unresolved difficulties in their relation left over from the previous summer. It was not until after Christmas, when Fitzgerald again went on the wagon, that they were at peace. "Zelda and I," Fitzgerald wrote John Bishop, "sometimes indulge in terrible four day rows that always start with a drinking party but we're still enormously in love and about the only truly happily married people I know." They clung hard to this conviction and made it true for themselves. But they hated Rome. They were always cold and they never could habituate themselves to the petty thievery which they found was a standard part of all relations with landlords, waiters, and taxi drivers in Italy.

In January both Fitzgeralds were sick and they decided to go to Capri to recover. Scott merely had grippe and was soon better but Zelda had a painful attack of colitis which she could not shake off. She was, with periods of temporary improvement, ill for a full year with it.

Fitzgerald himself was full of optimistic talk about starting a new novel, especially to Perkins, whom he always imagined he deceived more than he did about his periods of idleness; he did almost nothing during this spring except to worry about Zelda's illness and about the reception of *Gatsby* and,

in his anxiety, to drink more heavily than, as he knew, he should. He was behind financially, as he always was after a spell of working on a book; he had borrowed to the limit against the expected royalties on *Gatsby* and owed Reynolds three stories, only one of which he actually got written during the spring.

The reception of his novel worried him most; he had committed all his forces in it and he realized that he was now old enough to be judged without qualification for his youth. He had made a supreme effort with *Gatsby*; it was for him a test case of whether, in spite of his popularity and the critics' hesitations about his earlier work, he could develop into a good novelist. As he waited, therefore, for its publication he became more and more nervous, not simply over whether it would be a financial success but over whether it would be considered good by the people whose judgments he respected.

Just before *Gatsby* was to appear — publication date was April 10 — they decided to return to Paris, driving north from Marseilles in their car (the car, as usual, broke down, at Lyons, and they went the rest of the way by train). April 10 caught them in the south of France and Fitzgerald, his anxiety now beyond all reason, cabled Perkins on April 11, less than twenty-four hours after publication, ANY NEWS.

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EARLY in May, 1925, the Fitzgeralds reached Paris and there they rented an apartment at 14 rue de Tilsitt for the rest of the year. SALES SITUATION DOUBTFUL, Perkins cabled about *Gatsby*. EXCELLENT REVIEWS. The sales continued to be, by Fitzgerald's standards, mediocre, though the reviews were the best he had ever had. By the time *Gatsby* was published, his debt to Scribner's was something over \$6200; by October the sales were just short of 20,000 copies, a sale slightly below what would have covered this debt. By February a few thousand more copies had been sold and the book was dead.

Fitzgerald had written Bishop, "We want to come back but we want to come back with money saved and so far we haven't saved any." He had hoped *Gatsby* would make him the kind of money he wanted. This was to hope for a miracle, but Fitzgerald was an optimistic young man and events had conspired, by producing a series of brilliant successes for him, to convince him that if he did his best he would attain fame and fortune. Such expectations were a part of the pattern he had been brought up on, and if he had outgrown much of his upbringing, he had not lost his conviction that money in large quantities was the proper reward of virtue.

He showed his usual mixture of na vet  and insight about this attitude. From the day he announced he would be satisfied with a sale of 20,000

copies of *This Side of Paradise* he had continued to assume that a novelist should get very large returns for his work. "If," he wrote Perkins about *Gatsby*, "[my next novel] will support me with no more intervals of trash I'll go on as a novelist. If not I'm going to quit, come home, go to Hollywood and learn the movie business . . . there's no point in trying to be an artist if you can't do your best." This is a sensible statement — Fitzgerald knew what he could command in Hollywood — except that Fitzgerald's idea of "support" is fantastic. His writing, even without the "trash," had supported him more than adequately up to this time. Omitting what he got from everything that might be thought trash and including only his novels and the six best short stories he had so far written, he had averaged between \$16,000 and \$17,000 a year during his career as a writer (his total income from 1920 to 1924 inclusive was \$113,000, a little better than \$22,500 a year).

This income ought to have supported them, and Fitzgerald knew it. "I can't reduce our scale of living," he continued in his letter to Perkins, "and I can't stand this financial insecurity. . . . I had my chance back in 1920 to start my life on a sensible scale and lost it and so I'll have to pay the penalty. . . . Yours in great depression." But why did he feel his chance had been lost at the start? A man who intends to be a serious writer in the twentieth century knows that he will be lucky to average a quarter of Fitzgerald's income over a lifetime; and it is hard to believe anyone could be so subject to extravagance that he would have to sacrifice his whole career to it, especially when he is a man — as Fitzgerald was — powerfully driven to succeed in that career and at the same time tortured — as again Fitzgerald was — by debt.

The answer to these questions lies in Fitzgerald's imaginative involvement with wealth and in the way its effect was reinforced by the belief in "airing the desire for unadulterated gaiety" which he and Zelda shared. It was difficult enough that Fitzgerald's imagination drove him to try to live like a man of inherited wealth and that their extravagance and inefficiency always made that life cost more than it needed to. It was worse that, until tragedy struck them, they sought innocently and sincerely for that "orgiastic future" that haunted *Gatsby*. Fitzgerald's imagination saw the meaning of their experience. No one will ever improve on *Gatsby*'s attempt to imitate the life of inherited wealth or his devotion to the "orgiastic future" as a commentary on Fitzgerald's life. And his imagination could realize and evaluate this attitude because he was committed to it in practice. His financial dilemma was more than the penalty he paid for having failed to start his life on a sensible scale; it was what he paid for the theme of his finest work.

Fitzgerald later described this summer of 1925 in

Paris as one of "1000 parties and no work"; he was worried about his drinking. It was easy to make a joke of it, as Hemingway, of whom they were beginning to see a great deal, did in *The Torrents of Spring*: "It was at this point in the story, reader, that Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald came to our home one afternoon, and after remaining for quite a while suddenly sat down in the fireplace and would not (or was it could not, reader?) get up and let the fire burn something else so as to keep the room warm." Fitzgerald was beginning to be drunk for periods of a week or ten days and to sober up in places like Brussels without any notion of how he had got there.

But the time was not all spent like that. There was a scheme according to which Fitzgerald and Hemingway and Dean Gauss met once a week for lunch and discussed some serious topic, setting the topic for the next meeting at the end of each session so that they could prepare themselves. Fitzgerald also had the satisfaction of *Gatsby*'s critical reception. In addition to the handsome reviews, he got many personal letters of great enthusiasm. "It is just four o'clock in the morning," Deems Taylor wrote him, "and I've got to be up at seven, and I've just finished *The Great Gatsby*, and it can't possibly be as good as I think it is." Similar letters came from Woolcott and Nathan, from Cabell and Seldes, from Van Wyck Brooks and Paul Rosenfeld. Even better were the letters from Willa Cather and Mrs. Wharton and T. S. Eliot; these overwhelmed the Fitzgerald who stood in awe of distinguished writers: he got the Gausses out of bed at one in the morning to come over and celebrate Willa Cather's letter. The letter from Mrs. Wharton, with its modesty and its informed comments on the book, meant more to him than all the others, for Mrs. Wharton was a remote and awful figure to the young rebels of Paris.

In the fall Owen Davis had made a dramatic version of *The Great Gatsby* and on February 2, 1926, it opened at the Ambassador Theatre in New York, with James Rennie as *Gatsby* and Florence Eldridge as Daisy. ". . . as it was something of a *succès d'estime*," Fitzgerald wrote Harold Ober of the play, "and put in my pocket seventeen or eighteen thousand . . . I should be, and am, well contented." The play's success also made possible the sale of *Gatsby* to the movies, from which Fitzgerald received \$15,000 or \$20,000 more. These windfalls were welcome, for during 1925 and 1926 his total production was seven short stories and a couple of articles.

16

DURING this winter of 1925–1926 Fitzgerald devoted himself to getting Hemingway recognized. At least a year earlier he had recommended Hemingway to Perkins's attention; now he started to work on all his friends. Glenway Wescott has re-

called how Fitzgerald urged him to do something to help Hemingway's career.

He thought I would agree that *The Apple of the Eye* and *The Great Gatsby* were rather inflated market values just then. What could I do to help launch Hemingway? Why didn't I write a laudatory essay on him? With this questioning, Fitzgerald now and then impatiently grasped and shook my elbow. There was something more than ordinary art-admiration about it, but on the other hand it was no mere matter of affection for Hemingway. . . . I was touched and flattered by Fitzgerald's taking so much for granted. It simply had not occurred to him that unfriendliness or pettiness on my part might inhibit my enthusiasm about the art of a new colleague and rival.

It did not inhibit Fitzgerald, who hastened to write his own laudatory essay, "How to Waste Material," for *The Bookman*.

Hemingway had just finished *The Torrents of Spring* and had completed the first draft of *The Sun Also Rises* (the final draft was ready in April). His publishers, Boni & Liveright, were embarrassed by *The Torrents of Spring*: Sherwood Anderson was one of their most valuable authors, and *The Torrents of Spring* is a parody of Anderson. But they did not want to lose *The Sun Also Rises*, and Hemingway would be legally free to take it elsewhere if they rejected *The Torrents of Spring*. It is hardly surprising that Boni & Liveright were convinced Hemingway deliberately wrote *The Torrents of Spring* as part of a plot, devised by him and Fitzgerald, to free him from them. In the end, however, they decided to reject Hemingway's parody.

Fitzgerald had certainly hoped the matter would work out this way, but there is no reason to suppose Hemingway wrote the book for this purpose. "[Ernest's] book," Fitzgerald wrote Perkins, "is almost a vicious parody on Anderson. You see I agree with Ernest that Anderson's last two books have let everybody down who believed in him—I think they're cheap, faked, obscurantist and awful."

This was Hemingway's motive. "I have known all along," he wrote Fitzgerald, "that they could not and would not be able to publish it as it makes a bum out of their present ace and best seller Anderson. Now in 10th printing. I did not, however, have that in mind in any way when I wrote it." When Boni & Liveright finally rejected *The Torrents of Spring*, Hemingway turned down offers from several other publishers and signed with Scribner's.

Though the feeling between them later became less friendly, Fitzgerald never lost his deep admiration for Hemingway's talent; he paid generous tribute to it in "Handle with Care": ". . . a third contemporary had been an artistic conscience to me—I had not imitated his infectious style, because my own style, such as it is, was formed before

he published anything, but there was an awful pull toward him when I was on a spot." As soon as Hemingway had signed with Scribner's Fitzgerald began to fuss over his work like a maiden aunt. He was particularly worried about *The Sun Also Rises*, and Hemingway took to teasing him about his own plans for *The World's Fair*.

The Fitzgeralds came back to America in December, 1926, with the intention of settling down and living a more orderly life, so they started off by visiting Fitzgerald's parents, who were now living in Washington, and Zelda's family in Montgomery. Early in the new year, however, Fitzgerald got a chance to fulfill his old threat to go to Hollywood and learn the movie business; John Considine of United Artists asked him to come out to do a "fine modern college story for Constance Talmadge" ("one of the hectic flapper comedies, in which Constance Talmadge has specialized for years," the newspapers called it). After some jockeying Fitzgerald agreed to go for \$3500 down and \$8500 on the acceptance of the story, for they needed the money too much to refuse the offer even if it was likely to interrupt their program of orderly living.

There was a whirl of parties, night clubs, and practical jokes. At a tea of Lois Moran's Fitzgerald made himself what one gossip columnist described as "conspicuous by [his] presence" by collecting watches and jewelry from the guests and boiling the whole collection in a couple of cans of tomato soup on the kitchen stove.

When Fitzgerald finally completed his story for Constance Talmadge it was rejected. "At that time," he said years later, "I had been generally acknowledged for several years as the top American writer both seriously and, as far as prices went, popularly. I . . . was confident to the point of conceit. Hollywood made a big fuss over us and the ladies all looked very beautiful to a man of thirty. I honestly believed that *with no effort on my part* I was a sort of magician with words. . . . Total result—a great time and no work. I was to be paid only a small amount unless they made my picture—they didn't."

As soon as the script was finished the Fitzgeralds left Hollywood. It was reported that they stacked all the furniture in the center of their room at the Ambassador, put their unpaid bills on top of it, and departed; when they got on the train they crawled on their hands and knees the length of the car to reach their compartment, to escape inconspicuously. . . . BOOTLEGGERS GONE OUT OF BUSINESS COTTON CLUB CLOSED ALL FLAGS AT HALF MAST . . . BOTTLES OF LOVE TO YOU BOTH, Lois Moran wired them.

17

THE orderly life, which had been in abeyance during these months, was now revived. With the help

of Fitzgerald's college friend, John Biggs, they found a beautiful old Greek-revival mansion outside Wilmington called Ellerslie. Fitzgerald settled down to an honest struggle to complete his new novel. He was realistic enough to warn Perkins against any publicity about it, but wired him: EXPECT TO DELIVER NOVEL TO LIBERTY IN JUNE. They made an effort to become a part of the social life in Wilmington and, as they always did when they tried, they charmed everyone and were soon firmly established there.

But Ellerslie did not work out very well. Under the stress of the accumulated disorder of their lives their personal relations were deteriorating into what Fitzgerald later called an "organized cat and dog fight." Their social success in Wilmington was the signal for that destructive impulse which was the product of Fitzgerald's unhappiness to assert itself, and he began to be rude to people.

As a part of their struggle for tranquillity they had their parents come for visits. Zelda spent two busy months building a marvelous dollhouse for Scottie, their little girl, now six years old; she made a set of charming lampshades decorated with *découpages* of all the houses they had ever lived in; she painted the garden furniture with decorative and ingenious maps of France. They celebrated Christmas, 1927, with an elaborate tree. Fitzgerald put himself on a drinking schedule, though there were occasions like the one where, having made a friend a cocktail and asserted he was not drinking, he idly poured himself a glass of gin and drank it off and then said with evident surprise: "Did I just drink a glass of gin? — I believe I did."

He had done a good deal of work on his book during the summer of 1927. He was full of optimism and talked confidently of how what he was now calling *The World's Fair* would "before so very long begin to appear in Liberty." The work, however, petered out during the fall, and when Perkins inquired in February, Fitzgerald wrote in despair: "Novel not yet finished. Christ I wish it were!" Work came to a complete stop when they decided to spend the summer of 1928 abroad.

Their immediate reason for going was Zelda's dancing. She had determined suddenly to become a ballet dancer and, almost from one day to the next, had taken to dancing with an intensity which, as one of their friends said, was like the dancing madness of the middle ages. She began to go to Philadelphia two or three times a week to study with Catherine Littlefield and would come home to practice several hours a day in the living room, which was cleared for the purpose. There was something peculiar about this extreme concentration on dancing and Fitzgerald afterwards said that looking back he thought he could trace evidences of her insanity at least as early as 1927, when she had begun to show a number of disturbing signs, such as going through long periods of unbroken silence.

They arrived in Paris in a haze of alcohol, without reservations or plans. A friend who met them finally got them a place to stay — it was not easy in Paris the summer of 1928. Scottie, who was excited by Paris, kept pointing out the sights as they drove through the city but neither of them was capable of responding. The summer was like that. Twice Fitzgerald wound up in jail. Zelda was starting to take lessons with Egarova and they quarreled over her dancing, for there was some drive in Fitzgerald to destroy her concentration. He appeared unable to endure Zelda's successful — if neurotic — display of will when he felt that self-indulgence and dissipation were ruining him. "It is the loose-ends," as Zelda said long after, "with which men hang themselves."

Just before they returned to America they had a bitter quarrel during which unbelievable charges were made by both of them. This quarrel led to a break between them which was never really repaired. Late in September, "in a blaze," as Fitzgerald said, "of work & liquor" (he was trying to finish up "The Captured Shadow" for the *Post*), they came home to Ellerslie. "Thirty-two years old," Fitzgerald wrote in his Ledger, "and sore as hell about it." They were broke, though Fitzgerald's income — including a \$6000 advance on his novel — had been \$29,737 in 1927 and was running close to that in 1928.

Back at Ellerslie Fitzgerald tried to settle down to his book. In November he wrote Perkins that he was going to send him two chapters a month of the final version until, by February, he would have sent it all. "I think this will help me get it straight in my own mind," he said; "— I've been alone with it too long." The November chapters were sent, and probably the December ones; but that was all. Four years later he asked Perkins to return "that discarded beginning that I gave you. . . ."

In the spring of 1929 their two-year lease on Ellerslie ended and, writing the whole thing off as a bad investment, they set off for Europe once more. Fitzgerald explained to Perkins that he could not work in Delaware but that, once abroad, he would finish the novel by October.

He became more difficult as he became more unhappy over his inability to get control of himself. He understood their trouble, but this knowledge only made his predicament more painful to him. He fancied that people were beginning to avoid him and that there was even in Hemingway's attitude a certain coldness. He took to brooding darkly over compliments until he had persuaded himself they were ironic and insulting. On the strength of a remark of Gertrude Stein's comparing "his flame" with Hemingway's, he wrote Hemingway a belligerent letter about his air of superiority. Hemingway replied with painstaking care.

Fitzgerald's attitude throughout his quarrels with Hemingway shows how extensive the breakdown

in his discipline was and how embittered he had become. In his suffering he struck out, blindly and unreasonably, at the people and things that mattered most to him.

18

IT WAS a heartbreaking time for Zelda too; she had been encouraged about her dancing that summer and she had reached the time when she ought to have been getting some professional offers. It was the moment of success or failure. All winter she kept hoping the people who came to the studio were emissaries of Diaghilev ready to offer her at least bit parts in one of his ballets; and each time they turned out to be people from the Folies Bergères "who thought they might make her into an American shimmy dancer." In February, "because it was a trying winter and to forget bad times," they took a sight-seeing trip to Algiers.

When they got back to Paris from their trip, Zelda, fighting off the knowledge of failure, went back to dancing harder than ever. She appeared frighteningly tensed up. Early in April, at a large luncheon at their apartment in the rue Pergalese, she became so nervous for fear she would be late for her dancing lesson that an old friend offered, in the middle of luncheon, to take her to it. In the cab she was badly overwrought, shook uncontrollably, and tried to change into her ballet costume as they drove along. When they got into a traffic jam, she leapt out and started running. This episode was so disturbing that Zelda was persuaded to stop her lessons for a rest. But she soon returned to them, and, on April 23, she broke down completely.

At first in her illness she would not see Fitzgerald at all, carrying over into her hallucinations many of the fantastic suspicions which had been a growing part of their quarrels from as far back as the fall of 1928. This suspicion of him gradually faded out. But her general condition did not improve; there were long periods of madness interspersed with periods of relative lucidity throughout the summer. During the calmer times she painted a little and wrote a great deal, producing a libretto for a ballet and three short stories. There is something at once pathetic and frightening about the persistence of her will to produce during this period.

When Zelda did not improve, Fitzgerald decided to take her to Switzerland, where, he was told, the finest psychiatric care in Europe was to be had. They went to Montreux, where a number of specialists were called in; they agreed on the diagnosis of schizophrenia. Fitzgerald was told that out of every four such cases one made a complete recovery, and two made partial ones. But there followed a summer and fall of dreadful anxiety; with no letup except for a single hour in September, the terrible hallucinations and the violent eczema which characterized Zelda's case continued through 1930, and

Fitzgerald remembered with special horror "that Christmas in Switzerland" when Scottie came on from Paris and he tried to make it gay for her. There is a faint echo of what Zelda must have gone through in her description of Alabama's delirium in *Save Me the Waltz*.

Apart from fortnightly trips to see Scottie, who had been left in Paris with a governess in order that her education might not be interrupted, he stayed close to Zelda in Switzerland most of the time. "[Nervous trouble]," said Zelda with that simple courage which characterized her attitude toward her illness, "is worse always on the people who care than on the person who's ill." It was Fitzgerald's nature to feel deeply the suffering of the person he most loved. Moreover, despite the doctors' assurances that Zelda's trouble went back a long way and that nothing he could have done would have prevented it, Fitzgerald had a deep feeling of guilt about it. He knew how much he was to blame for the irregularity of their lives; he knew what he had contributed to that "complete and never entirely renewed break of confidence" which had occurred in Paris in 1928; he knew — however unreasonable Zelda may have been about her dancing — how much harder he had made it for her. When the doctors told him that he "must not drink anything, not even wine, for a year, because drinking in the past was one of the things that haunted [Zelda] in her delirium," they were the voice of his own conscience.

Late in January, 1931, Zelda got well enough to spend whole days out skiing, and Fitzgerald's hopes that she was "almost well — really well" rose. She continued to improve until by spring she was able to travel a little. Toward the end of the summer they ventured farther, to Munich and Vienna. By September Zelda was well enough to go home, and they motored — "that is, we sat nervously in our six horse-power Renault" — to Paris and sailed for America, where they went to Montgomery with some idea of settling down quietly there. For a month or so they played golf and tennis and house-hunted, and Fitzgerald, as on all such homely occasions, found life dull.

When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer asked him to do a revision on a script of Katherine Brush's *Red-Headed Woman*, he was glad to go to Hollywood.

While Fitzgerald was in Hollywood, Judge Sayre died. At first Zelda seemed to take the shock well, but her father was important to her and his death was bound to affect her gravely. The first sign of trouble was an attack of asthma. Fitzgerald took her to St. Petersburg hoping the climate might help her, but she grew worse, and then, at the end of January, she broke down mentally again. This breakdown was a stunning blow to them. They had fought hard to believe Zelda was really well and their personal relations had recently been much happier. By this time he had read enough about

schizophrenia to know that each attack made a final recovery less likely. He was a long way from giving up, but he was frightened and depressed.

He took Zelda to Baltimore for treatment and returned to Montgomery to await word from the doctors. A little more than a month later — it was written in six weeks, mostly while she was in the hospital — Zelda sent Perkins the manuscript of her novel, *Save Me the Waltz* (“we danced a Wiener waltz, and just simply swep’ around”). Like everything else she wrote, it was a brilliant piece of amateur work written at remarkable and disturbing speed. A suspicion of Scott — the result of that fierce desire to succeed on her own and outdo him which haunted their devotion — made her send the book directly to Perkins.

Zelda did not improve, and that spring Fitzgerald moved himself and Scottie from Montgomery to Baltimore. Here they settled down as near Zelda as possible.

19

ALL this disappointment and suffering had its effect on Fitzgerald. His drinking increased, and it made him subject to fits of nervous temper and depression and less capable of providing the regular life Zelda needed. It also affected his work, for in spite of his attempts to persuade himself then, and later, that he could work only with the help of gin, he was as inefficient as most people when he had been drinking.

Yet in spite of these handicaps, he managed to make a home and a life for the three of them in the intervals when Zelda was well enough to leave the sanitarium. He was fighting to save Zelda and to save himself, for the two things seemed to him inextricable. Over and above his love for Zelda and his desire to save her, he had invested too much of his emotional capital in the relation he and Zelda had built together to be anything but an emotional bankrupt if that relation failed. “I should,” said one of the people who knew him best at this time, “have felt he was much more to blame [about Zelda] if he had grown a little bored by, or indifferent to, her tragedy . . . than if he had grappled with it daily, and failed, as he did. No one could watch that struggle and not be convinced of the reality of his concern and suffering. He was, of course, a man in conflict with two terrible demons, — insanity and drink . . . but he appeared to be giving blow for blow; there was hope in him and flashes of confidence.”

It was a dogged fight, with many lost battles, a last stand of the Fitzgerald who had believed that “Life is something you dominated if you were any good.” In the end he lost both his objectives, and he knew for all his “flashes of confidence” how desperate the battle was.

He got down at last to steady work on his novel,

Tender Is the Night. The evidence suggests that the version of the novel he had projected about 1929 and had got some work done on was now drastically revised again.

He wrote Perkins in January, 1932. “I am re-planning [my novel] to include what’s good in what I have, adding 41,000 new words and publishing. Don’t tell Ernest or anyone — let them think what they want.” That supercilious Hemingway ghost who spent all his time thinking Fitzgerald would never write seriously again was a projection of his own conscience with which he haunted himself; it was one of his sharpest spurs. “Am going on the water wagon from the first of February to the first of April,” he wrote Perkins a little later, “but don’t tell Ernest because he has long convinced himself that I am an incurable alcoholic. . . .” Like this one, many of Fitzgerald’s fantasies began to get nearer the surface at this time and to threaten to intrude on his daily life.

But his book was going so well that in momentary enthusiasm he wired Perkins: THINK NOVEL CAN SAFELY BE PLACED ON YOUR LIST FOR SPRING. Zelda’s third breakdown ended this hope.

In spite of illness and alcohol, Fitzgerald got the manuscript of *Doctor Diver’s Holiday* to Perkins the following October. He distrusted a title with the word *doctor* in it because he thought it might frighten readers off, but he did not think of *Tender Is the Night* until just before the novel began to run in *Scribner’s Magazine*, and even then its adoption was delayed because Perkins thought it had no connection with the story. But Perkins was enthusiastic about the book.

By now serious financial difficulties were beginning to accumulate for him. With his decline in popularity as the proletarian decade got under way and with his concentration on the writing of *Tender Is the Night*, he turned out only nine stories in 1932 and 1933 — six in the first year and three in the second. As the depression became more serious, the prices for his *Post* stories began to fall from the old \$4000 to \$3500 or \$3000 and, occasionally, to \$2500. His book royalties in these years totaled \$50. The result was an income less than half what it had been in 1931, and this includes over \$5000 in advances on *Tender Is the Night*. From this time until he went to Hollywood in 1937 Fitzgerald continued to fall behind financially.

Unwilling to give up hope, Fitzgerald was still trying to help Zelda, and whenever he could would take her from the sanitarium for long walks. One warm spring day, as they were sitting under the trees, Zelda, hearing a train approaching on a nearby branch line, leapt up and started to run toward it to throw herself under it. Fitzgerald caught her just short of the embankment as the train passed. With the increase of such dangerous impulses they tried, on the advice of the doctors, a sanitarium in upstate New York. But Zelda only grew worse

there and in May had to be brought back to Baltimore in a catatonic state.

For the next six years, except for brief periods of relative stability, she was confined to various hospitals and gradually, along with his other hopes, Fitzgerald began to give up his belief in her eventual recovery. "I left my capacity for hoping," he said, "on the little roads that led to Zelda's sanitarium." Little by little he evolved an attitude which would protect him against the terrible temptation to believe in her reasonableness and to try to persuade her to be well. "Zelda," he kept telling himself, "is a case, not a person." For the rest of his life, however, he kept having to fight this battle over again, for the psychological wrench involved in writing off the investment of love and happiness and effort they had both made in their relation was more than he could ever quite manage.

Through all this, he was struggling with the proofs of *Tender Is the Night*. Sick — he was more and more in the hospital now for two or three days at a stretch getting himself straightened out — and tired as he was, the proofs seemed to him endless. But he finally fought his way through them and *Tender Is the Night* was published on April 12, 1934.

Fitzgerald waited anxiously for the reviews of *Tender Is the Night*. It was not just a matter of being taken seriously or even of making money now. It was a question of his ability to believe in himself. When the character of the reviews and the sales — *Tender Is the Night* sold around 13,000 copies — became clear, his morale dropped lower than it ever had before. This was the biggest battle he had lost yet.

He was working now in a nightmare of discouragement about his writing and of despair about Zelda — she grew worse rather than better all year — and of worry over finances. In June he spent what he called "a crazy week in New York" and collapsed when he got home. He was in the hospital for some time, got out in July, and then had to go back again. He was beginning to find himself in dangerous financial straits. "The bills really begin," he noted in his Ledger in July; in September it was "Finances now serious" and in November "Debt bad."

20

EVER since he had got into financial straits, Fitzgerald had thought of trying to get to Hollywood again. During 1936 he had worked to find a job there, and in August he got an offer to go out and do a story "of adolescents around seventeen." The contract was to be for four weeks at \$1500. Because of a bad shoulder he had to refuse, but by the following April he had another feeler. In June, 1937, the arrangement was completed. He was to go to MGM for six months at \$1000 a week with an option for twelve months more at \$1250. This option was in due course picked up.

Since one of his main motives for going to Hollywood — though not the only one — was to pay his debts, the first thing he did was to make an arrangement with his agent, Harold Ober, to do so. His plan was to deposit his salary with Ober, who would then give him \$400 a month, to support himself, keep Scottie in school and Zelda in the sanitarium. The rest was to be set aside for taxes and payments against his debts to Ober and Perkins and, later, Scribner's. These debts amounted, according to his own estimate, to something like \$30,000 at the time. He maintained substantially this arrangement until his debts were paid.

But though the clearing of these "terrible debts" was very important to him, he also felt something of the old fascination of Hollywood and the old desire to conquer it. It was a place that he had never got the best of. It was this feeling of excitement that stayed with him, so that when he was making jottings for *The Last Tycoon* he reminded himself of "my own fears when I landed in Los Angeles with the feeling of new worlds to conquer in 1937. . . ." And it was with this ambition to conquer that he tackled his job. He spent much of his spare time having pictures run off for him and studying other writers' scripts, and he kept a file of notes on the pictures he had seen. As late as November, when he had finished a revision of *A Yank at Oxford* and was hard at work on *Three Comrades*, he called himself "a semi-amateur" at movie construction ("though I won't be that much longer"). He was determined, this time, to do a good job, to give everything he had. For a while he kept completely sober, and as long as he was under contract to MGM he only went on an occasional bust.

In April, 1938, they ran into censorship trouble over *Infidelity* and, with most of a good and difficult script already done, Fitzgerald had to drop it. It was never revived. For the duration of his contract with MGM he worked on *The Women* and *Madame Curie*. Because of his disappointment with his movie work he began to think of his writing again.

He had not got a screen credit for his work on *The Women* and he had been replaced on *Madame Curie* after two months. Thus, as he came to the end of his contract, he had not had a credit since *Three Comrades* and the contract was not renewed.

The summer of 1939 was for Fitzgerald a struggle against illness and financial troubles. He was unable to get a job in pictures until September, when he worked — unsuccessfully — for a week at United Artists on *Raffles*. "I am so tired of being old and sick," he wrote a friend about the outbreak of the war; "— would much rather be a scared young man peering out over a hunk of concrete or mud toward something I hated. . . ."

But toward the end of the month he got himself together and went to work on the novel for which

he had been planning and making notes for more than a year. *Collier's* had shown real interest in the idea and had agreed to pay him \$25,000 or \$30,000 for the serial rights if he would submit fifteen thousand words that they liked.

The possibility that he might be financially able to devote six months to a novel and be released from the drudgery of dull movies was wonderful to him, and his mind began to work in the old way to focus and arrange the host of impressions of Hollywood which had, since 1932, been gathering in the back of his mind like the elements of a myth. The hundreds of pages of notes for *The Last Tycoon*, from which Edmund Wilson made a selection for his edition of the book, constitute an inexhaustibly perceptive portrait of a place and time which is far richer than the relatively small portion of these notes Fitzgerald got organized in the six chapters of the novel he completed before he died. They show how intact his talent was and how much it had matured, for all his physical and nervous exhaustion.

He went to work with all the energy he could muster. By the end of November he had completed six thousand words — probably the first chapter — and asked Littauer for a decision. It was very little to go on and Littauer wanted to DEFER VERDICT UNTIL FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF STORY. But Fitzgerald was in his usual financial difficulties — he had borrowed money in order to send his daughter to Vassar. He cut off negotiations with *Collier's* abruptly and wired Perkins: PLEASE RUSH COPY AIR MAIL TO SATURDAY EVENING POST. . . . I GUESS THERE ARE NO GREAT MAGAZINE EDITORS LEFT. . . . But like *Collier's* the *Post* wanted more to go on, and there was no more, so that nothing came of this plan either.

He worked on the novel as steadily as he could until April, when he took another movie job. By that time he had worked out in some detail nearly all of the six chapters which were completed at his death.

He finished the movie script, called *Cosmopolitan*, at the end of June; there was a month and a half of revising and dickering to see if Shirley Temple could be interested in the part of Victoria (the Honoria of the story), and then the script was shelved. Except for some minor doctoring jobs, this was the last picture Fitzgerald did.

Though Fitzgerald had been working steadily through the summer, he had not been well, and he began drinking again as soon as *Cosmopolitan* was completed. He was far from well even when he was not drinking. With the money he collected from his picture work in September and October, he was able to devote himself to his novel and he determined to finish it.

Late in November he had a serious heart attack — how serious is shown by the fact that almost for

the first time in his life he belittled instead of exaggerating an illness. "I'm still in bed but managing to write and feeling a good deal better. It was a regular heart attack this time and I will simply have to take better care of myself," he wrote Scottie. He stopped drinking altogether, and, spending most of his time in bed, got down to hard work on *The Last Tycoon*. He knew exactly what he wanted to do: "I want to write scenes that are frightening and inimitable. I don't want to be as intelligible to my contemporaries as Ernest who as Gertrude Stein said, is bound for the Museums. I am sure I am far enough ahead to have some small immortality if I can keep well." Much of the actual writing of the book must have been done at this time.

But whether he could have fulfilled the promise of this beginning we can never be sure. Like so much else in his life, his heroic effort to finish his last novel came too late; and the luck which might have kept him alive until he had finished was not with him. He had predicted to Perkins in the middle of December that he could complete a first draft by January 15, and at the rate he was going he might have done so; on December 20 he completed the first episode of Chapter VI. The next day he had a second, fatal heart attack.

Not long before he died Fitzgerald scribbled on an odd scrap of paper a few imperfect lines for a poem he never got time to finish. As if conscious to the last of a need to tell his story, he was writing his own epitaph.

Your books were in your desk
I guess and some unfinished
Chaos in your head
Was dumped to nothing by the great janitress
Of destinies.

The novel he wanted so desperately to complete was unfinished; the reputation in which he found his justification was only a faint echo (all his life he saved clippings about himself; at the end there were only a few scattered sentences from *The Hollywood Reporter* to be clipped). And he was, he knew, dying. Like Gatsby, who felt that if Daisy had loved Tom at all "it was just personal," Fitzgerald loved reputation, the public acknowledgment of genuine achievement, with the impersonal magnanimity of a Renaissance prince. His aim was to give that chaos in his head shape in his books and to see the knowledge that he had done so reflected back to him from the world. He died believing he had failed.

Now we know better, and it is one of the final ironies of Fitzgerald's career that he did not live to enjoy our knowledge. A decade after Fitzgerald's death, more of his work is in print than at any time during his life, and his reputation as a serious novelist is secure.

(The End)

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

THERE once was an American actor who, after many successes and thousands of matinees in which he was the idol, decided to build himself a place of retirement on a bluff overlooking the Connecticut River. The spot he chose was of great natural beauty, but the actor, long accustomed to illusion, preferred an atmosphere less American and more medieval. He commissioned his architect to build a ruined castle; the bricks would be laid in the antique way, the arches and fenestration carefully copied; the living quarters would be artfully concealed on the ground floor, and the whole pile disguised in ivy. The masonry, when finished, of course looked a little raw, but this it was believed would soon be effaced by the ivy which had tentatively begun to take hold. The only unconsidered factor was the rain: as the thunderstorms rumbled down the valley they proved that the new old ruin was not waterproof. In fact it leaked like a sieve. The architect, hastily summoned, recommended a pouring in of hot paraffin to fill the chinks, but this in turn was too much for the ivy, which lost its foothold, and so for a time the ruin stood as naked as a play pen. The moral of this story is that one cannot be sure of recapturing the past.

Most Americans with a strong sense of heritage do not want to build ruins; they would rather preserve the few good landmarks that survive. They want to preserve the Adams Houses in Quincy, the Old Manse in Concord, the Wayside Inn in Sudbury, the Gracie Mansion in New York, the Newcomb Tavern in Dayton, the Alamo in San Antonio, and the Mission at Santa Barbara. Here in Boston we want to keep the magnificent brick houses of Beacon Hill — what Francis Henry Taylor has described as a “national trust” — from being torn down for modern apartments, and we have in our Trustees of Public Reservations a resourceful group of vigilantes who fight to keep the past alive.

There is another minority equally intent on preserving the past, which for them is the wilderness. In the macadam suburban New Jersey where I grew up, there were a few small pockets of wilderness — Salem Dam, Bunnell's Pond, Kean's Woods, and the ridge above the Baltesrol. Each spot held enough to stir the imagination of a Boy Scout, second class, and down in the lower reaches of the Barnegat, in the piney woods, were stretches which in 1910 seemed to me as primitive as the year 1. In Massachusetts, my adopted state, where fishing has brought me into ever increasing sympathy with Conservation, I have come to realize the truth of what Aldo Leopold said so well: —

“There are some who can live without wild things, and some who cannot . . . wild things were taken for granted until progress began to do away with them. Now we face the question whether a still higher ‘standard of living’ is worth its cost in things natural, wild, and free. For us of the minority the opportunity to see geese is more important than television, and the chance to find a pasqueflower is a right as inalienable as free speech.

“These wild things, I admit, had little human value until mechanization assured us a good breakfast, and until science disclosed the drama of where they come from and how they live. The whole conflict thus boils down to a question of degree. We of the minority see a law of diminishing returns in progress; our opponents do not.”

Here in the Bay State I have watched the fight to set aside the Plum Island Reservation, that superb sanctuary for wild fowl, which was for some time opposed by the unreasonable realtors and the contrary-minded. (The ducks would do immeasurable damage to the clamming was one of their pet arguments!) I have looked forward to surf-casting from Monomoy Point, that sea-blown sandy spit now a federal preserve, and I am one of many indebted to Sam Hoar, who converted an inland marsh of a thousand acres in Concord into the Great Meadows Reservation.

A Commonwealth, if it is to preserve a modicum of wild life and of hunting and fishing for its citizens, needs gifts as intelligently conceived as this. It needs the farsighted management of its marshlands; it needs the depollution of its streams, a campaign yet in its infancy; it needs the picnic grounds and fishing streams of Willowdale, which once was the private estate of Bradley Palmer; it needs the forests of Quabbin — the watershed area of reservoirs are ideal for camping; it needs the steady introduc-

tion of new preserves — our newest are Birch Hill and Miller's River — which will provide shooting and fishing for the public and which will revert to wildness under intelligent state management. The Commonwealth also needs an oncoming generation who will swell our minority, boys in their early teens who have worked for part of the summer in the Massachusetts Sportsmen's Junior Conservation Camp. But that is another story and one I shall discuss in detail next month.

True to life

It was Henry Thoreau who more than any other American changed our attitude toward the out-of-doors, and since his day American authors have played a leading part in the new field of nature writing. According to Marjorie Nicolson, mountains at the end of the seventeenth century were usually described as "horrid" — that is, tending to arouse horror. A century later they were "sublime"; and then as the Romantics came on the scene they were "picturesque." But it was Thoreau who really took us out into the open and who with his two disciples, John Muir and John Burroughs, led the way for a new school of writing, perceptive, minutely — not sentimentally — observant, and alive with the sense of participation. *Great American Nature Writing*, Selected and with Commentary by **Joseph Wood Krutch** (Sloane, \$5.00), shows how far we have gone along these new trails; it is for me the most pleasurable anthology of the winter.

"I spend a considerable portion of my time," wrote Thoreau, "observing the habits of the wild animals, my brute neighbors. By their various movements and migrations they fetch the year about to me. Very significant are the flight of geese and the migration of suckers, etc., etc. But when I consider that the nobler animals have been exterminated here — the cougar, panther, lynx, wolverine, wolf, bear, moose, deer, the beaver, the turkey, etc., etc. — I cannot but feel as if I lived in a tamed and, as it were, emasculated country."

Well, here they are: the keen-eyed and keen-eared writers to make us aware of the wild life not yet, thank heaven, exterminated from our hemisphere. Wendell and Lucie Chapman to tell us of the martens which they fed and camped with; G. Murray Levick, who writes the most rollicking and delicious account of penguins I have ever read; Roy Bedichek, the Texas naturalist, who considers man's feeling for domestic animals; Henry Beston to show us the power of the surf on Nauset Beach; Will Cuppy to make us ashamed of all things stuffed; Charles D. Stewart (whose best work appeared in the *Atlantic*) to spin a fascinating web about Chicago spiders; Gustav Eckstein and his canaries; William Beebe to measure a Yard of Jungle, Donald Culross Peattie and Admiral Byrd, and William Morton Wheeler, a resourceful company admirably

introduced to us by Mr. Krutch in his Prologue and in his skillful commentary. Good to be in touch with so much life in a year when death stalks the imagination.

Enchanted island

Times when the mainland gets almost too hot to hold us it is tempting to think of an island offshore where one might find a community dedicated simply to the art of living. Such an island **Rumer Godden** has conjured out of the Indian Pacific in her romantic Maxfield Parrish novel, *A Breath of Air* (Viking, \$3.00). The island Mānoa, rechristened Terraqueous, is ruled over by a Mr. van Loomis who was formerly the Earl of Spey: here with his infant daughter, when death had cheated him of his wife and when his brother had cheated him of his estates; here with a magic and absolute authority the natives respected, he developed a tropical paradise, hidden and delightfully self-sufficient. Into this hideaway drift Valentine Doubleday, London's glamorous young playwright, and McGinty, his pilot: their plane has run out of gas and they arrive on the scene in the midst of the courting season when Charis, the daughter now grown, is for the first time lonely for eligible white suitors.

The romance which follows is sweet to the taste and not hard on the intelligence. The island life is depicted in charming detail. It is amusing to see Valentine, the sophisticate, tricked by van Loomis and humbled in his courtship of the candid and discerning Charis. It is soothing to believe that natives anywhere could be as gentle and as willing as these on Terraqueous. This story of Miss Godden's casts a pretty spell; it lulls the imagination with its picture of languorous living where every pleasure is available and where nothing is for sale. It adds little, in fact I think it detracts from the savor of the fantasy, to say that she is following the pattern of *The Tempest*, for that comparison is not to Miss Godden's advantage.

Criminals from the inside

My Six Convicts by **Donald Powell Wilson** (Rinehart, \$3.50) is something new in Americana. It is a study of the underworld, racy and idiomatic; it is an eye-opening account of federal penitentiaries before and after the reforms of 1930; it is a biography of six colorful criminals whom Dr. Wilson came to know, to analyze, and eventually to salvage.

A trained psychologist, in the early 1930s he was given a leave of absence from his college teaching and sent to Fort Leavenworth Penitentiary to begin three years of research in the relationship between drug addiction and criminality. Thanks to the penal reforms, a great change was then sweeping through our twenty-nine federal penitentiaries — sweeping out the almost incredible brutality which had been prevalent, and in its place installing light, clean cells, good bedding, and for the hospital the newest elec-

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... from what I have read of this book (*One Winter in Boston*, by Robert Smith, President of the Magazine Institute), Mr. Smith should immediately quit presidenting, which can be done well by millions, and get down to writing, since good writers are few indeed."

—CHARLES DRISCOLL

"*New York Day by Day*"

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trical equipment and the best medicos the United States Public Health Service could enlist.

Doc Wilson was first known as the Squirrel Guy: the grapevine said he had come to "bug 'em," and the prisoners were wary; they wanted no part of his tests, they thought he was a stool pigeon. From the windows in his basement office early in his stay the Doc saw how swift retribution could be. A group of prisoners in the prison yard drifted by and suddenly the knot separated and one of them collapsed. He had been stabbed six times and fatally, but the guards who came running could never find the knife.

Doc Wilson wore a white coat and the Warden told him that coat was essential to his protection. But more essential was the confidence which he gained among the prisoners, six of whom he chose for his staff of assistants. His converts were Connie, the prison photographer, a safecracker in for six years, who had previously served time in Sing Sing, Joliet, San Quentin, and Atlanta; then Punch (Baby Face) Pinero, Public Enemy No. 4, with something like forty murders chalked up to him and his goons. Connie and Punch passed the word, and others began to apply for duty in Doc Wilson's office in the hospital. So he tested and picked his men. King, the counterfeiter; Scott, the Southern college graduate, taking the rap for his girl; Gibbs, who didn't know his own strength; Ross, the engineer and dope fiend — these were his assistants. With their experience and his knowledge he tested the new narcotics as fast as they arrived. Now, after a passage of time and with protective disguise, Doc Wilson has written his remembrance of "my world as they saw it and their world as I saw it," a book which is fast reading, very masculine, authentic all the way.

The clocks that wouldn't run

The Thirteen Clocks (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50), which James Thurber calls "a fairy tale for grown-ups," was written, so the author tells us, in Bermuda, where he had gone to finish another book. It is much in the manner of *The White Deer*, but not nearly so successful as that enchanting work. Yet it has the promise and some of the ingredients of good entertainment. It gets off to an enticing start; the illustrations by Marc Simont are so delightful that you race ahead. The plot is the classic one of the young prince who comes in disguise to woo the beautiful princess and who is set to a series of impossible tasks, at which all her suitors heretofore had failed. The geese ate them when they failed, but not Prince Zorn: he knew the hat trick. Yet it was in this account of the Prince's achievement that I got lost. There are too many unexplained incidents, too much coincidence, too many coy tricks of language, too many metaphysical hints about time, sorrow, laughter, love. I felt as if I were reading without a key or as if I were listening to a fanciful uncle who had talked too long.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

The East: The Gay and the Serious

EAST OF HOME by *Santha Rama Rau*. (Harper, \$3.00.) The daughter of India's first Ambassador to Japan writes a happy interpretive chronicle of a year's adventure in Japan, China, Bali, and Southeastern Asia.

THE UNITED STATES AND JAPAN by *Edwin O. Reischauer*. (Harvard University Press, \$4.00.) The author, who was born in Japan, speaks the tongue, and who has been long resident there in his maturity, gives a fair, authentic picture of Japan past and present, of her national character and psychology, and of the recent successes and failures under the MacArthur regime.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS translated by *Sir Richard Burton*. (Chanticleer, \$3.00.) Most of us know the "Arabian Nights" only through the Bowdlerized version for children. This new unexpurgated selection from Burton's 16-volume translation has vastly more savor and is a far cry from erotica. Amusing illustrations.

NIGHTRUNNERS OF BENGAL by *John Masters*. (Viking, \$3.00.) This novel, a Literary Guild selection, is an exciting if slightly Hollywoodish tale of love and desperate adventure during the Indian Mutiny of 1857.

Letters: The Gentlest Art

LETTERS OF RICHARD WAGNER edited by *John R. Burk*. (Macmillan, \$10.50.) Some 850 unpublished letters from the jealously guarded Burrell Collection. The correspondence with Wagner's first wife, the material on the operas, and the comments on art, music, politics, and philosophy make this a significant addition to our knowledge of Wagner.

F.D.R.: HIS PERSONAL LETTERS edited by *Elliott Roosevelt*. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 2 vols., \$10.00.) In F.D.R.'s case, the voice at the mike was mightier than the hand with the pen. Even so, his correspondence from 1928 to 1945 is a fascinating self-portrait, full of revealing sidelights on history and intriguing trivia, human and humorous.

THE LETTERS OF EZRA POUND, 1907-1941, edited by *D.D. Paige*. (Harcourt, Brace, \$5.00.) These letters are mostly about the arts, written to Santayana, Eliot, Mencken, Hemingway, and others, by a brilliant, humorous, exasperating mentor before he became (as Mark Van Doren puts it) "permanently beyond reach."

Music and the Stage

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW MUSIC by *Nicolas Nabokov*. (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.50.) Impudent, refreshing, and lyrical is this study of Diaghilev's workshop, Prokofiev before he went into captivity, Stravinsky as he composes in California, Balanchine the choreographer, and Koussevitzky in the Berkshires. An artistic, highly amusing autobiography.

BEHIND THE GOLD CURTAIN by *Mary Ellis Peltz*. (Farrar, Straus, \$2.50.) The temperamental story, with its financial undertones, of the glamorous Metropolitan Opera (1883-1950), with thumbnail sketches and striking photographs of the immortal Nordica, Melba, Caruso, Farrar, Chaliapin, and the contemporaries.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW by *Edmund Fuller*. (Scribner's, \$2.00.) This compact, sensible discussion of Shaw's plays and thought is one of the soundest items in the vast literature on the late maestro of paradox.

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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



Books such as Barbara Ward's *Policy for the West* (Norton, \$3.75) and Hamilton Fish Armstrong's *Tito and Goliath* (Macmillan, \$3.00) are a steadying counterpoint to the sour nihilism of the wailing crew, whose theme song is that U.S. policy has never done a right thing, and who irresponsibly incite us to blame most of the world's ills on Tom, Dick, or preferably Harry. With Mr. Armstrong, the distinguished editor of *Foreign Affairs*, and Miss Ward, until her recent marriage one of the editors of the London *Economist*, we are in the world of unfailingly rational discourse, in which issues are seen in their full complexity and there is more to history than just the errors of Western diplomacy.

Those errors are not minimized, nor is the extremity of our situation. But Miss Ward's book reminds us that the West, since its belated stiffening against Russia, has impressive accomplishments to its credit — for instance, the triumphant results of the Marshall Plan (pre-war production standards have been surpassed almost everywhere in Western Europe, often by 25 per cent); the setback to Communism in Italy and France and its defeat in Greece; the acceptance of momentous new concepts of economic coöperation within the Atlantic community of nations. Mr. Armstrong, for his part, discloses just how gravely Russia has been troubled by the Titoist heresy, and he finds that the State Department has displayed notable astuteness in its dealings with Tito since his apostasy.

West, East, and Tito-land

Policy for the West, while unequivocally rejecting appeasement, starts out from a premise not as widely taken for granted today as it was a few years ago: namely, that atomic warfare can have no other outcome but "ruin and sterility." The only remaining alternative, Miss Ward believes, is a policy of "containment," but a dynamic one — a strenuous mobilization of all the West's resources in support of a program designed to create conditions of such strength and stability in the free world as to make Communist aggression suicidal. This much sounds commonplace, but Miss Ward's survey of the situation is full of arresting facts and arresting reasoning, and the far-reaching program which she blueprints is a bold and enspiriting one. *Policy*

for the West seems to me the most impressive book of its kind that has appeared since talk about the "cold" war started.

The crucial objection to a policy of containment has been that the resources of the West — that means principally the United States — are unequal to the tremendous commitments involved. The crux of Miss Ward's thesis is that we underestimate our own strength and resiliency. A dynamic industrial economy such as this country's has a "built-in" capacity for growth, and Miss Ward is convinced that not only can it meet vastly greater demands, but that in so doing it will — as happened in World War II — actually gain in vitality and create economic conditions more favorable to its own continued health.

An ambitious policy of containment (including massive aid to Asia and other "backward areas") would require, Miss Ward estimates, a 20 per cent expansion of the Western allies' economy. Professor Sumner Slichter, she notes, has calculated that, *without special stimulus*, the U.S. economy will expand roughly 10 per cent in the next two years. Between 1946 and 1950, total output in the U.S. has increased at an annual rate of about 5 per cent, and even the infinitely weaker economies of Western Europe "tell something of the same tale." The additional upsurge called for would not be as great as the U.S. and Britain achieved in 1941 and 1942.

Miss Ward discusses in detail anti-inflation measures; the Atlantic Pact; Europe's progress toward and growing pains over Western Union; Britain's "acute economic myopia" in not joining the Schuman Plan; and the practical measures necessary to forge a stable framework for a free economy embracing the non-Communist world. She also deals — though much less forcefully — with the spread of Communism in the Far East and the chances of encouraging Asiatic nationalism as a counterbalance. Her book repeatedly stresses the urgency of improving our moral showing on the propaganda front. A visitor from Mars, she says, would conclude that *we* are the arid materialists and that our enemies are the idealists who will make the deserts bloom. "An idea," she warns, "has never yet in human history been defeated by no idea at all."

The most menacing challenge that has arisen to the Stalinist idea is trenchantly explored in *Tito and Goliath*. Mr. Armstrong visited Eastern Europe last year and talked with Tito. His admirably written account of Belgrade's rebellion and its repercussions throughout the Communist world makes a fascinating and encouraging story, which, incidentally, has its quota of grim humor — when Stalin let fly at Tito, he took on a star graduate of his own academy of propaganda.

Tension between Tito and Stalin actually originated as far back as the beginning of Tito's re-

sistance to the Germans. Moscow promised help but gave none, and Tito was outspoken in his complaints. His first strong suspicion that Russia's interests overrode all else in Stalin's mind was aroused, ironically, by instructions to seek an entente with Mihailovitch; Russia's position was then so precarious that Stalin was worried about antagonizing the Western powers.

The fact Stalin overlooked when he decided to purge Tito for independence was that Yugoslav Communism was very largely Tito's own creation, and that Tito's aides, though zealous revolutionaries, looked to him and not Stalin as their leader.

Russia's attacks on Tito as a "nationalist deviationist" quickly boomeranged. A good many Party members in Eastern Europe felt that Tito's brand of Communism was "purer" than Stalin's. The wave of ferocious purges which Mr. Armstrong describes has been effective, he says, as intimidation; but conditions may provoke fresh stirrings of revolt.

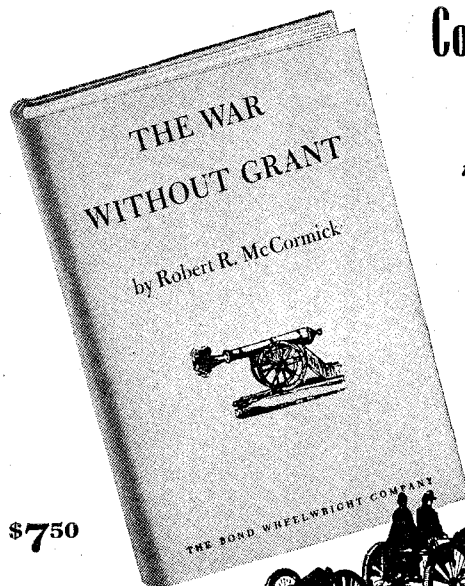
Individualism remains strong in Poland, where the population is almost entirely Catholic. All of the satellites resent Russia's ruthless economic exploitation; and Stalin's insistence that collectivization be pressed forward spells a formidable battle with the peasantry in a group of countries where (except for Czechoslovakia) the peasants are the backbone of the nation. Mr. Armstrong points out, too, that past political statements made by Mao Tse-tung have been tinged with the selfsame heresies as Tito's: Yugoslav officials suggested to him that Stalin precipitated war in Korea largely to widen the gap between Peking and Washington and so heighten Mao's dependence on Moscow. What all this adds up to is that, since the Cominform's expulsion of Tito in June, 1948, the very thing which Stalin most fervently wanted to avoid has grown and spread — "a heresy with a general and lasting appeal."

Duo

Within the past sixteen months, all five novels which England's pseudonymous **Henry Green** wrote during the forties have been brought out in this country, the latest arrivals being *Caught* (Viking, \$3.00) and *Concluding* (Viking, \$3.00). Green's highly original books — poetic, ironic, colloquial, and tinged with a curi-

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There are two new books we want especially to recommend this month to readers of *The Atlantic*. Both are written by *Atlantic* authors: one by a writer whose works have already won him fame in the United States as well as in his native England; the other by a young American writer who is a comparatively recent *Atlantic* discovery.

* * * * *

If you are one of those who have enjoyed the novels and stories of **H. E. Bates** — and his international audience is very large indeed — you will be fascinated by his new novel — **THE SCARLET SWORD**. Mr. Bates has never written a better book; many readers consider it his best. **THE SCARLET SWORD** tells a story of violence and redemption, love and death, suffering and faith that cuts across all denominations straight to the heart of human experience.

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* * * * *

POOR COUSIN EVELYN, by **James Yaffe**, is a very different kind of book. Mr. Yaffe's people all live in New York City on the West Side, but they will be instantly and lovingly recognized by readers everywhere.

James Yaffe transmits his own understanding and affection for people with humor, warmth, and compelling intensity. This is his first book, and **POOR COUSIN EVELYN** marks the beginning of a serious writing career. "For a young writer, James Yaffe seems to me to be unusually mature in his attitudes," writes Harry Scherman, Chairman of the Board of the Book-of-the-Month Club. "In these stories he has applied some of the gentle irony and rueful humor with which Chekhov portrayed the Russian bourgeoisie to the unique society of New York's well-to-do Jews. He writes acutely, with a warm and kindly perception of their special frailties and problems."

* * * * *

For sheer reading pleasure, we recommend:

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by H. E. Bates. \$3.00

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ously detached tenderness — have the same underlying theme: the impact of disruptive change. *Loving, Back*, and *Nothing* subtly accented the individual's capacity to work out some sort of "solution" to the problem of happiness in a distracted world. In *Caught* and *Concluding*, the coloring is rather sinister, the motif is dissolution — and still Green's slyly ironic humor is very much in evidence.

Caught deals with a unit of the London Auxiliary Fire Service during the phony war and the beginning of the Blitz. Through the eyes of Roe — a rich widower, awkward in the rough company that war has pitched him into — we see the disintegration of subofficer Pye, a peacetime fireman raised to unexpected authority; we see the general loosening of standards under the stress of war, the coarsening of Roe himself, and — in counterpoint to this over-all motif — the dazed heroism of the Auxiliaries when the big raids begin. Against a surface tone of harassment and strain, touched with the excitement of wartime license, the real horror in which everyone is caught suggests itself in lurid flashes — the madness of Pye's sister, Pye's anguished discovery of incest, and the glimpses of London at night blazing with great fires.

Of the five Green novels I have mentioned, *Concluding* makes the severest demands on the reader. The time is some future date when England has been more drastically regimented; the setting is a young girls' State School for training civil servants; and the action takes place on the day of the annual ball. This story of Green's is like an uncomfortable dream, through which run mysterious currents of evil. A famous old savant, Mr. Rock, fearing he will be evicted from his cottage on the School's estate, worries for the future of his grown-up granddaughter, who has broken down through overwork. The two witchlike Principals brood as to how they can get rid of Rock, to them a disturbing relic of the bad old days when life was not tidily encompassed by "Directives."

The book gets under way with an incident which disturbingly reverberates throughout the day — two girls have disappeared into the woods; it winds up with the ball and throbbing overtones of sexuality, as Green enchantingly depicts the pupils, all in white, sensuously whirling to waltz tunes in each other's arms. Nothing is settled but there is a conclusive

sense of dissolution. In Mr. Rock we see the civilized man on the verge of being suffocated by Organization; and his shattered granddaughter is the image in which the schoolgirls' loveliness is soon to dissolve as they graduate into drudges of the soulless brave new state.

C'est la guerre

The new novel by **Jean-Paul Sartre**, *Troubled Sleep* (Knopf, \$3.50), is the third installment of the tetralogy, "Roads to Freedom." Characters from the previous volumes reappear, but the novel is an independent unit. The action of the first two-thirds takes place during the three days following the fall of Paris, and Sartre makes some use of the kaleidoscopic technique with which he dramatized the Munich crisis in *The Reprieve*: the story shifts from New York to the exodus from Paris, from the war zone to Marseilles. The last section covers several weeks in a German prison camp.

The novel's animating theme is the existentialist idea that man is free only when he "engages himself," commits himself resolutely to a course of action: the man who drifts along complacently or has lost the will to act is merely a *thing*; is guilty of surrendering what makes him human. *Troubled Sleep* dramatizes Sartre's belief that the French had sunk into a kind of paralysis and were in effect accomplices in their own defeat. The book echoes throughout the words which Charles Péguy's Joan of Arc utters in a similar moment of extremity: "We are accomplices in this [and so] we are the authors of this. . . . He who commits a crime at least has the courage to commit it. When you allow the crime to be committed, you have the same crime — and cowardice, too. . . . There is everywhere infinite cowardice."

France's moral collapse in 1940 is suffocatingly objectified in *Troubled Sleep* — in the eagerness of soldiers who have not fired a shot to hear that the government has capitulated; in the pleasure with which the repulsive pervert, Daniel, sees the young Nazis riding into Paris; in the abject cheerfulness with which a group of prisoners look forward to life "as usual" under the Germans; in all the shoddy rationalizations that were to become the gospel of collaboration.

It is a tribute to Sartre's gifts that the novel's atmosphere is so squalid and oppressive. But as usual he is

rather unsuccessful in projecting the "optimistic toughness" of his ideas — the virtue, so to speak, of action. The schoolteacher, Mathieu, and his company are rallied by an officer and die fighting heroically. The young Russian, Boris, who has been living off an aging night-club singer, decides to escape to England to continue the war. The Communist, Brunet, starts building the spirit of resistance among his fellow prisoners. These, presumably, are the "roads to freedom." But Sartre does not manage to make them much more inspiring than the highway to defeat.

Reference shelf

Jean-Paul Sartre is one of the 10,000 new entries in the second edition of *The Columbia Encyclopedia* (Columbia University Press, \$25) edited by William Bridgwater and Elizabeth J. Sherwood. Among the material added to the first edition, published in 1935, are sketches of Harry Truman, Eisenhower, Marshall, Nehru, Tito, Mao Tse-tung, and the Duchess of Windsor; articles on Israel, Indonesia, and the United Nations; on plastics, penicillin, television, rockets, and atomic energy. For a one-volume work that can be handled without muscular strain, *The Columbia Encyclopedia* is a miracle of inclusiveness. Here, to suggest its scope, are the vital statistics: 2200 pages containing 6 million words (a million more than the original edition); 70,000 items with 75,000 cross-references; 3500 new biographies of living persons.

Looking through the sketches of my favorite authors, I found some statements which seemed to me distinctly questionable; and no doubt an ornithologist, say, would feel the same about the treatment of his favorite birds. But then the *Encyclopedia* is designed to meet unspecialized needs, and this it does magnificently: whenever I have turned to it for information, I have found what I wanted — concisely and objectively put.

Another outstanding reference work I'd like to tip my hat to is *The Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology and Legend* (Funk and Wagnalls, 2 vols., \$15) edited by Maria Leach. It covers — from Aa to Zya — the gods, heroes, ogres, spells, rituals, dances, riddles, proverbs, folk tales, and myths of some thirty cultures. Aside from its reference uses, it's fascinating to dip into if you have a taste for such esoteric information

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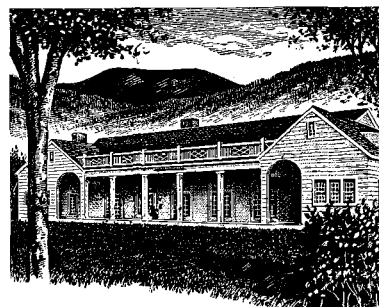
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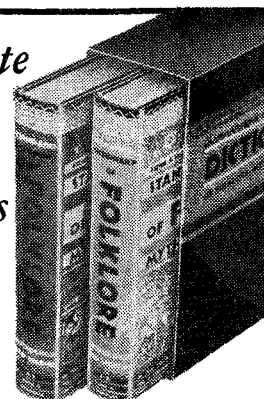
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as that the Cinderella legend started its career in ninth-century China; or that the children's rhyme, "eeny, meeny, miny, mo," probably descends from a Druid chant used to select victims for a hideous form of human sacrifice.

Potpourri

G.B.S. A POSTSCRIPT by *Hesketh Pearson*. Harper, \$2.75.

Though hurriedly thrown together, this short supplement to the author's 1942 biography of G.B.S. is very good reading and contains some worth-while addenda to the record. In the first section, Pearson describes the trials of being biographer to an incorrigible stage-manager such as Shaw, and he tells a number of anecdotes which he was not allowed to print — Shaw's memory, says Pearson, grew capricious in his old age and he denied stories about himself which were very probably true. The second half of the book covers the last years of Shaw's life; it includes some revealing details about his relations with his wife, supplied to Pearson by a lady friend of Shaw's. Pearson once asked Shaw which of his activities he expected to get the highest marks for in heaven. "If God starts giving me examination marks," said Shaw, "there will be serious trouble between us."

THE SCARLET SWORD by *H. E. Bates*.
Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.00.

A superbly executed tale of savagery and terror, fortitude and piety and love, in the mountain heights of Kashmir. In the eruption following the Partition of India, a band of murderous Pathans attacks an isolated Catholic Mission harboring some sixty people — two priests, the nuns, Hindu refugees, a British war correspondent, a British colonel and his wife, a young English girl and her mother, a nurse from Glasgow, and a dancer from the brothels of Bombay. The action, which lasts ten days, is one searing flash of violence in which the characters are brilliantly illumined. Few novelists today have Mr. Bates's combination of gifts: tremendous pace, striking characterization, and vivid powers of description.

ISRAEL WITHOUT TEARS by *Ruth Gruber*. Wyn, \$3.00.

On her last trip to Israel, Miss Gruber found the infant state "so healthy, so robust, so full of vinegar and salt," that she decided it was high time to write a cheerful book about it. Starting off with a chapter of wry Israeli jokes about the discomforts of the Promised Land — all's well in Zion, it seems, where humor is concerned — Miss Gruber turns in a breezy, unsystematic report which, if rather starry-eyed, is sometimes very eloquent and consistently interesting.

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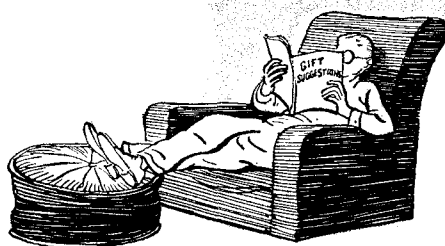
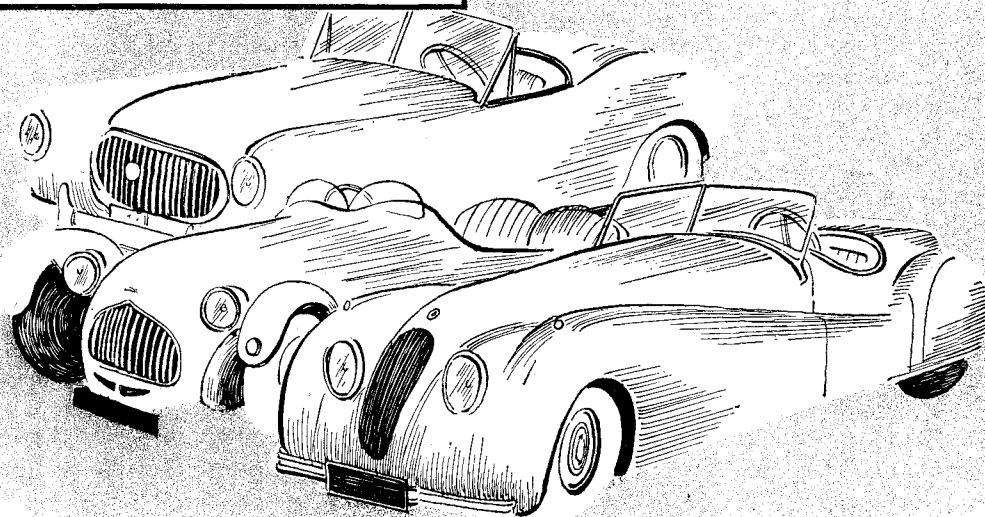
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ACCENT ON LIVING



A MINK coat costing into the thousands is not an unheard-of commodity in the United States, and the jewelers' advertisements around the turn of the year seem to bespeak a fairly rich custom for four-figure ornamentation. But most of these transactions are by the American male for the benefit of the American female. To tip the balance slightly — without any thought of reaching an equality but just to give it a lift — I suggest that there are three very interesting pieces of machinery now on the market which many a man might enjoy.

It has remained for English manufacturers to offer the American motorist high-performance two-passenger automobiles in standard production form (see "This Month," January, 1949, *Atlantic*), and events of the past year suggest that these cars are earning an affectionate following wherever they are in use. They are the Allard, model J-2, the Jaguar XK-120, and the Nash-Healey. These cars have no counterpart among American models, although the Allard consists almost entirely of components made in this country and assembled in England, with an English body, while the Nash-Healey uses the Nash Am-

THIS MONTH

bassador engine and transmission; the Jaguar is all-British. In point of phenomenal performance, with a high safety factor, there are no other cars in production anywhere else today at the price of these examples of modern sports car design.

The Jaguar 120, a somewhat more civilized conveyance than the purely functional Allard, is more fully equipped: that is, it has a concealed top, full-width windshield, luggage compartment, and its body and leather upholstery are elegantly turned out. It is powered by a six-cylinder engine of moderate size, with twin overhead cams and three carburetors, for which a maximum of 160 horsepower at 5400 r.p.m. is claimed, in relation to a total weight (with fuel, oil, and water) of around 3100 pounds. The 120 runs as quietly and smoothly as ordinary cars, yet it can attain 125-130 m.p.h. in fourth speed, 90 in

third, and around 60 in second, all with extraordinarily quick acceleration (standing quarter-mile in 17 seconds).

I incline to count the 120 as the best-looking sports car now on the market. It is solidly built, low — the highest point on the body, disregarding the windshield, is scarcely three feet above the ground — and its graceful lines achieve an eye-filling unity and correctness without an ounce of waste decorative bric-a-brac and chromium busywork.

The 120 has won enough British and Continental competitions in the past year to validate its durability, but it seems to me more a car for the highway than the racing circuit. By the standards of a large American sedan, the Jaguar XK-120 is not ideally suited to the portly, and its curved seats accommodate two, not three, adults of reasonable dimensions. Such a car is more fun for the driver than the passenger in any case. Wars permitting, there will be more of the 120's on American roads as its qualities become more widely known.

The J-2 Allard is essentially a road-racing or competition model equipped with lights and starter, and its normal

form is sans top or windshield (although both can be fitted). About the same size as the Jaguar, it is several hundred pounds lighter by reason of its small individual mudguards and its ultrasimplified sheet aluminum body. At the Le Mans 24-hour race in France last June, against the cream of British, French, and Italian competition, including many cars two and three times as costly, the Allard finished third and averaged 88 m.p.h. (First and second places went to French Talbots at 89 m.p.h. plus.) The Le Mans race, run on a highway circuit with many curves, hills, bridges, and a few sharp turns, in daylight and dark, with forty to fifty entries, is certainly the most severe production car test in organized racing today. Success calls not only for speed but equally for acceleration, powerful brakes that can stand the abnormal stresses of a 2000-mile race, and for a maximum of road-holding. In October the Allard fared even better in the annual road race at Watkins Glen, New York, winning over a robust

field at 72 m.p.h. on a course far more difficult than Le Mans.

If the J-2 Allard lacks some of the amenities of a Jaguar, in acceleration and general performance it is just about in a class by itself, certainly at any comparable price. This is largely because of its high power-to-weight ratio and its distinctive rear axle design, which is said to afford a degree of rear-wheel traction and stability on the road not often found in so light a car.

The Allard is powered with a modified Cadillac engine; and virtually all other elements in the car, with the exception of the steering gear and clutch (the clutch was described to me as a "bus clutch — very heavy") are stock Ford and Lincoln parts. Ford, Mercury, and Oldsmobile engines are optional at moderate price differentials, but the car's major successes have been with the Cadillac unit. (Incidentally, a Nash-Healey finished fourth at Le Mans.) With Cadillac's standard compression ratio, the Allard mounts 160 horsepower,

but the unit is available with a higher ratio, still not requiring special fuels but for which upwards of 225 horsepower is claimed at 5600 r.p.m. These are, of course, extremely high outputs for any production car, let alone a car so freed from excess weight as the J-2.

The Nash-Healey is substantially like the car which ran so successfully at Le Mans, but the single seat accommodates three instead of two. With a higher compression ratio affording an estimated 140 brake horsepower and a total weight of some 2300 pounds, plus an overdrive and consequent additional choices of gear ratios, this car is comfortably in the Allard-Jaguar category.

Cars of this sort are necessarily for entertainment purposes. My own view is that each is a better buy and makes more sense than the pair of garters with gold clips (\$42) advertised as a Christmas gift for The Man. What could he do with them once the elastic had worn out?

CHARLES W. MORTON

IS TOBACCO HERE TO STAY?

by BERGEN EVANS

BERGEN EVANS has written several Atlantic articles in recent years, and parts of his book, *The Natural History of Nonsense*, appeared in our pages.

THE presidents of the big tobacco companies undoubtedly have other things to worry about, but if I were one of them I would spend a little time wondering why Samuel Johnson didn't smoke. Johnson himself didn't know. "Smoking has gone out," he observed to Boswell. "Yet I cannot account why a thing which requires so little exertion, and yet preserves the mind from total vacuity, should have gone out."

It had been tremendously popular in the preceding century. Despite King James's *Counterblaste* and Tobias Venner's warning that tobacco "drieth the brain, dimmeth the sight, vitiateth the smell, hurteth the stomach, disturbeth the humours, corrupteth the breath, annoyeth the milt, scorcheth the heart and causeth the blood to be adjusted," *everybody* had smoked in the seventeenth century.

Taverns had racks of pipes just as they had racks of tankards, and ladies as well as gentlemen enjoyed their "dish of tobacco." Pepys raged, but in vain, against "the incorrigible liberty" of workmen smoking in the shipyards. Pope Urban VIII found it necessary to forbid smoking during



divine service (though Benedict XIII rescinded the prohibition, and tourists in South America may still occasionally perceive — as at Lima — a chaste spittoon beside an episcopal throne). Even the ascetic Milton never retired without "a glass of

water and a pipe of tobacco" to set his cloudy fancy going.

Then everybody stopped. Smoking just "went out," as Johnson said. The fashionable world took snuff and left smoking to such crusty eccentrics as Walter Shandy and his brother Toby. There was, no doubt, a subterranean world of smoking, just as in the United States today there is a subterranean world of snuff-taking that manages to consume more than 40 million pounds of snuff a year. But the great mass of people gave up smoking and probably knew no more than Johnson why they did.

And that is where, if I were a tobacco magnate or even (alas that I am not!) a considerable stockholder, I would begin to worry a little because, setting aside all of the blandishments of the advertisements and all the fulminations of the anti-tobacco crusaders, smoking is for most people, to a large extent, a social and psychological habit, and such things are notoriously subject to change without notice. Smoking has gone out before and can go out again. Indeed, it would be an unusual student of mass habits who would interpret the fantas-

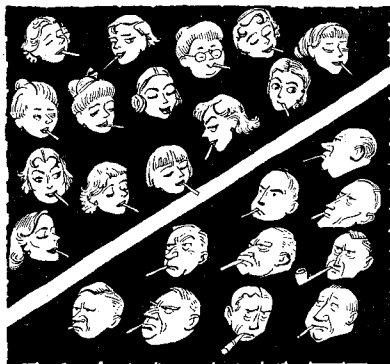
tic increase in cigarette smoking in the past forty years as an indication of anything but the *impermanence* of the habit.

Bolstered by the report that 350 billion cigarettes had been consumed in the United States alone in 1949, and cheered by the reflection that cigarettes seem to have become the basic currency in every collapsed economy (and further cheered by the fact that a lot more economies seem about to collapse), the magnate might well deem his income secure and scoff at any suggestion of a rift in the rich clouds that his customers gratefully puff around him.

But there is a rift and it could indicate a sweeping change. And that rift is that more women than men now seem to smoke in America.

A questionnaire distributed to approximately 1500 students at Northwestern University, over the past two years, reveals that 60 per cent of the girls smoke but only 52 per cent of the boys. And conversations with many high school principals in the Chicago area suggest that the proportion of girls who smoke over boys who smoke is even higher in high school than in college.

Any number of explanations can be found, of course. Girls mature earlier, and hence the comparison is not between men and women but between women and boys (and to support this it may be said that the percentages approached equality as the students progressed from the freshman to the senior year). Girls smoke to avoid overeating. Boys don't smoke because they want to be athletes. Col-



lege boys are not as well off as college girls and the cost is a more serious matter to them. And so on, and so on.

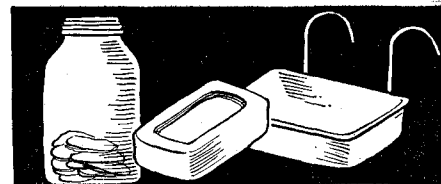
Each of these explanations probably has a degree of truth in it, but neither singly nor together do they affect the fact that more girls than boys now smoke, and it is from this

fact (if it be a fact), and not from the reasons for it, that a change may come.

For let the fact become generally known — and a slight increase in the number of women smokers will soon make it obvious — and the American male, always sensitive about his masculinity, may stampede to cut-plug or marijuana. No commodity that relies upon or hopes to obtain the patronage of George F. Babbitt or Li'l Abner can survive the blight of being thought sissy. Not till the young aviators of World War I (whose virility was beyond question) adopted them did wrist watches for men become acceptable. Umbrellas are still suspect, and no American man with hair on his chest would hesitate a moment in preferring pneumonia. And is there a he-man anywhere within the boundaries of these United States, with so much as a gonad to guide him, who would be found dead in the gay garments that Miss Hawes and *Vogue* plan for him? True, men once did wear splendid raiment — peach waistcoats, crimson velvet breeches, bunches of lace at throat and wrist, gold-trimmed hats, and the like — but that was when women stuck pretty close to black and white. When *they* took up the colors, the men fled into the shadows.

So the manufacturer who recently announced his intention of making special cigarettes in various pastel shades for the ladies had an idea. But probably a bad idea. It would only hasten the stigmatization and might precipitate the great renunciation because the majority of women (judging from the answers to the college questionnaire) begin, at least, to smoke because it is still the *manly* thing to do. Let it become the womanly thing to do and the women probably won't do it.

There are other factors, of course, that complicate the situation and make prophecy absurd. Smoking is to a large extent a response to uneasiness, and the forces that make for uneasiness are working overtime. Then it smooths over a hundred little social predicaments, fills the vacuities of life, interrupts monotony, prevents conversation from becoming too serious, justifies idleness, and discourages mosquitoes. These are solid values, not lightly to be supplanted. But all the same there is a threat — no larger at the moment than a young man's hand courteously waving away an offered cigarette, but it's there.



SOAP SAVER

by JUNE BROWN

After her graduation from the University of Maryland, JUNE BROWN did promotional and publicity work in Washington. She now keeps house for her family in Madison, Wisconsin.

MINE is a model husband, but he saves soap.

This may appear an innocuous whim, something akin to salvaging old rubber bands, but it is not. It's a process as long and complicated as knitting an Argyle afghan.

First my husband rescues all the little pieces of soap which are so elusive and annoying — particularly when they get into a drain — and puts them in a Mason jar. During these gatherings, he bears a marked resemblance to a squirrel scurrying around hoarding nuts. This goes on until we have a half jar of scraps.

The jar then contains not only expensive and perfumed toilet soaps, but also the bits left over in the kitchen. My husband is very democratic about soap.

On our soapmaking night we put all the little pieces in a pan, adding a small amount of water. We mix the soap and water and heat the mixture. We add more water and mix until we eventually have reduced the whole mess — and I use the word advisedly — to a jellylike substance. This procedure takes about two hours. Wafts of Night of Love and Sweetheart's Kiss blend with those of Rubatub, giving the effect of the intermingled odors of an arcade market on a hot Saturday night.

The jellylike mixture is allowed to cool and congeal. While it's still soft, it is shaped into two or three cakes. In the finished product are a streak of green, a streak of white, a lump of brown, a gob of blue, a smattering of pink, a large dab of gray. But there are cakes of soap large enough to use — and made from scraps!

After we have made all the little pieces into two or three large bars, they can be diminished to little pieces, and we can start all over again. Frustrating, isn't it?



LEGACY FOR THE CHILDREN

by HANNAH SMITH

HANNAH SMITH, who was brought up in the Middle West, now lives in Arcadia, California. She is the author of an amusing autobiography, *For Heaven's Sake* (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

SING the Underwear Song," we always used to beg my mother at bedtime, and Mom usually obliged. The "Underwear Song" — so named from baby Ruth's misconception of one line in the little jingle — was the private possession, so far as I have been able to determine, of our family alone. Now, with all six of us married and five of us with families of our own, the "Underwear Song" is being sung at bedtime to Ruth's children in Alaska, Willis's in Denver, Lois's in Idaho, and my brother Shel's three and my one in California.

The song, an expansion of a familiar childhood rhyme, goes like this: —

There was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.

She stood on her head
In her little trundle bed,
Nobody near for to hinder;
She fell with a whack
And lit on her back
And broke her trundle bed to splinters.

Her mother heard the noise
And thought it was the boys
Playing on the drum in the attic.
She came upstairs
And caught her unawares
And spanked her most emphatic!

Maybe it was poor child psychology, that song, but we loved it. And even today we sometimes still refer to a certain anatomical area as the "most emphatic."

My father and mother were poor, as ministers and their families often are; my father rarely had a savings account and certainly never owned securities of any kind he could pass on to his six children. But we have a legacy, my share of which has become of increasing value to me each passing year, because it is made up of familiar riches — the songs, games, stories, little family jokes, small traditions either built up by my mother or handed down to her by her mother and grandmother before her.

Each Easter, for instance, before breakfast my mother hid individual baskets of candy eggs around the living room, and without those familiar baskets (she used the same ones every year) it wouldn't have been Easter for us, no matter how eloquently my father preached later that morning.

Retelling that, it sounds too simple to be called a family tradition, and yet all of us look back on that small ritual with warm pleasure.

A friend of mine tells me that Christmas for her would be incomplete without certain fragile old tinsel and plaster ornaments that hung on the tree when she was a little girl. There is a frazzled-haired plaster angel, for example, that has always topped each Christmas tree; and the very sight of that chipped, scarred angel always brings back to her the breathless, tingling delight of those long-ago Christmas mornings. And to her children, undoubtedly, the aura of history around the figurine makes it twice as fascinating as the most expensive glittering new bauble.

"Why do you do that?" I asked another friend one day as I watched her cut a curious leaf-shaped design in the top crust of a newly made pie. She looked up, startled. "What — that? Oh, I don't know —" She put a flour-tipped finger up to her cheek and stared off into space. "Come to think of it, I believe Mama always did that. I don't know what it's supposed to be. My kids like it, though."

Every year I expect to get a certain kind of Christmas card from one family of our acquaintance. The cards, almost too obviously hand-made, have improved over the past few years, and are now much less thumbmarked.

"Merry Christmas from Hugh, Jeanie, Pauline, and Peter Waterman" says the slightly wobbly printing on the big red oblong, and I smile as I read, visualizing the little Watermans working on the cards at their

dining-room table, Pauline with her absurd horn-rimmed glasses slightly askew on her small freckled face.

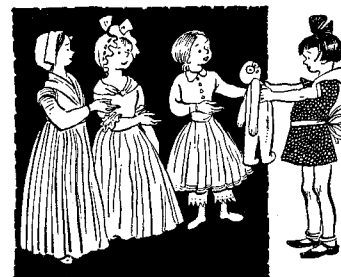
Writers and lecturers often declare that the movies, radio, comic books, and television are robbing our children of the simpler participant pleasures of an earlier day. Bitter as the truth is, they are undoubtedly right in great part.

Nevertheless, it's the very nature of children to love best that which is their very own — the panda they've always taken to bed with them as long as they can remember, the big nursery rhyme book with the baby's toothmarks on its cover, or their own chipped cup or favorite red sweater. A child's eye unerringly discerns the value of the beloved old and familiar.

"Tell me about when-you-were-a-little-girl," your children say, or "I want to hear the green turtle story."

If you want to leave your child an imperishable legacy, you might take conscious thought as to the heritage of remembered things you are accumulating for him. You can be dead sure that, while he may forget what model car he rode in when he was six, or even whether yours was a good neighborhood or not, he will never forget the singing grace before meals you taught him or the small pie you always made him when you baked a big one.

And it may be that a hundred years



from now, some other mother and child will still be treasuring the legacy — whether it be a design cut in a pie crust, a certain kind of cake on holidays, or even a silly little song about "her unawares."

HOT ROD

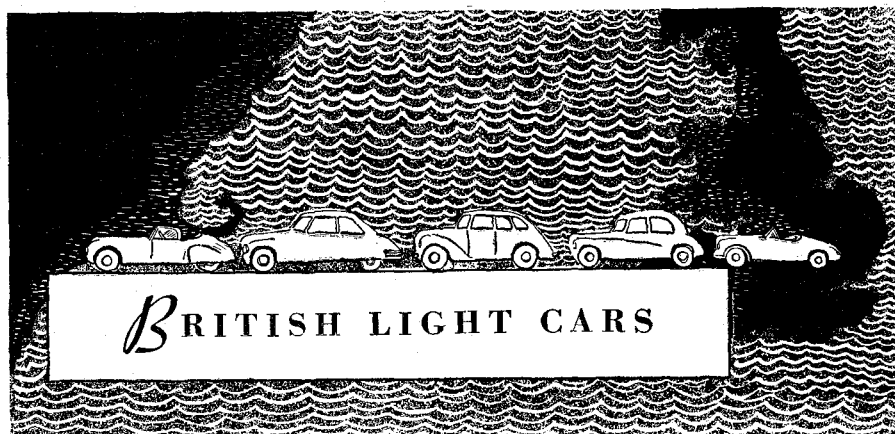
by DAVID McCORD

HITCH not your beachless wagon to a star.

Unlikely, son, that you will fare so far:

A star is such a dusty little grain,
And loftiness for you is high octane.

ACCENT ON LIVING



by DENNIS MAY

DENNIS MAY, well-known authority on British automobile design, summarizes here for the American reader the main features of the 1951 models from three of the largest English manufacturers.

YOU don't use a pile driver to sink a tee in the green. And by the same token, steadily mounting numbers of Americans and Canadians have swung over, during the past three years, to a logic-rooted appreciation of the British light car as a deputy for the family's staple automobile. The putt-length journeys entailed in domestic marketing, the social round, and the delivery of husbands to and from daily commuters' trains account for a big percentage of most American families' annual motoring mileage; and for such purposes the small English car appears to have nearly all the advantages and scarcely a disadvantage.

Gas consumption is low, as might be expected when an engine one third the size of a Ford V8's is harnessed to a vehicle weighing around 2250 pounds, including fuel, water, and oil. Under AAA observation, a strictly stock Austin A40, with two occupants together weighing 415 pounds, plus substantial baggage, made the 514-mile trip from New York to Toronto last May at an average of over 33.3 miles per U.S. gallon. An ordinary owner, driving to please himself and not to astound the AAA, may reckon on getting 27 to 30 to the gallon under typical highway conditions.

Cobby build makes for easy parking and maneuvering in traffic. A mean struck between the over-all lengths of the Hillman Minx and the Austin A40 comes out at 155 inches — 42 inches shorter than the average for low to medium priced American cars of today. Moderate frontal overhang, highish seat elevation, and close

proximity of the driver's eye to the windshield are factors giving a sense of security and command in the hurly-burly of city streets.

Try to sell a British car to an American or a Canadian and his first and most natural question is: "Yes, but what about parts?"

The answer, so far as big-scale producers like Hillman, Austin, British Ford, and the Nuffield group are concerned, is that he can set his mind at rest. The service given by small specialist manufacturers, exploiting the snob appeal of an exotic line in sport models, may leave something to be desired, and that is a risk the customer takes and presumably appreciates. But the big people, who were geared exclusively to war production from September, 1939, to VJ day, do not and will not commit the sin of sending fallible machinery across the ocean without an allocation of accurately matched parts.

Austin of Birmingham takes particular pride in its U.S. maintenance organization, and claims that any replacements order, no matter from what remote corner of the Union it may come, can be satisfied within twenty-four hours. The A40 having earned nearly 70 million dollars since its U.S. and Canadian debut just over three years ago, making it the United Kingdom's star dollar-earning manufacture, bar nothing, Austin can of course afford to operate an elaborate and far-flung parts-setup. Or perhaps one should put it another way: if Austin is to redeem its vow to hold a permanent bridgehead in the North American markets, it can't afford not to nourish the customer with abundant and ever available parts.

Today millions of Americans know the A40 and the Minx and the little Ford Anglia and Prefect by sight, but few are familiar with their main elements of design.

The A40, which has undergone no change worth recording, internal or external, since its launching in October, 1947, mounts a four-door sedan body on a cruciform-braced chassis with box-section side rails, coil springs for the knee-action front suspension, and reverse-camber laminated springs back aft. The overhead valve motor has four cylinders displacing 73.17 cubic inches and develops 40 horsepower at 4300 revolutions per minute. The four-speed synchromesh transmission, built in unit with the motor, unashamedly sprouts a long central shift lever of the type no longer fashionable, and drives the back axle through an open Cardan shaft.

With front and rear seat widths of 47 and 39 inches respectively, this Austin is hospitable to four adults but doesn't seriously bid for more. The gearshift position precludes three-somes in front, and the seat is divided down the middle and given separate fore/aft adjustment for the two halves, so a long-legged driver can, if he wishes, sit further back than his neighbor, or a short-legged one further forward.

Tread is 49 inches, wheel base 92 $\frac{1}{2}$, ground clearance 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, and gas capacity 10 U.S. gallons. With a compression ratio of 7.2 to 1, the A40 will make around 72 m.p.h. on American premium grades of gasoline, and 2 m.p.h. less on pooled British fuel. It accelerates from zero to a mile a minute in 37 seconds. Delivered price in New York is \$1539.

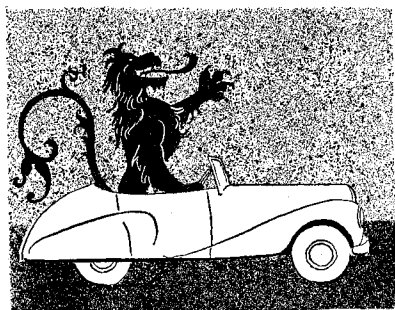
Launched a year later than the Austin, the Hillman Minx is less distinctively British in appearance, following the body form pioneered in America and copied, for better or worse, the world over. In this case the chassis and body are of integral construction and the motor has an L-head in place of overhead valves, but the transmission and springing systems repeat the Austin themes. Having 49 inches of front seat span — 2 inches more than the A40 — and its shift lever up on the steering column, the Hillman makes room for two passengers alongside the driver, if they are not too gesticulatory.

The 77 cubic inch engine yields 38 horsepower for 4200 r.p.m., gives pickup from nothing to 60 an hour in 39 seconds, peaks at 67 m.p.h. on the level, and just about matches the Austin's gas consumption. The New York delivered price is \$1495.

In the low to medium power and price field, two entirely new British

Fords stole the London automobile show last October. These cars, the four-cylinder Consul and the Zephyr six (the latter exhuming a name buried by Lincoln some years back), have not yet started to come off the line. First Consul deliveries in America are expected in March, Zephyrs following about two months later. U.S. prices are not settled at this writing, but spectacularly competitive figures are predicted. Meanwhile the little Anglia and Prefect four-seat sedans, simplest and cheapest British cars in their two classes, continue to do steady U.S. business at \$1080 and \$1215 delivered in New York.

Although unreservedly American in the styling of their slab-flanked sedan bodies, the new English Fords share practically no engineering features with the parent product. Identical in many dimensions, and only to be told apart by a small difference in frontal fencework, the Consul and the Zephyr have been schemed for optimum interchangeability of components, and thus maximum economy in manufacture and ease of servicing. Even the bores and strokes of the cylinders are uniform at 3.09 and 2.96 inches respectively; but whereas

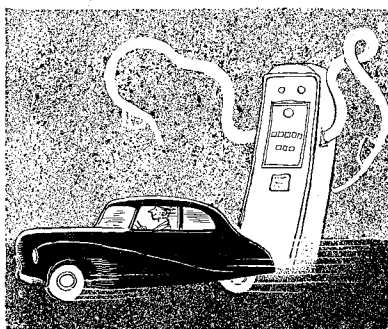


the smaller, with four cylinders, displaces 92 cubic inches, the six goes 138 cubic inches.

From the bore/stroke measurements it will be seen that Ford's Dagenham design team is well abreast of the times — and ahead of Austin and Hillman — in building its engines "shorter than square," and so presenting the largest possible piston area for a given capacity. This technique, combined with the good "breathing" afforded by large-diameter overhead valves, operated through pushrods and rockers, results in an output of 47 horsepower for the Consul and 68 for the Zephyr. By calculation (neither model has yet been subjected to independent road test) the Zephyr's all-round performance should about equal the much-larger-engined (223 cubic inches)

V8's, the former offsetting a 20 horsepower deficit with lighter weight and reduced wind drag.

A Ford switch to overhead valves makes automotive news in any lan-



guage, of course. Unlike all Fords hitherto produced in the United Kingdom, these newcomers have integral chassis-cum-body construction and independent suspension for the front wheels, on long coil springs. With a seat width beating the competition by an average of 4 inches, the Consul brings comfortable riding for six into what we in Britain think of as the 1½ liter bracket (that is, 1500 cubic centimeters engine capacity, equal to 91½ cubic inches) for the first time. In line with Ford custom, Consul and Zephyr have three-speed transmissions, as against the four speeds otherwise universal in Britain, but the steering column shifts are new.

When eventually the freshman Fords start reaching the home market in quantity — which won't be for a long time yet — they will, I think, produce a revolution in our motorists' attitude towards the ultras resilient suspension which Americans have for years not merely accepted but demanded. Here this drowsy springing has been associated with dangerously excessive roll on corners and pitch on uneven surfaces, but now, by my reading of the blueprint, Ford's Dagenham savants have devised a layout which will combine almost roll-free cornering and pitchless straightaway riding with featherbed comfort.

It is estimated that 83 per cent of American-owned British light cars play a second-string role (or third, or sometimes fourth even); they share a garage, that is to say, with at least one higher powered American car. This, in the nature of things, is not surprising, but it may — and I believe does — have the effect of misleading Americans as to the capacity of these wiry bantams for hard work and punishment.

In New York and neighboring

states some months ago I met Minx and A40 owners who seldom touched sixty miles an hour and, rather than suffer the boredom of cruising for hours in the low fifties on highways designed to be safe at judicious nineties an hour, would defer any journey of upwards of 200 miles until the first-string car was available.

English constructors, far from encouraging such restraint, have gone out of their way to demonstrate their products' disdain of high-stress operating conditions. Last May, for example, a standard A40 sedan, picked at random from a Brooklyn dealer's showroom by AAA officials, set 36 U.S. stock car records at Westhampton, L.I., averaging better than 64 m.p.h. for nineteen hours, at which stage the still hale Austin was crippled in a collision with a berserk deer.

This run, made over an unbanked, multicornered airfield perimeter, which is a very different thing from a racetrack, was witnessed by a number of newspapermen and automotive writers, myself among them. Also present were several hard-bitten Indianapolis race veterans, plus a platoon of American Automobile Association functionaries.

The race drivers and AAA men were impressed to the verge of incredulity. It was gratifying to discover that all sorts and conditions of Americans were *interested* in British automobiles, had views about them, and were bursting open at the seams to ventilate these views.

For two, three, four years, the technical press in England has been campaigning for transmissions that will think. If two-pedal control is desirable on U.S. cars, with their big easygoing motors, they are next door to a necessity on British ones, lower powered and thus less flexible. My guess was that Ford of Dagenham would take the plunge while it was in its plunging mood, but no. Now, all the 1951 designs are disclosed and there isn't a volitional transmission among them. So that makes it at least one more year we have to wait.



ACCENT ON LIVING



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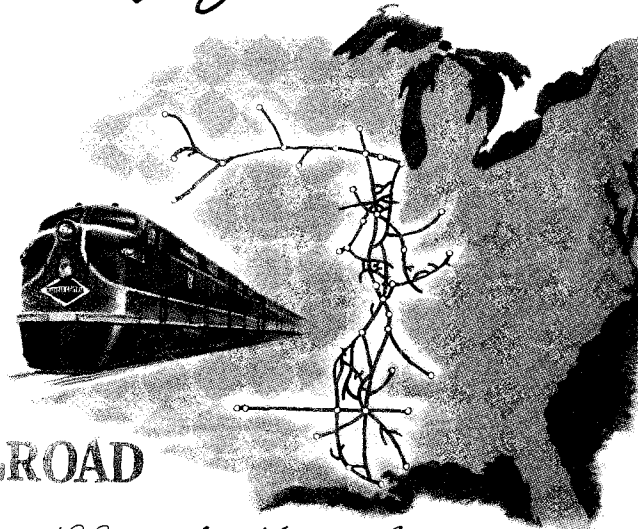
. . . Today the Illinois Central helps farmers grow better crops and raise finer livestock. And each year it seeks sites for new industries to help swell community payrolls.

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With this future before us, we are determined that the Illinois Central shall continue *to earn*, by useful work and constant helpfulness, the honor of being "good neighbor" to all Mid-America.

W. J. Johnston President



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